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THE
KITCHEN
AND THE
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THACKERAY



RUSSIA

CARRIAGES
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BEING REPRINTS

From the Quarterly and Westminster Reviews,

ON

THE KITCHEN AND THE CELLAR.—Q. R. 1877.

THACKERAY.—W. R. 1864.

RUSSIA.—W. R. 1867.

CARRIAGES, ROADS, AND COACHES.—Q. R. 1877.

BY

SEPT. BERDMORE (NIMSHIVICH).

"Dites ce qu'on doit admettre que pourra."

LONDON:
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1883.

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P R E F A C E.

THE proprietors of the *Quarterly* and *Westminster Reviews* have kindly given me permission to reprint those essays that have appeared in their pages in which I have a paternal interest.

I have made some additions and notes here and there, and but few corrections; but I am bound to say that, inasmuch as the article on Russia touches on politics, there has been a great deal in the conduct of her Government, to say nothing of Nihilistic crimes, which prove to me that I took too optimistic a view of the nation, and that the "earth hunger," of which other publicists have written, was too much veiled from my eyes by the glamour of a hospitality which I shall always readily acknowledge.

Some observations due to the Franco-German war of 1870 are placed here instead of under "Russia." When she repudiated the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty that followed the Crimean war, Gambetta threw away one of those great

chances which might have proved that he was indeed a statesman. The journey of Thiers to the North must have proved to him that France was to have no help from that quarter. To have sent her fleet round to the Black Sea would have proved that, even with Germany on her hands, France had still regard for treaties and intended to have them respected. Whether with the weak men at our helm then, as now, France would have forced our hand for very shame, I cannot guess, but certainly she would have made us blush to accept so calmly the undone work for which, in common with her, we spent our blood. And even to blush is not so bad for a nation when it permits its rulers to do ignoble, or fail to do noble, acts.

By-and-by the working man will have his say as well as the *bourgeois*, and I think he will not allow his Government to turn the other cheek to the enemy. Perhaps also, with a good deal more pride for his country than the Birmingham Radical, he will think that places like New Guinea had better be annexed.

THE AUTHOR.

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A
SCRATCH TEAM OF ESSAYS.

THE KITCHEN AND THE CELLAR.

ERRATUM.

p. 109, line 14, *for Newcombe read Newcome.*

tion in relation to their food and wines. Would that it were in our power to say that there has been since that day real progress as well in that Art as in the Science of Cookery in England! It would be unreasonable to expect that material prosperity should bring in its train the plain and

* See "Quarterly Review" article on "Gastronomy and Gastronomers," in July 1835, and article on Mr. Walker's "Original," in February 1836.

simple refinement of taste due to other conditions than those of mere wealth.

Our present object being entirely practical, we do not propose to go into the history of cookery. Nor, indeed, is it necessary to do so ; for it would be difficult, if not impossible, to improve on the general sketch, given by the author of the "Art of Dining," of the history of cookery from the earliest period up to 1789 ; and his account of the celebrated cooks of the Empire and the Restoration is one of the most interesting contributions to the literature of the subject.

A glance at the present state of gastronomical science will show us that the French, while still very perfect in it, are scarcely on a par with their forefathers of the period of the Restoration ; nor shall we accept the Café Anglais, the Café Voisin, good as its cellar is, still less the Maison Dorée of the present day, in place of the Frères Provençaux, Philippe's, and Véfour's of the past. If we turn northward to Belgium we shall find much that is good in cooking and eating known, if not universally practised, whilst in reference to wine the Belgians surpass all other countries in their intimate acquaintance with, and accurate knowledge of, the best vintages of Burgundy. In Great Britain we may hope that we are on the path of progress, some elements of race not unfavourable to gastronomical observation at times appearing in our strange mixture of Teutonic with other blood.

The wealth of America brings in its train some

new recipes in the preparation of oysters and lobsters, and its indigenous birds offer to the *gourmet* a new subject for discourse, and fresh test for the faculties he possesses.

Passing again northward, we find the whole science ruthlessly ignored by the pure Teutonic race of the German Empire ;* and if gastronomy has not vainly claimed its due consideration in the empire of the Cossacks, it is rather because the Russians have had immense advantages by the importation of French artists at astounding prices ; and in their rivalry with Western civilisation, have introduced the certain advantages of croquettes with "julienne" soup ; while they serve in their truly hospitable fashion that noble fish, the sterlet, in a form and with a sauce that we rarely meet with elsewhere. Nor is their caviare to be overlooked, although in Western Europe we rarely find it, as with them, of that pale green colour which denotes an absence of salt. South and eastward we come upon remnants of the Teutonic race mixed up with Czech and Slavonic blood, and in consequence we find that singular view of gastronomic philosophy which obtains in Vienna, where people will neither dine at the right hour, eat dishes in their right places, nor insist on their cooks roasting, in place of baking, meats.

* We must except, however, the once free city of Hamburg, where one Wilkins, a restaurateur, formerly had a dwelling-place.

In Italy there was once a better state of science, but if it has retrograded, there are still hopes for a land where simple delicate forms of flour present models to the world ; where tomatoes are indigenous, and rice has its cooks.

Let us add, that the science is not absolutely ignored in Turkey, nor looked upon as a vain and foolish thing in China and Japan. This generalisation leaves untouched the position of the science in Spain, Portugal, our colonies, and the lands outside Russia, where live the great Slavonic brotherhood. With these last, the imitative faculties promise a better future knowledge than will probably be the lot of the Spaniard, wrapped up in the dignified conceit of an aged people ; or of our own colonists, the offspring of a race traditionally wedded to strong gravy soup, smoke-grilled chops, and plain boiled vegetables.

If we attempt to review the present aspect of gastronomical science, we must also take some note of drinking, and consider, too curiously perhaps for some, whether the prevalent notions about wines, what their quality should be, and when they are drunk, are based on sound principles. And however firmly convinced we may be that our views are sound, we readily admit that there is no infallibility in dogmas directed against other people's stomachs, and their habits of eating and drinking. Have we not the example of Brillat-Savarin in the neglect by the French of some of his most earnestly-insisted-on precepts ? What did that eminent man say with reference to

the use of the rinsing-glass after dinner? That it was "useless, indecent, and disgusting"; and who that has travelled has not known that sickening five minutes after dinner where the use of it obtains, and which, if universal, would make us seem to descend rather than advance in the refinements of civilised life? After Brillat-Savarin's efforts, how shall a humble writer hope to persuade Englishmen that they do not know what soup is, and that they rest in profound error in their abuse of champagne? The most to be hoped for is that further gastronomical observation will be encouraged, and that the votaries of the science being multiplied, general ignorance will eventually be leavened; for we think that none will dispute that there is a decided lack of gastronomical knowledge amongst our countrymen. We well remember the indignation with which a friend, an M.P., in whose eyes dining is an art, after the precepts of the author of the "Art of Dining," and cooking an exact science, after the manner of Carême, recounted the fatal want of observation on the part of a common friend, whom we will call Brown. Brown was staying at Spa, at the same hotel as the M.P., and had been invited to join a party for a trip to that charming little spot, Chaudefontaine, where they were to dine. On his return the M.P. cross-examined him as to the bill of fare, the wines, &c. The menu was tolerably well described, but on the subject of drink Brown declared that they had had "champagne and claret, or something."

"Now," observed our friend, "we all know that the party was under the direction of that best of judges of good liquor, Sir Howard Elphinstone; and any man with the slightest knowledge of the district, and a feeling for Art-dining, is aware that the commonest hotels abound in good Burgundy, and that no man of the baronet's experience would think of ordering claret in the Wallon country, if his guests were not absolutely averse to Burgundy." *

Of one thing we may be sure, no British restaurateur will help the public to a knowledge of the art of dining. Individually or collectively they may run up piles of buildings, and tempt a "clientèle" by the cleanliness and beauty of their mural decoration; but when it comes to a question of food, even supposing the quality to be moderately good, every difficulty will be thrown in the way of a man and his wife, or brother and sister, to dine modestly, but with variety. For

* It may be useful to the traveller abroad to know that nowhere is Burgundy to be obtained in such perfection as in the Wallon district of Belgium, comprising Liège, Namur, Spa, Dinant, &c. At little hostleries in remote districts in the Ardennes you will get Burgundy that would be of value at great banquets in London. For some reason the climate and cellars of this district suit the wine, and the people have the sense to lay down enough of it. If the traveller's peregrinations take him towards Mons, Charleroi, or Valenciennes in France, he will be wise to ask for still red Champagne, a delicate, fine wine, worthy of grave sipping and steady reflective observation.—Since this note was written this red Champagne has almost disappeared. What is left of it is very old, certainly not later than 1874.

those who are not gourmands it is probable that one portion of soup and one of fish would suffice for two, but here the restaurateur (at least one that we could name), steps in and says, "You shall not have less than two portions, although one may suffice you: you shall pay me double for having placed before you what you don't want." Of course these men know their own business and the nature of their customers, but they must not come to us for a character as assistants in the great science under notice. At one or two good-class restaurants in the West End they still keep up the old French tradition of allowing you to order just so many portions for so many people as may please you, the only true method of permitting a varied repast at a moderate price.*

Let us premise that, if we may seem to extol certain forms and methods of cooking as practised in France, it should be understood that this is far from supporting the introduction of what is known as French cookery into England. Hitherto what has been imported is practically a good deal of cook's French, in the shape of titles to indifferent imitations of good dishes. Against these the Englishman naturally protests; and, as a rule, the manager of his household has yet to learn that in a French "*cuisine bourgeoise*" no shams

* Among others I will mention (Feb. 1883) the modest, but cheerful Grosvenor Café Restaurant in Wilton Road, close to Victoria Station. The host, an intelligent Italian, attends to his customers.

are indulged in, and that simplicity and economy reign where we have waste and the master's despair.

The gastronomical observer, to be useful, need not trouble himself to examine how a great banquet should be prepared; that is the business of a "chef." What he may inquire about should be—What are the elements in the cooking for a private household in France or elsewhere which can be imported with advantage into the English household?

We begin with what should form the beginning of every dinner, namely, soup. Our first observation addressed to our countrywomen who sway in the kitchen would be that, putting aside "purées" of peas, carrot, hare, grouse, &c., and speaking of cheap every-day refreshing soups, the liquid whereof they are made should be regarded as the vehicle for applying to the palate certain herbal flavours, a strengthening and nutritious vehicle if you will, but still a vehicle. A strong gravy soup, the delight of the British cook, kills all herbal flavour, and if the palate is to be considered at all, it may be counted a sound gastronomical axiom that flavour and not sustenance is the first consideration at the beginning of a sound, well-ordered repast. The herbal flavours may vary; they may be derived from fresh vegetables in the spring-time passing under the title "à la jardinière," from the cabbage and carrot as in the "croûte au pot," or from the mixture made by the sage inventor of the "julienne" soup.

Strictly speaking, for the purposes of culinary education we must go, as Mr. Buckmaster has done in his lectures, to the "pot au feu" which Gouffé calls "l'âme de la cuisine de ménage"; but as we are now referring to the constituents of a dinner, let us see how julienne, the type of herbal soups, should be prepared, and compare it with the accepted julienne of clubs, restaurants, and cooks who prepare dinners for London parties. The cook, who knows his business, will take carrots, the red part only, turnips, celery, leeks, onions, cabbage, lettuce, sorrel, and chervil, in quantities proportionate to the number of persons he has to serve, and he will cut them up very small and thin. In France a special cutter is sold at the ironmongers for the purpose. He will then pass the onions and leeks over the fire, with a good-sized piece of butter. He will next throw all the rest of the vegetables, cut up as above, into boiling water and let them rest there five minutes, after which he will place them on a strainer to drip. When the water is drained off, he will add the onions and leeks, and put all in a saucepan (a copper one), add a little sugar and some butter, pour over them a little "bouillon" or soup, and proceed to *cook* them, by allowing them gently to simmer for a couple of hours when, being well cooked and tender, the bouillon or "consommé" (which should assimilate to a weak beef-tea), may be added and the soup served.

Gouffé differs somewhat from this formula, which was given us by Dubost Frères, the well-

known restaurateurs in Brussels, who have since disposed of their business. Gouffé directs you to let your consommé simmer, with the herbs in it, for three hours, merely adding some lettuce and sorrel, chopped up ten minutes before serving. But we think he is inconsistent with previous precepts, for in his opening remarks about bouillon he insists that vegetables should not be left in it longer than necessary for their being cooked. We should add that consommé is a more expensive thing to make than bouillon, which is the base of it. Gouffé, for instance, directs a proportion of about six lbs. of beef, four of veal, and two fowls to simmer four hours in seven litres of bouillon to arrive at a good consommé. Whatever formula may be adopted for the liquid, provided it is light and delicate, we would have it regarded simply as a vehical for herbal flavour. Contrast a soup made as above with the English julienne soup, where hard slices of uncooked carrots are left to take their chance in a gravy that has a flavour of nothing but coarse meat, and you have a comparison which must perforce lead to gastronomical observation. You may prefer the strong gravy, but in that case your palate is at fault, and you cannot understand herbal flavour. This observation, however, affecting as it does the science of the cook and the art of the diner, would not be just without the accompanying remark that to buy at the London greengrocers' good fresh young vegetables is not such an easy matter, and that, to make a reform, it is necessary

that the market-gardener should aid by cultivating and bringing to Covent Garden what is young and tender in vegetable life, and not old carrots and dry turnips. Still, in the country this excuse for the cook will not serve, and that a clean herbal soup is possible at an English hotel many of the travellers by the winter coach to St. Alban's ('75-'76) had the satisfaction of finding after their pleasant outward drive.

If we were called on to give instances of the difficulty of getting julienne soup in London, it would only be necessary to name certain clubs where "chefs hors ligne" will give you a "bouillabaisse," or a pepper-pot, "quenelles de cailles aux truffes," or a crab curry in perfection, but scarcely ever succeed, probably on account of the market-gardener, in presenting you with the true julienne soup we have spoken of.

We are aware that our recipe fails in that it does not provide the exact weight of vegetables to the proportion of consommé. M. Dubost (who, by the way, had a collection of china and "bric-à-brac," well worth the attention of the connoisseur) assumed, no doubt, that a chef with any knowledge of his business would always fairly proportion all that enters into a julienne soup, but to the English cook we would suggest just six times the quantity of vegetables she is accustomed to provide for the soup in question.

If we pass from the making of herbal soup to a consideration of the "batterie de cuisine" placed at the disposition of English cooks in modest

English households, we shall be compelled to observe a fatal absence of copper. Those bright stewpans with our neighbours form a refreshing sight to the "gourmet," however modest the "ménage." Just as we succeed well in boiling potatoes by means of a quick, roaring fire applied to an iron saucepan, which communicates the heat to the water quickly, so we fail in *sauté*-ing young potatoes, because for that we want a moderate fire and a copper saucepan, that does not readily burn the contents, which with an iron saucepan, in the absence of care, would be the case.

And here it is only just that we should draw attention to Gouffé, his plates, and his woodcuts. Of course, there is very little that is absolutely new in matter of recipes for dishes, but Gouffé has availed himself of chromo-lithography and a good wood-engraver to bring home to us some precepts that ought to receive attention. Note particularly the design for a range, p. 23, fig. 16, where we have a roasting arrangement carefully out of the way, whilst still under the supervision of the cook; and the proper design for a charcoal grilling apparatus, which would meet a want greatly felt amongst those who love a clean grill. Throughout his work it will be observed that Gouffé inclines to well-tinned copper saucepans, whilst not absolutely discarding tinned-iron pans, and at the same time he sets his face against the simple cast-iron pans and the earthenware vases that have for so long maintained their place in many French households.

Returning to the grilling apparatus in fig. 16 of Gouffé's work, we shall possibly surprise many by avowing that, in our opinion, the French beat us as much in this respect as in many others. That they succeed in soups, sauces, and entrées, is undoubted, and copper saucepans go for much therein; but for the "cuisine bourgeoise" (household cooking) we should indicate grilling as the point where they are more entirely successful than we are. Here charcoal or "braise" (a form of charcoal), as the fuel, gives the French cook an advantage. It enables him to serve up fish, flesh, and fowl, cleanly grilled, not smoke-flavoured, and the sauce, if sauce there be, has nothing to interfere with its due appreciation. The English cook, as a rule, appeals to the frying-pan* and produces her cutlets, often sodden, and generally tasteless, with small idea that meat and its flavour is one thing, and the sauce appropriate to it

* "As frying properly in fat is of much importance and of constant use, no pains should be spared in thoroughly understanding it. If you attempt to fry at too low a temperature, or allow the temperature to fall more than five degrees, the things are not fried but soaked and soddened, and of a dirty-white colour. If the temperature is too high, then the thing is charred, burnt, and blackened, but not fried."—Buckmaster, p. 112. To much useful information on this head given in the above, we may add that beef-fat is better for frying white-bait than lard. Mr. Buckmaster says as much, though not in special terms: "Lard is the fat generally used for frying, but it is liable to leave an unpleasant flavour after it" (p. 109). It may also be added, that biscuit-powder is infinitely better than bread-crumbs to *paner* cutlets.

another.* When cutlets have been cooked in this fashion, the tenant of the dining-room learns that delicate tender mutton exists no more; leather, for all practical purposes of taste, might replace it. Yet how could we expect an English cook with the ordinary coal-fuel range to have a bright fire just ready for grilling at the moment when the entrée of cutlets should be served? The charcoal or braise embers, being a contrivance apart, are, with a slight use of the bellows, always ready for the grill. Speaking not dogmatically, but with conviction, we place charcoal or braise, as a grilling element, as of the first necessity in a range where due justice is to be done by the cook. Nor can we believe that this suggestion is one necessarily attended with inordinate expense. It sufficeth to put—if Gouffé's plan above-mentioned is attended with difficulty—in modern close ranges a fifteen-inch square grate, sunk some three inches below the level of the top, with a regulator for the draft from without, so that the charcoal or braise shall burn freely; and we venture to say that the cost of the charcoal will be saved in the butcher's bill, to say nothing of the temper of the master, suffering under the infliction of meat wrongfully bedabbled in cinders and begrimed with coal-smoke! Let it be taken as a gastronomical observation of supreme im-

* In Gouffé's work, the percentage of dishes (fish, flesh, and fowl), the ingredients of which pass over the grill, is double that in a recent English cookery-book.

portance to the seeker after culinary truth, that the eminence of French cookery does not lie solely in soups or sauces, but in the cleanliness with which fish, flesh, and fowl are grilled, aided by the perfectly-made sauces, separately cooked, with which such flesh and fowl are served. Not, however, that bread-crumbed cutlets are always out of place, but that the importance of clean grilling should be more clearly recognised. And let no one here cite the advantage of Dutch ovens, or similar contrivances, for avoiding the coal-smoke. They are aids to the idle, but fail in the essential application of direct heat and oxygen to the meat. Of course clubs and large establishments can afford to keep a coke-grill constantly going, and to them coke is cheaper, and, well kept up, as effective as charcoal; but in the small establishment the cook, seeking to grill, is confined to her coal-fire, and such use as she may make of it.

In many small details, also, the “*batterie de cuisine*” supplied to the English cook is wanting; principally, we fancy, in the small tools for cutting up vegetables and herbs, slicing spinach, cucumbers, &c. In how many kitchens do you find a salamander, that excellent French invention for browning a dish without putting it into the oven, in order to obtain the same result at the price of its juices being dried up? It is true that this implement, being heavy, suggests sometimes to an ignorant kitchen-maid that it must be there for the purpose of breaking coal; but does not ignor-

ance, in some form or other, often try our patience, and are we thereby to be discouraged?

Touching the general question of butcher's meat, something must be said, though with the full knowledge that it will be without effect in England. The "Chateaubriand," the "entrecôte," and the "filet mignon" (of mutton), with other forms, are all due to the more enlarged sympathies of the French butcher for what is perfect. We must entirely change the mode of cutting up the carcass before we can arrive at the same perfection in form of meat purchasable, and as that is hopeless, so is it useless to insist further on the subject on behalf of the public. To the country gentleman only, who may have some control over the village butcher, we may remark that very clear-coloured plates are sold in France at a moderate price, guided by which an intelligent and willing man might easily produce the desired forms of beef, veal, and mutton.

And here, again, it will not be out of place to refer to Gouffé. By bringing chromo-lithography to aid him, he has given us two plates (II. and III.), which are quite unique on this important question of quality, not form, of meat. Had he extended the idea to the interesting question of herbs he would have rendered us, though, perhaps, not his countrymen, an important service. The fact is, French cooks and French gardeners know what herbs for cooking are. A friend of ours happened to be in a country-house the other day where there was much show, little science, and a

large garden kept up at great expense. At luncheon he volunteered to make a fresh salad, and forthwith proceeded to the garden to gather his materials. He desired lettuce, chervil, tarragon, and borage. The first he found; of the others the head-gardener knew nothing!

M. Jules Gouffé, all-knowing, has never realised the ignorance of our gardeners and our cooks.

Having passed the stage of soup, there is not much of importance to be said until we come to the vegetables. The fish in England is infinitely better in quality and better cooked* than can be obtained elsewhere. There may be special dishes, such as "sole à la Normande," or the Marseillaise dish of "bouillabaisse," immortalised by Thackeray, worthy of consideration, but they are not essential to the "bonne cuisine bourgeoise," the rather because the constituents of this last cannot be obtained in perfection, save on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Of roast meat, be it beef or mutton, we can hold our own with any nation; and boiled potatoes are, for reasons connected with our extravagant use of fuel, and our iron saucepans, our "spécialité." But when we come to vegetables in general, we find ourselves, by old tradition, cut off from some of the most economical tasty "plats" the French housewife will give us. Celery with us is rarely

* A spoonful of vinegar in the water in which fish is boiled is scarcely sufficiently insisted on in English cookery-books.

cooked, "cardons à la moëlle" are unknown, and the same with "aubergines farcies"; and "jets d'houblon aux œufs pochés," one of the "primeurs" in early spring, may be looked for in vain at an English table. Perhaps the market-gardener is at fault here too. In any case, we do not get them; nor will untravelled English understand that a vegetable should be served, if cooked, as a "plat," to be criticised gastronomically by itself, and not as a concomitant or accident, if we may so express it, to more solid food. Game, again, is so admirably served at English tables, that there are few new ideas to import in reference to it. And yet there is a bird abroad of which we should like to know something more. We have never found it on an English table, and but once was it on our path in culinary delectation abroad, and then we passed it over (possibly in error), supposing it to vary but little from its English prototype. We allude to the Bohemian pheasant.*

* On the appearance of this article, a journal which has the distinguished merit of having introduced among us the literature of the Boulevards, with its tendency to personalities but divested of any piquancy, was pleased to discover a mare's nest with a pheasant in it in this statement, and to attempt to be very funny at the writer's expense. Unfortunately for the accuracy of his facts, without which his criticism became poor reading, an entirely independent writer in "Baily's Magazine," some three years afterwards (April 1880), had the following (pp. 201-2) in an article entitled, "Birds and Beasts of Prey":—

"The year before last [the keeper speaks] I got a dozen of jack hares from Wigtonshire, by which I see that our breed is yearly in the way of being improved, and it will go

We understand, on good authority, that this bird is fat, which our English pheasant rarely is; and not dry, which ours often is. A friend who has some shooting at Boarstall (traditionally connected with Edward the Confessor and Charles I.), on the borders of Oxfordshire, has introduced this peculiar bird into his preserves; but so far as any extra flavour goes, he tells us that he is not able to certify to it. Possibly the food in the forests of Bohemia may produce different results. That it is a recognised delicacy, and commands a high price (20s. a pair), in Berlin, is undoubted. Our friend, somewhat cynical, but possibly correct,

on improving just like the pheasants, and you must admit they have been made better than ever they were within the last ten years. My birds don't sit to be shot at, sir, as you know, and you cannot doubt about the good effects of crossing.'

" 'I do not doubt it, Kinnaird,' said I, 'and another point is also in their favour; they are worth eating for their flavour. I never get birds to eat like yours—they are really good.'

" 'Ah! sir, that's from the Bohemian blood that's in them. No bird has such a flavour as the Bohemian has.' "

Careful as I was in a "Quarterly" article to say nothing too positive on a dish I had not tasted, sufficient information had reached me to warrant the remarks in the text, and the value of that particular information will be made clear by the following letter from the Editor of the "Quarterly Review" himself, who wrote me on the 26th April 1877:—

" I saw the *ignorant* paragraph in the paper to which you refer. My friends in Berlin, as I told you, send me every year a brace of Bohemian pheasants in the month of January, and I know from eating them that they are fatter than the English pheasants."—S. B., June 1883.

says that the fatness of pheasants depends on the method of feeding them ; in fact, he assimilates them to plain fowls. If so, we desire all proprietors of pheasants to attend to their wants, in the interest of the gastronomical observer.

If, after all, one is obliged to admit that in Science below-stairs, and in Art in the dining-room, the English are wanting, how trifling is the addition required to put the English family dinner on a level with the "*bonne cuisine bourgeoise*," which delights the foreign "*gourmet*" ! Rather better-grown vegetables from the market-gardener ; a habit of really cooking them on the part of the cook ; a weakening of the strong gravy-soup, so that their herbal flavour shall not be overpowered ; a grate of charcoal, whereby viands may be cleanly grilled, and some small instructions as to how vegetable "*plats*" may be properly served, and with the best fish and mutton in the world, the English can give a really refined dinner. For we beg to remind the reader, a banquet is not necessarily a refined repast ; and "*côtelettes à la réforme*," "*riz de veau à la St. Cloud*," "*vol-au-vent à la financière*," although all good in their way, do not form the real ground-work for gastronomical observation. This must lie for every-day work in simple herbal soups, clean-cooked meat, and delicate vegetable "*plats*" that afford room for extracting the subtle essence of the garden, a subtle essence that should arrive at our palate by herbs also, herbs that are too much under-valued

by the English cook. Parsley, thyme, balm, marjoram, rosemary, rue, pennyroyal, bay-leaf, chervil, garlic, shalots, truffles, morels, of all should she make the acquaintance, although to be strictly correct, these last come under the head of onions and roots, rather than of herbs. Mr. Buckmaster insists upon their use, and the necessity of knowing all about them; and, we repeat, it is much to be regretted that M. Gouffé did not illustrate them, instead of giving us such utterly useless plates (among much that is admirable) as those devoted to the arrangement of cray-fish, the nature of a dessert-dish, a composition of game (frontispiece), or a "filet de bœuf à la jardinière," about all of which the instructed desire to know nothing, whilst to the ignorant they convey few ideas.

We have up to the present moment referred to Gouffé, of the French school, and to Mr. Buckmaster, who gave some lectures in 1873-74 at the International Exhibition. The first is an artist, in many things above criticism; but we do not hesitate to say that the latter has given one direction in his recipe for "pot au feu" which overrides M. Gouffé. He says, in his "precautions," "do not boil." Gouffé at one point says "boil." We understand him to mean only for the purpose of taking off the scum, but in the meantime is not the meat ruined? What Mr. Buckmaster says, he says clearly, although from the stores of his mind there is yet much unwritten. Had he continued, he might perhaps have put in print

those two recipes which we learnt through a friend from a French chef, to wit, that a lump of bread about the size of a French billiard-ball, tied up in a *linen* bag, and inserted in the pot which boils greens, will absorb the gases which oftentimes send such an insupportable odour to the regions above; the other, that a lump of bread stuck on the end of one of those pointed knives used in the French kitchen will prevent your eyes being affected, if you are peeling onions with the said knife.

And beyond the operations in the kitchen, a great interest attaches to the store-room and the larder. There are "hors d'œuvre," cold as well as hot, about which much may be said, some being at their best in one season, some at another. Cheeses, again, present an endless field of observation for the gastronome, although, perchance, he may end by finding few planets in that orbit. Some man addicted to this preparation of milk declared that after once tasting, we think it was either Mont d'Or or Strachino, he wandered about Europe after a phantom cheese. If we recollect rightly, he avowed that a good Camembert had a ghostly resemblance to it; but if we mistake not, he had not made the acquaintance of Malakoff, a cream-cheese fabricated in Normandy. Certain it is that Strachino is too rare; and as for Camembert, the curious thing is that you meet with it in far better condition in London or Brussels than in Paris. As to our old English cheeses, Stilton, Cheshire, North Wilts, say even

that goodly cream-cheese that in the days of our youth we tasted somewhere near Fountain's Abbey, where are they? Do large dealers buy them up for St. Petersburg and Moscow *marchands de comestibles* who are regardless of price? We cannot deny that we have met with them in those cities far better in quality than such as we have chanced to buy in the best shops in London.

Forget not, too, O learner in this field of knowledge! to pick up any happy thoughts that may occur to your host after you are seated; such, for instance, as that which occurred to a well-known artist of our acquaintance. He had invited a friend to a beef-steak at the A-Club. The steak was served, when he bethought him to inquire, *sotto voce*, if there was a clove of garlic in the house. There was; it was brought; he simply passed the knife through it, nothing more, and surprised his guest with the most delicate form of that unique flavour which the prince of the onion family can alone give.

Before we pass on to the consideration of wines, we think that something more than a slight reference should be made to an institution that has sprung up of late years, one calculated to do an unmixed good to our people, whether at home or in the colonies: we mean the National Training School for Cookery. There is scarcely anything the Englishman likes so well as facts, and, doubtful about the future, he will hesitate to permit an idea to take root with him unless it is backed up

by something like success. To such we call attention to the last Report of the Executive Committee of this school. It is not brilliant; it does not show that those who first started it have made either renown or money; but it shows that very serious ignorance amongst many classes is being lessened by the persistent efforts of a few gentlemen and a sensible staff. In any case, the good they have done cannot be measured by their Report, because they can give no account of the unceasing spread of interest in this art from the pupil-teacher to the pupil in London and the local schools, and from pupils to pupils' friends and acquaintances. In the twelvemonth ending the 31st of March, 1876, 1,503 pupils passed through the school, twelve gained diplomas as teachers, and nineteen more were in training for that state of life. We understand that the Report for the present year will show an increase of something like 400, 1,734 pupils having passed for the first ten months, of whom fifty-four have gained diplomas as teachers.

The number of local schools has increased from eight in 1876 to twenty-nine at the present time:—

There are now at work the following classes:—

(a.) Those who learn practically cleanliness, which is of the first importance in cookery, and attend practical demonstrations.

(b.) A practical kitchen, where students themselves practice cooking suitable for families which spend from 20s. to 100s. weekly in the purchase of food to be cooked.

(c.) An artisan kitchen, where students especially intended as teachers practice cooking for artisan families which spend from 7s. to 20s. weekly in the purchase of food to be cooked.

(d.) A course of practical teaching for students who are in training as teachers.

When we had the pleasure of visiting the school a few weeks ago, without any notice on our part, we found in the artisan kitchen a dozen young girls who had been brought from ward schools in the City by the past and present Masters of the Cooks' Company, at the expense of the latter. They were being taught by a most intelligent and energetic young lady. In the demonstration kitchen we found a number of ladies taking notes of the practical lessons most lucidly given by one of the staff; and in the practice kitchen we saw many estimable as well as charming young ladies, some qualifying themselves as teachers, others to be something better than the lazy delights of their present or future homes. Cleanliness—a most important element in the kitchen—seemed to be practised everywhere. The girls brought in by the liberality of the Cooks' Company were, at this their twelfth lesson, already competing for practice with each other in the composition of many sensible household dishes, and what they had prepared was to our taste excellent. The course of practical training for the teachers appears to be most complete in form, though scarcely long enough in practice; and the only criticism on the methods

pursued we should venture to offer is that they should not keep the knowledge that may be imparted entirely within the limits of what they can do at the schools with its means and appliances. For instance, they make a most excellent and clear consommé on economical principles, that is, they manage without the chicken. But many of that bevy of fair girls will have the management of households where the cost of a fowl would not be a question. It is a pity that these should go away with the idea that they have attained perfection in a consommé, which we know cannot be done without the use of fowls. As the views of the Executive Committee were not explained to us on this point, we write rather suggestively than critically. To us it seems that the best means of making important dishes should be pointed out, although it might be a useless extravagance to attempt to prepare them practically at the school. We may also remark that receipts do not mean recipes. Strict English is necessary in a National School.

It is very fortunate that, at last, the importance of cookery in education has been acknowledged in the revised and re-revised code, but the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education might well be asked to assist the National School of Cookery by some further practical steps in the same direction. We do not say that we should go so far as the Executive Committee in asking that it should be recognised by the State, if by that is meant a demand for a subsidy ; but we do

most thoroughly endorse their claim to train teachers for the use of the Council on Education at such rate of fees as shall assist in the current expenses, and encourage the Executive Committee to pursue their good work. Some one, at any rate, must produce these teachers, whether it be in music or cookery; and if this school does its work well, as, indeed, we think it does, they have a fair claim to be the means whereby sound principles of cooking shall be spread over the country. On one point we certainly think the Executive Committee of this school are right to insist that, in place of the annual grant of 4s. per scholar, now offered in the revised code for food and clothing combined, the grant may be divided into two equal parts, giving 2s. for each subject, and that a specially qualified inspector should be appointed to look to the interests of cooking. Indeed, the moment you admit that cooking is essential to the true education of an Englishwoman,* that moment you create the necessity for qualities in an inspector not always found (with a present exception in the London district) in clever Oxford and Cambridge men; and with a division in the grant we should be inclined to beg their Lordships to consider whether a young girl should not go through her course of cookery in her last year instead

* Since this was in type we understand that the School Board of Aberdeen have memorialised their Lordships in the sense of these observations.

of in the first year of the fourth standard. Much technical knowledge picked up at the age of twelve and thirteen, and not kept up, is forgotten at fifteen or sixteen; and it would be of infinite advantage to a young girl thrown on her own resources, and wishing perhaps to go into service, to be able to say, even at that age, to a lady seeking help, "I have come straight out of the cookery classes." If we might venture to throw out another suggestion to their Lordships in the interest of cooking, it would be that twenty lessons of three hours each would do more for a girl than the very bare limit of "two hours a week, and forty hours in the year." The result of many dishes cannot be given in two hours; and if we were to judge by the young girls sent by the Cooks' Company from the ward schools, who managed to have a three hours' lesson, we should deem that it was not school-work from their point of view, but a very pleasant occupation. Such girls will turn out good cooks.

The Cooks' Company, although not a rich corporation, have come forward in this matter in a practical fashion demanding every acknowledgment. Nor must the praiseworthy action of the Council of the Society of Arts be overlooked, for they have given during the last two years five free scholarships of £10 10s. each to be competed for, and we commend the idea to those wealthy persons who desire to perpetuate their name by a most practical form of benevolence—a cosmopolitan benevolence that tends to the

comfort and well-being, not to say civilisation, of the English race.

We have criticised freely English cooking, and we have pursued, in a line which ought to satisfy any friend of reform, the shortcomings amongst us ; but we do not ignore the thoroughly good and quaintly superb simplicity of dinners sent up from time to time in this country. A friend of ours was returning from Paris with two young companions (so many years ago that they made the journey to Calais by "diligence"), when at Dover they got into a railway carriage with an elderly gentleman. The talk turned much on the restaurants they had visited, to which the elder one listened long and with much patience. At length he said, "Well, gentlemen, I am going to have a dinner to-night that no restaurateur in Paris can beat, and it is thoroughly English." Our friends opened their eyes and their ears, fresh as they were from the Frères Provençaux and Philippe's. "I am going, gentlemen, to have simply four dishes, not one of which could you get in perfection in Paris ; to wit, turtle soup, turbot and lobster sauce, a haunch of venison, and a grouse!" Our friends, young as they were, had the good taste to incline their heads before the mention of such a royal repast. We use the term royal advisedly, for we understand that a certain personage, whose example must always do much in this kingdom, persistently sets his face against elaborate and vulgar menus.

Passing now to matters of libation, we must,

as in the case of soups, go to France, or rather to the mode of living there, with a *bonne cuisine bourgeoise*, if we would be instructed as to what we should drink at dinner. We except breakfast, even a French one, “à la fourchette”; for hath not Brillat-Savarin given his fiat in favour of tea, and can there be a cleaner, wholesomer drink, if you like it, in the wide world? But, for dinner, if we would keep our palate clean, let us stick to Bordeaux or Burgundy, with or without water, according to its quality; water for the lower, absence of it for the higher growths. Of course, for those who think that strong gravy or mock-turtle, and hot sherry or Cette Madeira form a fitting beginning for their repast, gastronomical observation of this kind is thrown away. It is delicate flavour in soup that makes Bordeaux possible; and when the palate has not been destroyed by fiery sherry, a glass of Lafitte or Chambertin can be as well appreciated with a saddle of mutton, as after dinner with the olives. If you insist on white wine, take Sauterne of a low growth (the higher growths, like Château d’Yquem, are only fit, like Rauenthalerberg, for dessert), or Chablis, if Burgundy* is your drink for the day. Never put Bordeaux and Burgundy on the table the same day; they are distinct classes of wine, and are to be sipped on different days of the week. It is one of the

* For the character of different Burgundy wines see the Appendix to this article, p. 89.

gravest errors, due to the passion for thick soups, fiery sherry, and hot sauces, that good wine (by good we mean first and second growth clarets) cannot be appreciated until after dinner. As a gastronomical (drinking) observation, it may be taken that the universal introduction of red wines during dinner is as important for the improvement of the palate as the amelioration of soups.

Red wines should always be taken out of the cellar, and kept in the kitchen or butler's pantry some hours before they are drunk. They should never be placed before the fire, but allowed to become warm gradually. The temperature of the wine should be as nearly as possible the temperature of the dining-room. In a French family with which we were acquainted, it was the practice to take from the cellar every Monday morning the Bordeaux required for the week's consumption, and to keep it in a cupboard in the *salle-à-manger*, so that the family might have on Sunday their wine in the most perfect condition. How often do we find on English tables the finer growths of claret unfit to drink, simply because they have been brought from the cellar only an hour or two before dinner, and then left in a cold place, or exposed to a draught! Clarets of a third, or even a fourth growth, judiciously warmed, will taste infinitely better than the finest *Château-Lafitte* or *Château-Margaux* taken directly from even the best cellar. These remarks apply especially to red wines of the Bordeaux district. Belgian connoisseurs do not approve of bringing

up Burgundy from its cellar (the temperature of which should be low) until shortly before use. We have heard Englishmen dispute this view in favour of greater warmth, but we think the Belgians know too much about this wine not to have their opinions treated with great respect. Burgundy, indeed, is so delicate a wine that an experiment, in bottling some from the cask into clear and opaque bottles, and putting them in the same dark cellar, proved that a marked difference was presented at the end of a twelve-month as against the clear bottles.

"Here is an article called 'Champagne as a social farce,'" said a friend, glancing superficially at the list of contents of a "magazine" one day. Alas! on examining it we found that as a social *force* was the use of this liquid to be praised instead of, as we had hoped, deprecated. It was a paper addressing itself to prove that Britons require vinous carbonic acid to make them cheerful; as if some generations, comprising some tolerably good names on the roll of intellect, had not passed through life without obtaining their ideas from this frothy liquid! When champagne was first brought into use it was a sweet, luscious wine, fit and agreeable to be taken, as it ought to be taken, when an "entremet," also sweet, renders the palate less observant of its saccharine quality, but utterly nauseous when drunk with leg of mutton. Then came the cry for a dry and drier wine; and as the liquor is as much fabricated as soda-water, and as little natural, the

wine-merchants were not slow to accommodate their customers with a wine which, analysed, is pretty much this—a poor, thin, white wine, impregnated with “fixed air,” and sometimes a good, more often a very bad and inferior, liqueur. The well-known Brussels restaurateur, already quoted, gave to it (the English mark) the appropriate title of “grog mousseux,” sparkling grog; and we are told to regard it as a necessity for social liveliness, and a youngster from Eton, whom you invite to dinner, thinks himself badly used if he does not get it! But with champagne,* as in everything connected with taste, we act as though no permanent rules of Art existed. We catch by a fluke of fashion some truths, which vulgarity, the imitator of fashion, seizes and distorts. In one age classical architecture is the rage, and

* With a view to titillate the sense of the British public the trade have introduced the theory of “years” into their quotations of Champagne. We hear of so-and-so’s 1874. The writer will not say that no sparkling wines exist as the produce of a certain year, but he will assert positively that the absolute manufacture of Champagne from the vintage of one given year is almost unknown. Indeed, he might go further and say that the wines from mixed years are more often successful than those which have been attempted to be made from a single vintage. The last craze in the way of titillating the taste, is to invent the singular term Brut as applied to Champagne. *Brut* means a still wine. A wine to which sugar and liqueur have been added cannot be a Brut wine. Still, that is Brut Champagne is very good in certain years, but it is not a sparkling wine, and for a long time it has not been an article of commerce.—S. B., June 1883.

leaves us some few exquisite monuments, much that is bad, and Grecian porticoes sadly out of place; then the medieval fashion overtakes us, and after giving us many fine examples of what is true and beautiful, lands us in a fog of unmeaning shapes, and, because it is the fashion, pervades our furniture until purity of form ceases to exist. In wines Providence presents us with a good article, fashion brings it into vogue, and vulgarity debases it, until we arrive at an unwholesome drug under the name of champagne. After a generation of stomachs have been ruined, and the prevalent fashion of early and perpetual pick-me-ups (due in a large measure to over-night absorption of "grog mousseux") has been recognised by the faculty as fatal to our physique, fashion will change; it will become vulgar to give champagne, and the stomachs of Englishmen shall again have some peace, and their palate be encouraged towards rightful drinks.

And it is not in the unnatural quality of champagne that we find the only effects of fashion. Sherry is manipulated abroad and at home. This is what an ex-wine-merchant, who established a firm by the delicacy of his palate, says in a letter to us on the subject:—

During my long experience I found that a "run" upon any particular wine, or class of wine, generally followed the introduction of something superior to the ordinary "wines of commerce."

For example; within the last thirty years repeated attempts have been made to form a pure taste for sherry amongst connoisseurs who could afford to pay for what they could appreciate. This could of course only be done by

importing very old and valuable wine with the smallest possible amount of brandy. For such wines I, and of course very many other wine merchants, have paid £150 to £200 per butt in Cadiz Bay. Of course such wines soon gained a reputation amongst the class of consumers for whom they were intended; and then, also of course, attempts were made by a host of wine merchants to introduce a *similar* wine for general consumption. This led to every possible system of adulteration, because the wine in its genuine state was far too costly for any such purpose. Thus from time to time newspapers were full of advertisements about "Natural Sherry," or some other name given to a cheap imitation of a costly, pure, and delicious wine. At one time I remember an advertisement of "Naked Sherry" at 30s. per dozen, about which I made a sorry joke. I was asked why it was so called, and I said because no *decent* wine could be sold at the price. All that I have said about sherry applies to most other wines, perhaps more particularly to champagne. Really *dry* champagne, I mean genuinely dry wine, can only be had when a vintage has been exceptionally fine. In such rare cases the wine can be prepared with scarcely any admixture of liqueurs, whereas in ordinary vintages the wine *en brut* is not only unpalatable, but absolutely nauseous. Now, as very fine vintages do not frequently occur, *pure* dry champagne is a very costly beverage. Notwithstanding this, according to the advertisements, and to wine merchants' circulars, you may have champagne dry or sweet, year after year, at the same price. Create a demand for anything, and there will be a supply. The supply of genuine wine, as of every other article of consumption, is not unlimited; and the increased demand for cheap wines can only be met by deception and fraud."

As to the attempts of certain analysts to describe in scientific terms the value of a wine, they are more than futile, they are pernicious, because they lead the ignorant astray. "Bouquet," as well as alcohol, has something to do with the quality of a wine. Both may be added

in place of being natural. Sometimes a connoisseur in Bordeaux will be offered in a restaurant a wine redolent of the violet flavour peculiar to some wines of a good growth in the Gironde. He notices on the wine-carte that the price is a third of what he would pay a respectable wine-merchant for such wine, and if he drinks a fair bottle of it he learns on the morrow that the nose has deceived the stomach.

What future and increased knowledge of methods of analysis may do as to "bouquet" is a separate question. At present, by the lights we have, a knowledge of the trade and a certain respectability on the part of its members, will be a greater guarantee to the seeker after good wine than any number of laboratories, used too often more in the interests of advertising firms than in the interests of the seeker after exact palate-and-stomach-value.

In "Le Cuisinier Royal," by Viart, homme de bouche, Paris, 1837, there is to be found, as an Appendix to the fifteenth edition, a "Notice on Wines," by M. Pierrhugues, the King's butler, and the order of serving them, by Grignon, one of the well-known restaurateurs of that day. We observe that it has been copied without acknowledgment by the authoress of the "Nouveau Manuel de la Cuisinière Bourgeoise," Paris, 1869, so we presume that in French eyes it is deemed of some worth. We merely refer the curious reader to it, preferring to take as our guide the instructive "Essay on Cheap Wines," by our own country-

man, Dr. Druitt,* whose professional science and clean palate have enabled him to give us invaluable wine truths. It is true that we are at issue with Dr. Druitt as to the good or bad, or, as he puts it, indifferent matter of drinking many varieties of wine at the same repast, because we consider it decidedly injurious; but with this exception, and some slight allusion to a frequently careless composition in a literary sense, we can freely endorse the views of the learned doctor. Rarely has so much useful and trustworthy information on the known wines of commerce been given to the public in so compendious a form. We would particularly recommend to our readers his remarks on Bordeaux and sherry:—

It will be a good day for the morals, health, and intellectual development of the English when every decent person shall on all hospitable occasions be able to produce a bottle of wine and discuss its *flavour*, instead of, as at present, glorying in the *strength* of his potations. One thing that would go with the greater use of Bordeaux wine would be the custom of drinking it in its proper place *during dinner* as a refreshing and appetising draught, to entice the languid palate to demand an additional slice of mutton.

* * * * *

* Dr. Druitt died recently. I have not by me the above essay, or I should have extracted from it *accurately* the famous couplets that Dr. Druitt inserted. I therefore quote from memory:—

“ Stern and erect the Caledonian stood,
 Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
 ‘Thou shalt drink Port,’ the wily statesman said.
 He drank the poison—and his spirit fled.”

—S. B., June 1883.

Now for *sherry*, under which term are included, in popular language, all the white wines which come from Spain, and others like them. Monotony and base servile imitation are the curse of English life. . . . The fish, entrées, &c., must be accompanied with the inevitable sherry. All the fun, and the fragrance, the gratified sense of novelty, the curiosity as to the great political and social fortunes of our colonies, which would be excited by handing round a bottle of white Auldana; all the sympathy for our dear neighbours which would be excited by the taste of Meursault Blanc; all the respect for the Germans which would follow a sip of Hochheimer; all the hopes and fears felt for the Austrian empire, which would go round with the generous Vöslau, are smothered by the monotony of the *banal* sherry. When people are doing the serious act of dining, they should do it, and think about it, and talk about it; but to talk there must be novelty, not one dull perpetual round, and sherry gives rise to no ideas. England will never be merry again whilst it sticks to so sad a drink.

* * * * *

The best account of sherry is that given before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Import Duties on Wines in 1852, by Dr. Gorman, Physician to the late British Factory at Cadiz, long a resident in Spain. He says that no natural sherry comes to this country; it is all mixed and brandied. The quantity of proof spirit which good pure sherry contains by nature is 24 per cent., possibly 30. The less mature and less perfectly fermented the wine, the more brandy is there added to it to preserve it. Yet let it never be forgotten, Dr. Gorman added, "*It is not necessary to infuse brandy into any well-made sherry wine; if the fermentation is perfect, it produces alcohol sufficient to preserve the wine for a century in any country.*"

All this and much more that Dr. Druitt has said is pleasing and trustworthy, because there is little appearance of a wine-merchant's element in the background. We will add only one more extract in reference to the flavour and odour of wines:—

The organs of taste and smell stand as sentinels to watch the approaches to the stomach, and to warn us whether our food and drink are fit to be admitted or not. There are some articles respecting which these organs are not entirely to be relied upon; but certainly as regards wine, the effects of wine on the palate are known with exactitude, and the palate is able to distinguish wines which are wholesome from those that are not.

Let us observe that *touch* is common to all parts of the body in greater or less degree, but is especially acute in the finger-tips, lips, and tongue. This takes cognisance of certain qualities, such as hot and cold, rough and smooth, hard and soft, and the like. *Taste* is a more delicate sense, and distinguishes properties such as sweet, sour, bitter, and salt, together with a thousand other varieties which have no name, though we well know them when presented to us.

There is a third sense which recognises odours, and upon which they particularly operate, of course I mean the nose. Now everything that is tasted must affect the sense of touch, and the union of both touch and taste may be essential to perfect enjoyment; thus the crispness or flabbiness of a biscuit may make a great difference. Just so the union of smell with taste is essential for the enjoyment of wine. And here let us say, that everything that is smelled can be tasted, though not everything that is tasted can be smelled. The body of wine affects both senses.—pp. 28, 29.

To this we may add Brillat-Savarin's definition: "Without a sense of smell complete tasting cannot exist. Smell and taste are one sense where the mouth is the laboratory and the nose the chimney, or, to speak more exactly, one is good for tasting what can be touched, the other for tasting the gases." Now a strong stomach cannot appreciate the bad effect of a mixture of wines; and however fine the nasal sensibility of an individual, it is impossible to detect the value of a succession of different kinds of bouquet. Our

own views are that Chablis or a low growth of Sauterne may be permitted with oysters; a good quality of Lower Burgundy or a "grand ordinaire" of Bordeaux to begin the repast; but the moment you get to a point in the feast where a higher quality of wine is permitted, you should, with any regard to the stomach or the palate, stick to the same class of wine.

Not the least important element in a well-ordered repast is the coffee,* which should complete

* At the end of the following good-natured remarks on the observations of the writer will be found a recipe for coffee-making well worth attention:—"I have been reading the article in the 'Quarterly Review' entitled, 'The Kitchen and the Cellar.' I confess that I like a good dinner, and I agree with the writer of the article, that 'no British restaurateur will help the public to a knowledge of dining, for every difficulty is thrown by them in the way of a man and his wife dining modestly, but with variety,' whilst even at home, 'the manager of an English household has to learn that in a French "cuisine bourgeoise" no shams are indulged in, and simplicity and economy reign where we have waste, and the master's despair." It is perfectly true, that a strong gravy soup is the delight of the British cook, and that its strength kills all herbal flavour. London julienne soup tastes of meat, whereas it ought to taste of vegetables. It is true, moreover, that we must entirely change the mode of cutting up the carcase before we can arrive at the French perfection in form of meat purchasable at the butchers. To compare an English beefsteak with a French chateaubriand is to compare leather with human food. Bohemian pheasants are not, however, better than English pheasants. In point of fact, the former is merely an expression to signify an expensive pheasant. I remember once being at Monaco with the late Baron James Rothschild. We each contributed 20 francs to a joint purse, and we

it. It is very easy but not altogether just to condemn the methods of making it practised in England, and impute to them the only cause for our finding it bad here. Opinions may differ as to whether we do or do not find the several varieties of the berry, Mocha, Bourbon, Martinique, &c., which are mixed together in a French household, or by the tradesmen who sell them. What we maintain to be necessary as a first step towards a perfect beverage is fresh roasting *at*

endeavoured to win our dinner at the gambling table. After numerous vicissitudes we won ten napoleons, and I was deputed to order the dinner. In the bill of fare Bohemian pheasants were set down at 50 francs. One of these I ordered. Having to pay his share for this bird, I fear materially shortened the life of my valued friend, for he had a strong objection to being 'done.' I never saw him afterwards without his alluding to that expensive luxury. The temperature of wine rightly observes the author of the article in the 'Quarterly' should be as nearly as possible the temperature of the dining-room. This dictum should never be forgotten. To put a bottle of wine before the fire is as fatal an error as to bring it up from the cellar only an hour or two before dinner. The author complains of the coffee, which is habitually drunk, but does not say how good coffee is to be produced, except that the berries ought to be freshly roasted at home. The other day I was in a restaurant in Paris where the coffee was exceptionally good. I gave the *chef* a Napoleon to tell me how it was made. 'Take,' he said, 'for each cup one spoonful of Martinique and one of Mocha; put them with tepid water in a common saucepan, and put the saucepan on the fire. Stand by with a little cold water. When the decoction is on the point of boiling, but just before it actually does boil, throw in a spoonful of cold water, take the saucepan off the fire, and strain through a piece of muslin.'"—"Truth," 3rd May 1877.

home. We should then find a very indifferent coffee-berry produce a very refreshing cup. We should get the true aroma. It would appear that, in the early part of the last century, coffee was not only ground but roasted by the ladies, as we gather from the lines of Pope in the "Rape of the Lock":—

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The *berries crackle* and the mill turns round.

Upon which Mr. Elwin adds the following note:—
"‘There was a side-board of coffee,’ says Pope, in his letter describing Swift’s mode of life at Letcombe, in 1714, ‘which the Dean roasted with his own hands in an engine for that purpose.’"*

Until lately we were not aware that a roasting-machine for household use was on sale in England, but on passing down Oxford Street and Holborn we met with two kinds, similar in principle to one which we had ourselves suggested to a Parisian ironmonger before the war—*i.e.* the use of clock-work to turn the barrel, so that a cook’s time may be saved and no berries burnt. Those we have seen do not appear quite suited for a kitchen, but a slight addition would easily adapt them to that kind of range.

One observation, not altogether known, may be added: coffee made with Schwalheim water is superior to that made with any other, due pro-

* Elwin’s "Pope," vol. ii. p. 163.

bably to the extracting power of the alkali held in solution therein, and it might be worth while testing Apollinaris or Taunus water in like manner. Also let us note that since the war, coffee, as served at the cafés in Paris, has much fallen off, in consequence, mainly, of the use of chicory. For our own part we never, during the Second Empire, considered it exceptionally fine and pure, save at the Café du Cardinal at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. It was only in private houses that one could be secure of the genuine flavour.

In the simplicity of tea-making it is only necessary to insist on water boiling at the moment it is poured on the tea: but we came upon some remarks in a modern cookery book against which we would beg to protest. The writer begins by saying that a silver or metal teapot draws out the strength and fragrance more readily than one of earthenware, a point on which we opine the Heathen Chinees would differ; nor, if we recollect right, would that interesting paper by Mr. Savile Lumley, when Secretary to the Legation at St. Petersburg, on the tea-houses frequented by the ishvoshniks or droshky-drivers, support such a view; and the said ishvoshniks are great connoisseurs in that beverage. The writer of the said cookery-book goes on to say that you may half fill the pot with boiling water, and, if the tea be of very fine quality, you may let it stand ten minutes (!) before filling up. Now there was one Ellis, who had some reputation in the neighbourhood of Richmond Hill in the matter of food and

drink—to be plain, for the information of the youngest generation, he owned the Star and Garter there—and his view about tea was that you lost the aroma and gained less valuable properties for all the time beyond one minute that you let it stand. We can quote no higher authority for our own most persistent view on this question.

The hours at which repasts are taken are too much at the caprice of fashion in England to admit of any hope that reason will be heard on the subject. Some day fashion will permit us to have our mid-day breakfast or luncheon, and fall to our dinner with no jaded appetite at 6 or 7 o'clock. On sanitary grounds nothing will ever surpass the Frenchman's regulation of his meals—a light breakfast in his bedroom at 8 A.M., a serious breakfast from 11 to noon, and a dinner from 6 to 8, according to his occupations for the evening. To insist any more on this would be to attempt the codification of laws that will never be codified, or if codified never carried out, save subserviently to the reigning fashion.

We will close these remarks by referring once more to two of the works at the head of this article. Gouffé's is eminently practical, and adapted to the use of man or woman who likes to go sometimes into the kitchen and converse courteously with the artist. Dubois' "*Cosmopolitan Cookery*" has some admirable recipes, *e.g.* salmon cutlets, "*sauce des gourmets*," p. 83 of the English edition, and his list of menus are

worth attention. Gouffé, by the way, expressly declines to give a list, for reasons stated (p. 336). Among Dubois' menus may be noted one (p. xvii.) for ten guests, served at Nauheim (1867) by Cogery, who now keeps a restaurant at Nice; p. xxi. one for forty guests, served by the same artist at Helsingfors, where good judgment is united to simplicity; p. xxvi. one for fifty guests, served by Ripé (1867) to Prince (then Count) Bismarck, a menu where we observe the Bohemian pheasant, already referred to; and p. xxii. a very good menu for twelve persons, served by Blanchet at the Yorkshire Club, no date given. But, even after thus referring to them as deserving attention, we are bound to say that they are generally overloaded, and we opine there are few diners-out who would not be thankful to see on their plate less elaborate menus.*

* One of the choicest dinners at which I ever assisted was given by a friend the week after the Derby in 1882. The following was the well constructed menu:—

Hors d'œuvres.
 Potage Printanière.
 Mousse de Homard.
 Filets de soles à l'indienne.
 Salmi de cailles.
 Casserolettes à la reine.
 Chaud froid de poulet.
 Agneau rôti.
 Salade.
 Cannetons. Asperges.
 Chartreuse de fraises.
 Pâtisserie.
 Glaces.

It proves the fallibility of cooks, even so great as one who has been "chef" to the King of Prussia, when we find M. Urbain Dubois in his recipe for plum-pudding omit the essential ingredient of bread-crumbs! Gouffé does not commit this grave error.

In the matter of English cookery-books adapted to private families, few surpass that excellent work by Mrs. Rundell, of which, with some little revision and the addition of truly coloured plates, Mr. Murray might surely give us another edition. Its excellence consists in that it is a manual for the household as well as a guide in the kitchen, but we are bound to say it is lamentably deficient where it attempts to instruct us in French cookery.

We ought not to conclude this review, devoted to simplicity in cooking, eating and drinking, without a reference to condiments under various names of this and that sauce, many of which are admirable when used in their right places. We take it that the "dernier mot" as between French and English "gourmets," neither of them addicted to the dishes of a City Alderman, would be, on the part of the second, "Are not our manufactured sauces admirable?" On the part

W I N E S .

Marcobrunner, 1868.
Freminet's Champagne, 1re cuvée.
Clos de Fèves (Burgundy), 1868.
Chateau Leoville, 1864.

of the first—"Are they not too pungent, and do you not ask them to do the work of flavour which ought to be the business of the cook?"

The finest of them all is rather based on simple mushroom-ketchup than on Indian herbs, but it is scarcely the most popular, and those members of the medical profession who prescribe for dyspeptic individuals have as great an interest in columns of advertisements, for which in the end the purchaser pays, as even the adventurous manufacturers who fabricate sauces from the recipe of this or that nobleman. Still, let the best of them be accepted as adjuncts to a broiled bone at 2 A.M., without admitting the propriety of their position on the dinner-table.

Simple salt, and vegetable combinations that have been made with it, is worth some further comment. Salt is used at once too much and too little in English kitchens; too much, when by orders of the landlord (like the bad brandy in the sauces at suburban hotels of reputation) it is to excite a desire for drink on the part of the guest; too little when in the case of a grilled beefsteak the cook forgets that salt combines during the process of cooking more effectively in its coarse kitchen form.*

The combination of salt with herbs has notably succeeded in two instances, and it is reserved for the future to borrow from what is known, and combine more delicate, and yet more delicate,

* *Poulet au gros sel* is too little known in England.

forms. We allude to known combinations in speaking of that composed of the Chili-bean rubbed up with salt, to which the maker has given the name of Oriental salt,* a condiment that has the flavour without the extreme pungency of cayenne, and would be an admirable substitute for it in that much-ill-used incentive to drink called devilled whitebait. Another useful combination is that of celery-seed and salt, sold by a well-known Italian warehouseman. On the table each must stand on its own merits in reference to the guest's taste; neither to be insisted on indiscriminately, but each in turn especially adapted to soup, fish, roast and "relevé," cheese or a salad.

This, to conclude, is the sum of gastronomical observations which appear to us as most worthy of reflection by those who would see the English "cuisine" raised to a higher level, and who desire that the younger generation may at least have a palate.

1. Herbal flavour is to be desired in soups, and increased knowledge on the part of cooks of the various kinds and qualities of herbs and roots.

* I might rather say to which I gave the name. As a fact, the only maker, Mr. Searcy, of Connaught Street, first made it for me personally from a recipe of mine, and I suggested that it would be a benefit to the public if he made more and sold it, and I gave him the name. He has done this, I believe, with considerable pecuniary advantage; and it is quite fair that he should have my testimony to the fact that he is the sole original maker. Needless to say, I have no interest in the condiment.—S. B., June 1883.

2. The "batterie de cuisine" should be improved by an increased number of copper vessels, and by the use of the salamander and smaller implements for cutting, scooping and otherwise arranging vegetables. Moreover, the use of charcoal should be established.

3. The use of more butter and less lard should be encouraged.

4. The market-gardener should learn that he has duties to fulfil.

5. Red wines should be the rule and not the exception at dinner, and champagne, if served at all, should be served with the sweets and not with the mutton.

6. Coffee should be made from different varieties of the berry and, if possible, should be roasted at home, certainly always ground there.

7. Fashion should permit us to adopt more sensible hours for our meals.

APPENDIX.

FROM the large correspondence that this article produced, I will give an excerpt from one letter, where the line of thought was essentially that which governed the production of this essay. The same intelligent writer, it will be seen, afterwards commented on an article (which I also reproduce) in the "Standard" (August 1880). It would be easy to write at greater length as Dr. Mitchell suggested to me, but I prefer to confine myself to selecting some extracts from others' writings which seem to maintain the broad principles on which the above article was based.

"London, 7th June 1877.

"SIR,—I have just had the advantage of reading your article 'The Kitchen and the Cellar,' in the 'Quarterly Review' of April last, and, under the agreeable impression produced by the perusal, venture to address you the suggestion to publish it separately after extending it somewhat. Some such review and criticism of the modern British table is very much wanted; for not only is cookery, but many other things pertaining to the service of the table in a state of rapid decline. The ideas and tastes of the area and nursery in the matter of food and drink have been steadily overshadowing British society during the last fifty years. The mothers of middle-aged men of the present generation for the most knew what was the meaning of a dinner in courses, that is, in three courses (Fr. *services*, Lat. *mensæ*), two courses and dessert. They entertained and were entertained with such. But now nobody seems to understand what a course is. To the greater number the term has come to mean merely a dish. Thus the writers in the daily papers, and such like, talk glibly of twenty courses. Others,

a little better informed, fancy a course to be a set of dishes composed of a similar species of food either in aspect or nature. According to this view, soups would be a course; fish of all kinds, however prepared, would be a course; poultry would be a course; game a course; pastry and confectionery a course; fruit a course; and so forth. But those who are familiar with the gastronomical art and its history know of how much more subtle a nature is the 'course' in its true meaning of the French *service*, namely, that it is an arbitrary arrangement in the service of the dishes of a repast, with the object of setting it out in three distinct acts—three tables (*mensæ*)—each in a manner complete, yet differing in character and kind. The 'course' is an inheritance from classical times—come to us through Italy and France. It has never been understood or practised outside of western Roman civilisation. It has on that account all the more charm for those who are able to appreciate it. To such it is consequently absolutely disgusting to hear from the mouths of almost all in this country the term (containing as it does so much of refinement) applied to such vulgar set outs as your 'two soups' 'two fishes,' &c.

"If I might venture to throw out any hints as to what would perhaps be useful to add of the nature of criticism to your treatise, I would specify the gigantic size of British plates, which renders a refined dinner impossible, and the total want of the salad bowl (*saladier*) as it ought to be, namely, of size in proportion to the number of guests supposed to partake of the contents. An English dinner-service of ware generally contains only one salad dish, whereas there ought to be several graduated in capacity; for you can no more satisfactorily make a salad for two in a large dish than you can a large one in a small dish. The modern British *saladier*, moreover, is generally of oval shape, which is utterly unfit for the proportioning about of the salad when being dressed. What I have been saying about salad dishes reminds me of the defective state of the British frying-pan. In an English kitchen there never is a sufficient variety of frying-pans—gradation of sizes. The British frying-pan, moreover, has the sides or borders too

perpendicular, an arrangement which is very inconvenient in such an operation, for instance, as omelet making.

"Will you excuse me if, before closing, I draw your attention to what I consider a slight inaccuracy in your estimate of what the French mean by *soupe*. *Soupe* is not soup. In England bouillon and consommé would be rightly called soups; but they are not *soupes* in French. The *pot au feu* produces bouillon, and the contents are soup when the bread is added. That operation is called *tremper la soupe*, that is steep or soak the sap, the latter really being the *soupe*. Bouillon becomes soup by the addition of a variety of farinaceous and other things.

Hoping you will pardon this intrusion and receive my hurried observations with indulgence.

"Yours obediently,

"J. B. MITCHELL, M.D., &c.

"The writer of the Kitchen and the Cellar."

The following article in the "Daily News," which appeared on the 19th April 1877, a day or two after the publication of the "Review," may fairly be quoted as the production of one who, in differing from some of the writer's views, has still maintained the instincts of the *gentilhomme* in the criticism of the journalist:—

"The new number of the 'Quarterly Review,' contains an essay on the Art of Dining, which the amateur may read with profit, even though, as the German Professor said of St. Paul's Epistles, 'on many points he disagrees with the writer.' There is such a thing as nationality in dining, just as Mr. Browning has proved, in a brilliant poem, that there is nationality in drinks. Surveying mankind with extensive view, the essayist recognises that the science is not absolutely ignored in Turkey, where we cannot but think that an archaic school retains too much of the wool with the mutton, and that dining is rather a matter of sacred and immemorial rules than in any worthy sense of the word a science. The Chinese and Japanese have long been famous for their bird's-nest soup, and for making the best, after his lamented decease, of the friend of man—the dog. About the Austra-

lians and New Zealanders, perhaps the less said the better. Many students will feel, with the 'Quarterly' Reviewer, that our own colonists have neglected to set a proper example to these poor heathen races, who, bar kangaroos, have no larger game than rats. The Englishman in Australia revels in boundless mutton, in damper, in weak tea, and in the vintages of his adopted soil, which he playfully compares to those of the Rhine. It is impossible, on the other hand, not to recognise the merits of the Russian *cuisine*, where the imported civilization of France has found various good traditional ideas still retained by the Sclavonic people; and where the caviare, 'with that pale green hue which denotes the absence of salt,' is not to be overlooked. In melancholy contrast to the native genius of the Sclavs is the absolute dearth of taste and sense in gastronomic Germany. If a map of the world could be made—and why not?—in which lands of utter darkness in culinary matters should be coloured black, like heathen countries in the missionary atlas, and coal-fields in the map of physical geography, the German Empire would be one vast blot on Central Europe. Science might track Teutonic blood by the absence of respectable cookery; and in England too obvious tokens would be found of that incapacity of the art of dining which we brought from the marshes of Holstein. In America, Nature herself has put the colonists on many schemes for the improvement of dinner, and terrapin soup, according to Mr. Hepworth Dixon, is gratefully associated with memories of Virginia in the minds of those who like terrapin soup. The canvas-backed duck has been praised as highly as the 'swopping, swopping mallard' of a place of education which is to be all too well represented on the University Commission. As to the wild turkey, the poet has not yet risen in America who can do justice to the charms of that admirable bird. Mr. Whitman, who has much to say about 'bob-a-links' and 'whip-poor-wills,' and some other fowl which sing 'when lilacs bloom in the garden yard,' has neglected, we fear, the wild turkey, simply because the Muse has not given this bird melody, and made it, like the robin redbreast, which goes so well with bread-crumbs, 'an amiable songster.' American genius neglects the turkey,

and positively takes more interest in the migrations of the transatlantic sparrow. If the nobler fowl can cross the water as safely as the beef and mutton of every-day life, he will receive the honour he deserves in this country. The 'Quarterly' Reviewer, with the deathless thirst of scientific men for acclimatisation, speaks well of the Bohemian pheasant, which, unlike some other denizens of Bohemia, is fat. But there are probably other birds in America which rival the duck and the wild turkey, and excel the Bohemian pheasant. The existence of maize, however, on the continent has been a snare to American cooks, who have yielded to an absorbing passion for hot corn cakes of deleterious quality.

"France is, of course, the land in which the Muse of cooking is native. 'If we turn north towards Belgium,' says the Reviewer, 'we shall find much that is good in cooking and eating known, if not universally practised.' He has also made the discovery that the Belgium air and climate are admirably suited to develop the best qualities of Burgundy. It is from these favoured and ingenious peoples that England ought to learn a lesson, or rather a good many lessons. To begin at the beginning, with soup, does not everyone know that all domestic soups in England which bear French names are really the same soup, just as almost all puddings are, or may be, called cabinet pudding? The one word 'Julienne' covers all the watery, chill, and tasteless, or terribly salt, decoctions, in which a few shreds of vegetables appear swimming in the vast inane. Other names are given at will by the help of a cookery book and a French dictionary; but all these soups, at bottom, are attempts to be Julienne soup. The idea of looking on soup 'as a vehicle for applying to the palate certain herbal flavours,' is remote indeed from the plain cook's mind. There is a deeply-rooted conviction in her inmost soul that all vegetables which are not potatoes or cabbages partake of the nature of evil. As to eating vegetables apart from meat, it was once as hard to get English domestics to let you do that as to get a Cretan cook to serve woodcock with the trail. '*Kopros* is not a thing to be eaten,' says the Cretan, according to a traveller who writes in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and the natural

heart of the English race looks on vegetables, when eaten as a *plat* apart, with equal disfavour. Probably, as the Reviewer suggests, the market gardener's ignorance and conservatism are partly in fault. Cabbage he knows, and potatoes he knows, but what are pennyroyal and chervil? He has cauliflower for you, but never says 'here is rue for you and rosemary for you.' Cooks do not give him botany lessons, and a Scottish cook, deprived of bay-leaf, has been known to make an experiment in the use of what she called 'Roderick Randoms,' members of the vegetable kingdom which proved to be rhododendron. As for pennyroyal, most people have only heard of it through Mr. Bohn's crib to Aristophanes.

When it comes to fish, the Reviewer allows that we are not an insular people for nothing. There are other forms of good living that Paris knows not of, so to speak at first hand, native to England. Turtle soup, turbot and lobster sauce, a haunch of venison, and a grouse are, as the Reviewer says without chauvinism, a 'truly royal repast.' But we incur the contempt of foreigners once more in the matter of wines. To like sherry, the coarse and fiery, is a matter of habit, which would teach us to love betel root, and rejoice in the very peculiar drink of the South Sea islanders. The Reviewer includes champagne in the same condemnation—the champagne, that is, of this degenerate day. When the Russians drank up the contents of the widow Clicquot's cellars, they found a sweet and natural wine, to which they have constantly adhered. But Western Europe, all the Europe which, as M. Comte puts it, 'synergises,' towards light and positivism, has tended towards champagnes more or less dry. The English serve this 'grog mousseux' as a necessity for social liveliness, and have not come back to the sweet wine which was only meant to be drunk with sweets. The 'Quarterly' Reviewer is very severe in his condemnation of a practice which will only yield to the stress of some European convulsion in politics and society. These things are like certain larger reforms, they either come to pass without observation in the slow changes of things, or great movements in the world are accompanied by small ones in every-day life. Dry champagne came in after the Revolution,

it may go out after a European war, which will make wine either expensive, or, if cheap, a palpably spurious article. 'Monotony and base servile imitations' may be the bane of eating and drinking in England, but the existence of monotony shows that the English really do not care very much about dining considered as a fine art. When they do care, they cover their interest in the matter decently, with the veil of humorous affectation. They cannot spontaneously and sincerely make a business of it, as the French do in all good faith. Even if they had a genius for dining, we doubt if the Reviewer is right in thinking they should dine at six o'clock or seven at latest. Whether in the country or in town, the business or amusement of the day claims more time. Sportsmen, for example, in early autumn could not possibly return home by six very frequently, and in summer six o'clock may be so sultry an hour that the thought of food is intolerable. Still it must be admitted that the un-awakened state of the market gardener and the condition of English soups are matters deserving serious consideration.

THE ART OF DINING.

From the "Standard," 10th August, 1880.

We are a dinner-eating nation. The best cooks may come from France, and we borrow from that country our most appetising dishes, together with the names which designate them, but nowhere is there more devotion to dinner as a national institution than in England. Not trial by jury, but the dinner, said Emerson, is the capital institution in this country; and, as Carlyle remarks, "To this hour no public matter, with whatever serious argument, can be settled in England till it have been dined upon, perhaps repeatedly dined upon." Everything, indeed, is an excuse for a dinner. We dine together for purely convivial, for political, scientific, social, Masonic, and charitable purposes. A dinner celebrates the downfall of a Ministry, the discovery of a new planet, or a previously unknown sea; it welcomes a Monarch, and does honour to the election of the parish beadle. Every year, too, there is some new excuse for public dinners, and it may safely be said that there are more given in this country than in any other under the

sun. Though we anathematise them, and with good reason, for dyspepsia instead of good digestion too often waits on appetite, they will probably long continue to be held, more especially for charitable purposes; for, as Lady Harriet St. Clair acutely remarks, "Talk of philanthropy to a famished man and he will be deaf to your prayers, but try him after a good dinner and he will be capable of the most generous actions." And certainly a good dinner ought to be more readily attainable now-a-days than in the times when, to quote from a bill of fare of 1737, sweet puddings, roasted tongues, and adders and cray-fish soup were served in the first course, followed, in the second, by roast lobsters, sweet-meats, orange pie, and collared eels. For, in the first place, we have been assiduously learning cookery of late years. We have seen our *chefs* studying in France and other countries—though there have not been wanting books upon the subject, many of them containing valuable hints—and we have on the whole learned to eat and drink in a more rational fashion than our forefathers. Nor need a proper care that our food should be choice be considered beneath the dignity of the philosophic mind. "Do you think God made good things only for fools?" said Descartes to a Marquess who twitted him with eating dainties, and Dr. Johnson was very severe upon people who did not mind what they ate, adding, "I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else," a dictum that is, perhaps, going a little too far. Then, again, we have improved in cookery, because many of our foremost physicians have busied themselves with the affairs of the table and told us what we ought to eat, drink, and avoid. This is no new thing. It was claimed of old that the best books of cookery have been written by physicians, and scores of instances might be given to show that the doctors of to-day are only following the examples of illustrious predecessors in their profession when they condescend to culinary matters. Thus, then, we have Drs. Richardson and Anstie, Mr. Ernest Hart, and Sir Henry Thompson, all concerning themselves with the hygiene of the table, the last-named doing so with such a loving care for good cookery and evident appreciation of a well-arranged dinner that he must

agree with Dr. Waterhouse, who, years ago, wrote that "the faculty the stomach has of communicating the impressions made by the various substances that are put into it, is such, that it seems more like a nervous expansion from the brain than a mere receptacle for food." We are grateful, of course, to our medical guides for their kindly attention to our stew-pans, and we are quite ready to agree with the old adage that physicians should be good cooks, at least in theory, but it may be doubted whether we have not had a little too much of the doctor in the kitchen. It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast lines, and that is precisely what a great many physicians attempt to do, though for the matter of that a patient has only, as it were, to change his medical cook and he will find a corresponding alteration in his diet. For doctors differ on this as on many other subjects. One fulminates against the use of wine at a meal at all, another admits its use as an aid to digestion, while a third, also permitting the imbibition of the "*grands vins* of esteemed vintages," is almost pathetic in adjuring us to buy them of trustworthy wine-merchants.

The improvement which has taken place in English cookery is not to be discovered at our public dinners. Such an entertainment is still a feast at which no one who has once assisted would do so again if he could escape. Cold soup and flabby fish, entrées that prove incontestably that there is a hope of resurrection for the dishes of to-day, even as there was for those of yesterday; a morsel of tough duck, or, it may be, a slice of some bird which is declared to be game, but upon whose nature it would be dangerous to speculate, unwholesome puddings, and, finally, half-melted ices. Such are some of the delicacies to which we are often treated at public entertainments. To wash down this pleasing meal you are first offered, if turtle soup is present, a glass of punch, then some hock, which tastes as if it had been made on the premises; the "next grace," as Lord Beaconsfield called a glass of wine, is a liquid bearing a pleasing external resemblance to sherry, but tasting more like brandy and water. Then comes a spirituous, sweet, and highly-effervescent compound, which is denominated champagne, followed, it may be, by Burgundy with the game, port

wine or beer with the cheese, and then liqueurs of various kinds. It would be difficult to do justice to what is called port at public dinners, but it may safely be said that it in no way resembles that wine given at the Macedonian banquet described by Athenæus, of which "he who swallowed the greatest quantity would have the best reason to be satisfied." And yet the wine which is imbibed at dessert after a dinner like this is, perhaps, good enough for people who have trifled with their palates by eating and drinking steadily through all its courses. What relish can a man who has drunk punch, hock, sherry, claret, champagne, port, and Chartreuse during his meal have for the delicacies of Lafite or Chamberlain after it. Not that one would lay down the rule, as some *gourmets* have done, that one wine only ought to be the accompaniment of a meal, though the author of "The Young Duke," speaking of Mr. Annesley's dinner in that book, says, "If we had been there we should have devoted ourselves to one of the sparkling sisters; for one wine, like one woman, is sufficient to interest one's feelings for four-and-twenty-hours. Fickleness we abhor." It may be doubted, however, when we read the descriptions of the sherry, "with a pedigree like an Arabian," and "the goblet of Graffenburg," which formed the other accompaniments of the meal in question, whether the ingenious writer has not sacrificed his real feelings on the matter for the sake of the epigram.

The more private and select dinner is as much an institution as the public one. The English people think, said a Venetian traveller in 1500, "no greater honour can be conferred or received than to invite others to eat with them, or to be invited themselves," and the custom obtains to this day. When you invite a man to dinner you ought to give him of your best. "Pot luck," so called, is very often no luck at all in a household where cookery is not understood, and where the lady of the house is at the mercy of a professed cook, who feeds herself much better than the family upstairs. It was all very well for the great historian of snobs to satirise the ostentation which makes people "get in cheap made dishes from the pastrycook's, and hire a couple of green-grocers or carpet-beaters to figure as footmen, dismissing honest Molly, who waits on common days"; but still there

is no snobbishness in offering your guest something a little better than your ordinary fare, and improving the service of your table for him if it should happen to need it. We are speaking now, of course, not of the tables of the wealthy, but of middle-class households, and it is in them that the greatest culinary strides have been taken of late years. But it must be remembered that, although we have learned much, there is a great deal yet to be acquired. The cook of the period, no less than the mistress, is of an obstinate and unyielding disposition. She has in nine cases out of ten been brought up in the old school of English cookery, and any innovation, the introduction of a new dish or a new vegetable, is resented as being Frenchified and unwholesome.

But we are gradually beginning to understand the use of soups, to appreciate the clear *consommé* as the introduction to a meal, rather than the thick soups, which may be all very well for lunch, or when there is little to follow them, but which are a mistake as the preliminaries to a dinner. At the same time, as men's digestions differ as much as their opinions, it is well to give them a choice, soup, in any case, being indicated as an early course of a dinner, because it affords readily-digested nutriment and strengthens the stomach for the work before it. Then, again, we are learning, though slowly it may be, the value of vegetables, especially those of the choicer kind, and to eat them more rationally as a separate service of the dinner. Asparagus, artichokes, sea-kale, stewed celery, mushrooms, spinach, and haricots verts, to mention no others, come under this category, and make a wholesome and appetising course at a meal. Of late years, also, Englishmen have made the discovery that a salad can be composed of other materials than lettuce and mustard and cress, and the tomato, potato, cauliflower, and mixed salads of various vegetables are appreciated as they deserve to be. We shall not, indeed, be as well supplied with vegetables in London as in Paris until the market-gardeners of this country take a leaf out of the book of their French neighbours, and cultivate a greater variety of vegetables. As Mr. Robinson says in his work on the Paris Parks and Gardens, it is remarkable that so great a difference should exist in the market-produce of cities

so near to each other. But such is certainly the case. How many of our readers, even those who possess kitchen-gardens, would think of cultivating the basella, the palm-kale, the burnet, the cardoon, the celeriac, chervil, corn-salad, lentil, ice-plant, parslane, Swiss chard, or water-chesnut? Yet all these, together with others as unfamiliar, are given in a list supplied to the work quoted above by M. Guibéneuf, as under cultivation or used in France. Some mistresses also are beginning to learn that the cookery which they may have met with even at the cheaper restaurants in France, or the establishments which imitate them in this country, is not the luxurious and expensive affair they imagined it to be, but that as a matter of fact good cookery is cheap cookery. We shall see this plainly enough if we compare, for example, the French method of making the *pot-au-feu*, and the careful utilisation of the liquor in which anything has been boiled which obtains in that country, with the waste that goes on in this country even in many households that can ill afford it. Poor people are, indeed, the greatest sinners in this way; they will boil a great deal of nutriment out of meat and then throw away the stock, when the addition of a few of the commonest vegetables growing in their gardens would make it into a pleasant and nourishing soup. There is, indeed, no more wasteful system of cookery than the "plain roast and boiled," which has been the watch-word of so many an English kitchen for years, and it is the fact that mistresses of households are gradually awaking to that truth which makes us hopeful for the future of English Cookery. They are beginning to discover also what M. Soyer said he was so proud to show his friends, that things can be done cheaply and economically, whilst it is possible to "make a nice little dish almost out of nothing." For in many cases it is not so much the amount of meat or other ingredients of a dish that makes it successful, but the manner in which it is prepared. "Ce n'est pas la quantité de viande qui fait seule le bon bouillon, mais la manière donc le pot-au-feu est conduit," says the author of the "Cours Gastronomique," and the same remark would apply to a great many dishes which are ruined by a barbarous profusion, and cooked without proper care.

We do not need our medical advisers to insist upon the importance of good cookery, and to point out to us, as Sir Henry Thompson does, that the relations, not only between food and a healthy population, but "between food and virtue, between the process of digestion and the state of mind which results from it," should occupy no subordinate place in the practical arrangements of life. It would be, perhaps, going too far to affirm that good cookery would be an absolute safeguard against crime, and that the costermonger would never begin "jumping on his mother" had he just partaken of *filets de poulet aux truffes, sauce suprême*, with a glass or two of Pomard; but there can be no doubt of the civilising effects of well-cooked food. There is no occasion to gourmandise—to imitate the Scotchman, who, after stuffing himself with haggis, continued to eye the collapsed bag with grateful affection, told the waiter to behave kindly to it when removed, and followed it out of the room with a silent benediction; nor that other hero mentioned by Byron, who, having heard that the birds called kittiwakes were good whets, ate six of them, and complained that he was "no hungrier than when he began." But a prudent man will, if it be possible, take heed as to what he eats and the proper preparation of his food; and though the dinner-bell be hardly "the tocsin of the soul" to him, he will hear it with pleasurable anticipations, and not be doomed to disappointment.

THE ART OF DINING.

To the Editor of the "Standard."

SIR,—The somewhat optimist views which you published a few days ago of the progress of this art in these islands would seem to me to be hardly in keeping with what attentive observation reveals. For more than forty years it has been my lot to pass frequently to and fro between this country and the Continent, with prolonged residence sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other of the English Channel. Instead of forming the opinion, from what I observe here, that "we have been assiduously learning cookery," that we "have improved in cookery," that

"great culinary strides have been taken in middle-class households of late years," and that Englishmen have of late discovered "improvements in the composition of salads," my conclusions are the very contrary. In my humble opinion, the economy of the table never was at a lower ebb in Great Britain than at the present time.

At the period when I first made acquaintance with the Continent—France, namely—although the art of salad-making was infinitely better understood there than here, it was nevertheless quite a usual thing to see in England the salad brought to table dressed. This is almost no longer the case. Instead of dressed salad, lettuce plants, and almost always the Cos variety, longitudinally cut, are presented. They are generally served on a flat dish, whereon it would not be possible to dress them if inclination prompted the attempt. When a salad bowl does figure, the probability is that the salad stuff will be found lying at the bottom, undressed, but finely chopped and sodden in its own escaped juice, mingled with a quantity of water, which, after the washing, had not been shaken off.

Of late, curious crescentic plates are put by the side of each cover at table, which, as it seems, are intended to receive the lettuce sections. Thus, so far as concerns salad, the only visible pretence at improvement has been made by the potter. But he has gone in the wrong direction. It was the bowl for making the salad, rather than the plate to eat it from, that required his attention. For your British potter salad bowls are all of one size, or nearly so, whether for the service of one, two, or a dozen people; whereas in France a complete dinner service comprises several sizes of salad bowls. French salad bowls are, moreover, always round in form, as ought to be vessels wherein stirring or mixing has to be done; but the British article has, by some foolish conceit, come of late to be oval. As for the actual salad materials, if something more than lettuce and mustard and cress be coming into use, progress in that direction is uncommonly slow, and is almost confined to the neighbourhood of Leicester Square.

But, such as it is, that progress has hitherto avoided the line in which it was most wanted; for that wherein English

salad, even when fairly well made, is chiefly defective is what the French call *fourniture*—that is, flavouring *finer herbes*, such as chevril, tarragon, and chives, without which every salad is insipid. This, however, was perfectly well known in England two hundred years ago. To have arrived, in the year 1880, at the all but total disuse of those herbs implies no inconsiderable progress backwards. I have in my possession a copy, one of the 14th edition, of John Evelyn's "*Acetaria, or Book of Salets*," the contents of which make it evident that at the time of that publication the management of salads was not more of a mystery in England than in France. The falling off which has taken place therein is no solitary event. Cookery and the art of the table in general have, [no doubt, undergone the same process of decay; for it can hardly be doubted that in past ages, when English cooking vessels were made of copper, like those of most foreign countries in the present day, and charcoal was the ordinary kitchen fuel, this country had much the same style of victuals as the rest of the civilised world. The introduction of iron pots and pit-coal firing has largely to answer for the sorry pass to which the culinary art has come here.

When it is remembered how completely ignorant our lower classes are of superior appliances for cooking, that from those classes our cooks and servants come, and what a rapid and extensive influx from those classes into the ranks of the *bourgeoisie*, and from them upwards, has been going on during the present century, there is no need to search in other directions for the causes of our lamentable gastronomic inferiority. That inferiority is not confined to the preparation of victuals, but extends to many things relating to the table. How otherwise can be explained the almost total disappearance of the dessert, or third course, from ordinary English dinners. Fruit, of which dessert principally consists, requires no cooking. Want of skill in actually employed cooks can have nothing to do with this deterioration, which such a wide-spread and deep-seated influence as the influx above alluded to alone can account for. Even in good London clubs, where French *chefs* are employed, how small a part is played by fruit in the dining-room, whereas in

every restaurant, however humble, at every *table d'hôte*, and in all clubs (*cercles*), as well as in private households in France, fruit in the third course is as constant as *potage* in the first.

The intolerable intrusion of the potato at meals is another instance of this vulgarising influence. Plain boiled potato, whatever else it may be, is clearly cattle food. It is a creation of the iron pot and coal fire, comes from the lower classes, and has been made a British culinary institution through the presumption and pertinacity of the servants, who would be ready to regard with pity and scorn any individual venturing to decline the offers of the potato, which, it is their delight, on all occasions throughout the dinner, to make. So low, indeed, is the plain boiled potato in the scale of eatables, as not even to require the use of dishes and plates; for the Irish peasant has only to trundle out upon a board the contents of his potato pot in order to provide a feed *en règle* for his family. The potato may, indeed, be said to have almost entirely supplanted bread at the dinner table, and thereby aided in maintaining the low quality of the English loaf. That base esculent is also answerable for another and somewhat curious instance of vulgarisation. The dinner plate has been expanded in dimensions in order to provide room for it alongside of the other viands, be they what they may. When dainty dishes do happen to be served at table, and are transferred to those fearful platters, they seem to be quite out of place, and by the mere vacant expanse of crockery appear to lose their savour as completely as when banked up with piles of the boiled root or other equally plain vegetables.

I was long unable to account for the erroneous meaning which has come to be attached to the expression "course," as applied to the succession of meats in a dinner. The term "course," when correctly used, is the proper rendering of what in French is called *service*—the equivalent of the classical *mensa*. A formal dinner with any pretensions to style, in the days before style was swamped by the potato pot, was always composed of three courses, or two courses and dessert. This was evidently an artificial arrangement, but the term in question, being consecrated to that arrange-

ment, meant that or nothing. Each course consisted of a series of dishes or meats, being in fact the survival of a complete meal, the wealthy, by way of display, entertaining their guests with a triple repast. Modern British vulgarisation has wrested the word from its true signification and applied it to a single dish, so that the number of "courses" has become indefinite—six, twelve, or even twenty courses being spoken of by otherwise correct people. But course, being a noun of number, could not, without shocking ordinary propriety, be used for a single dish. It was the potato which furnished the warrant for the vulgar blunder. A single ragout, friture, or roast could not very well with grammatical correctness be conceived of or described as a course; but serve potatoes, and perhaps other plain vegetables, along with one or other, and the required plural is found. The potato has created the English dinner of so-called innumerable courses, which is a subject of derision for the refined diners of most foreign countries.

Even the boasted English roast is no longer what it was in the days when few households were without the pulley jack and horizontal spit. The deterioration set in with the introduction of the bottle jack and vertical roasting, and has been intensified by the kitchener, with its stuffy, empyreumatic oven. Many other countries, it is true, have suffered from the kitchener; nevertheless, in most good houses in France roasting continues to be done before the open fire and on a horizontal spit moved by clockwork. No roasting can equal that which is so done, and when the joints operated upon are, like our own, not disboned (*désossés*) John Bull could not but approve. Whatever inferiority might be detected by an English connoisseur would be due to the removal of the bone or to the less prime quality of the meat itself.

Concurrently with indifference on those important points, an almost superstitious regard is maintained for certain specific "fads," such as bread sauce—a very mild concoction worthy of potato eaters; for some kinds of game, currant jelly—an Anglo-Teutonic survival; for some sorts of flesh, and "pulled bread," a somewhat recent invention of considerable advantage to dentists. But those things are

not of a nature to aid materially the family commissariat, whereas the skilful use of *hors d'œuvre* in the first course, and, in the third, of the numerous available articles of dessert, none of which tax the cook, would bring a substantial increment to the sum of prandial resources.

As regards what properly belongs to the kitchen, it will be time enough to speak of improvements in British cookery when it shall have become possible to be served with a real omelette or even *œufs sur le plat* in any well-to-do household in this country. Eggs, thanks to the peasantry of France, are not scarce here, and butter fit for the kitchen is procurable. But who could make an omelette over a coal fire and in a pan with vertical sides? Indeed, all frying-pan processes are liable to vitiation by reason of the difficulty of indicating in English the difference between *frîre* and *sauter*.

With the vulgarisation of society proceeding at the present rate, whereby the better traditions of the table are being lost, the art of dining is destined, I fear, to continue its downward course so long as our coal-fields hold out, unless, perhaps, gas come to the rescue.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. B. MITCHELL, M.D., of Paris.

August 16, 1880.

To the Editor of the "Standard."

SIR,—Have the goodness to allow me to make a few remarks in reply to "A Londoner." If your Correspondent had permitted himself to pay closer attention to the language in which I expressed myself, he could hardly have failed to perceive that I had not taken advantage of the space you kindly allotted me in your columns merely to set forth the dishes, whether French or English, which are to my individual taste, but to offer my opinion as to the character of the progress said to have been made of late in England in the art of dining, based upon somewhat prolonged practical observation. The conditions necessary to qualify for judging in such a matter is not residence, however long, but rather full opportunity for reiterated correction of impressions by

oft-repeated acts of comparison or contrast. That opportunity can be had by no other means than frequent change of place, which in the present case implies going to and fro between the two sides of the Channel. Whether crossings to the number of forty at least, with residential housekeeping at various times in France covering fourteen years, and in Great Britain extending beyond twenty-two years, interspersed with sojournings in other lands during six years, be calculated to furnish sufficient opportunity for accurate comparative observation, I will leave your readers to determine.

But the relative excellence of English as compared with French cookery, was not brought directly in question by my communication. Nothing, indeed, that individuals, were they ever so numerous, might say in "letters to the papers" on that subject could be of any appreciable effect. The cause has been long ago judged and the verdict given. The wealthy of most European countries, on setting themselves to perfect their dining arrangements, are at one in addressing themselves to the French for cooks, and not to the British; and it is the wealthy alone who are free to choose. What those who are not at liberty to choose might individually think or do is as nothing.

In my previous communication I stated certain things which seemed to me to prove that progress in the art of dining had in this country been backward rather than forward, and adduced what had some appearance of offering an explanation of the phenomenon. The circumstance that there are still good dishes in the British bill of fare in no way invalidates my interpretation of those things. For aught your correspondent knows, the dishes of which he approves may be quite as much to my liking as to his, and I may even have some English favourites, which he has not. I should be greatly surprised and not a little humiliated, if it could be shown that I was incapable of appreciating a good *grillade*, whether English or French. But I should also be ashamed of my powers of observation if I had failed to notice that there are very few houses in the United Kingdom where such a thing is procurable. The superior grilling of certain London establishments furnishes no true type of the pro-

ducts of British gridirons in general; and it was British dining as a whole with which I was dealing. I will, moreover, make bold to say that not even the most excellent of the productions of modern London "grill-rooms" are in any respect superior to what were formerly those of the old City chop-houses; and this is to the point, seeing that the question is as to general progress and not the special proficiency of certain would-be monopolist caterers.

The use made by me of the allusion to "chervil, tarragon, and chives," was not so much that of pointing out that all salads without them or similar herbs are insipid, as that, after being common in this country, they have almost become unknown. The very nature and purpose of those herbs have been so completely forgotten, that in English dictionaries they are no longer properly stated. Chervil, the popular "sweet fern" of other days, in Boag's "Imperial Lexicon," is said to be "a genus of plant"; in "Paterson's Dictionary," by Todd, "an umbelliferous plant," and in Wright's "Universal Pronouncing Dictionary," "a plant of the genus *chærophylum*"; while in other dictionaries, and even in works on gardening (Richardson and MacIntosh, for instance) it is not even named. Whereas in Boscherelle's "Dictionnaire National" chervil (*cerfeuil*) is defined "*plante annuelle potagère*," in Littré's "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française," "*plante potagère qui sert d'assaisonnement*, Bot. *Scandix Cerefolium*"; and so on in other French works. When those herbs are hardly any longer procurable, of what use is it impotently to echo the remark that "the monotony of salads might be relieved by a judicious use of chervil and tarragon," as if the echoing party, with the public in general, had them within reach. Tarragon used to be vulgarly known to the population of this country as "herb dragon"; now it has, when wanted, to be diligently sought after in Covent-garden market under the newer name of tarragon. Again, the winter salad-stuff, lamb's lettuce, was formerly common; but when now seen it has come from France as a rarity, and is called *mache*.

The assertion made by "A Londoner" that "never by any chance has it happened to me to have plain lettuce offered to me instead of 'salad' properly so called," can hardly be expected

to cause me to think that my recollections of such presentations are but dreams. I did not imply that this common enough experience of mine happened to me when dining in Mayfair; there are those, however, among Londoners too, whose circle of friends do not live exclusively in that region. Gavarni is not the only foreigner with whom the "well-cooked mutton chop" of London taverns has found favour; but it may well be suspected that, in putting forward mutton chops and roast meat as representative of English cookery as a whole, he was slyly "poking fun." To whatever extent the facetious entered into his professions of respect for the products of the Cockney chop-house, I feel certain that Gavarni's admiration would not have been extended to much of what is now to be seen on the tables of the comically grandiose but provokingly jejune modern "restaurants" of London.

There are those who seem to be scandalised by my hinting that plain boiled potato is of the nature of cattle food, vindicating in return the position of the oleraceous tuber in the scale of human foods by the remark, "so, for the matter of that, are cabbages, carrots, turnips, beans, peas, and almost every other vegetable." And so, indeed, they all are when plain boiled. None of them, in that condition, would be refused by a cow in fair appetite. But it is open to question whether any cow, however sharp set, would care to partake of *pommes de terre frites*, *choux farci*, *carottes à la crème*, *navets au jus*, *haricots maître d'hôtel*, or *petit pois au sucre*. To some persons a sense of what is natural and wholesome may be imparted by the assurance that a cow in good health might be ready to join them at dinner; but remembering the extent to which humanity is characterised and distinguished by the artificial, there are probably more, even in this country, who would consider that to be too primitive. Nevertheless it is only necessary to visit some of the London vegetarian eating-houses to see crowds of people indulging in a variety of "courses" of plain boiled vegetables. To those, however, who are familiar with the effects of intelligent culinary treatment upon vegetables few things could be more pitiable than the sight of human beings in clothes devouring such food without even a suspicion enter-

ing their minds that it is fit matter for the saucepan and contact with butter. It would, perhaps, be impossible, without going to Ireland, to find in the whole of the Old World a more remarkable instance of the abject in feeding. Yet this is daily taking place in the centre of the Metropolis of the British Empire in the year of grace 1880. And people like these and their congeners have the presumption to speak authoritatively on the subject of civilised dining. As well might a savage who had never dressed in more substantial clothing than castor oil be permitted to impose on others his notions as to the cut of pants.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. B. M.

August 25, 1880.

The following remarks by a very clever writer are taken from a series that appeared in the "Bird o' Freedom" on Italian cooking. To have taken all, as I should like to have done, would have been robbery. To instance one or two will not, I hope, raise the ire of the genial proprietor of that festive paper:—

ITALIAN COOKERY.

A Few Words on the History of Italian Cookery.

As the spit and gridiron are specialities of the English kitchen, so the frying-pan is the speciality of the Italian cooks; and, as England has taught the world to roast, so has Italy taught the world to fry. But, as England's pupils are still far behind their masters in the art of roasting, so are Italy's pupils equally far behind their teachers in the art of frying. Frying is quite a science in Italy, and a science which every maid and mistress studies with all her might, for as there is no Italian dinner without its *anté-pasto*, so there is no Italian dinner of any consequence without its dish of *fry*, or *fritto*, as it is called in Italy. Meat, fish, vegetables, all may be fried, and generally meat and vegetables, or fish and vegetables, are fried together. Whatever be the article fried, they must be fried in boiling

fat, and at a brisk fire. Not a moment must elapse between the frying and the serving. The smallest delay is ruinous to the success of the dish, as it tends to make the *fritto* lose its crispiness and become flabby. Whilst the soup is being taken, the *fritto* is cooked. If needs, good eaters will readily consent to a "wait" rather than endanger the full success of the *fritto*.

Dripping, lard, butter, and oil are used for frying. *Pot au feu* is unknown in England, at least in the kitchens of the lower and middle classes, but, if it were known, I should say: "Lay aside the fat," which you skim from the top—for even this may be prepared for frying. The very savour, which it receives from the meat and vegetables of the broth, gives additional flavour to the *fritto*. Also the fat you take off from the pots of foie-gras, should be laid aside for the same purpose, being most exquisite on account of the truffle flavour it possesses. Lard or butter is always preferable to dripping, however. Oil is much used in Italy for frying, especially for fish—for fasting days. But Italy has the privilege of pure oils, which England does not possess. Oil, even the best, has the disadvantage of burning very easily, of making the *fritto* too dark in colour, instead of making it of a rich golden-brown, which it should be.

I will now tell you how to prepare dripping-fat for frying. Melt all the residues of fat you may have, with a leaf of sage, a little celery, and a couple of cut onions. When the onion becomes coloured, strain the whole through a clean sieve, and pot. When cold, cover the pot, and lay aside ready for use. If well covered it will keep a long time, as also will melted butter, strained through a clean cloth, and slightly salted.

As I have said, every kind of meat, vegetable, and fish may be fried. The favourite Italian *fritto*, however, is the mixed *fritto*—composed of veal cutlets, calf's brains (which is quite equal to sweetbread) and sliced artichokes, gourds or potatoes cut in short narrow sticks. A great secret of the excellence of Italian *fritto* is that everything that is to be fried is previously soaked in a batter made of different ingredients, which vary according to what has to be fried. For an ordinary mixed *fritto*, for instance, you make a

batter composed, say of a quarter of a pound of flour to the yolk of one egg, a teaspoonful of vinegar or the juice of half a lemon, and thirty grains of fine oil. Beat well together, adding occasionally a little water or beer, or white wine, just enough to make the batter liquid. Then beat the white of the egg apart and to a foam, and add this foam to the batter at the very last moment, just as you are going to fry.

The calf's brains must be well cleaned, skinned, and rinsed or boiled for a few minutes before being fried, and the same with sweetbread; they must be then left to cool. When cold they are cut into small pieces, about the size of half a large walnut or small kidney. Soak them then first in a little oil, salt, and vinegar. Then dry them with a clean cloth and soak them in the batter, from which they are thrown into boiling fat or butter and fried to a rich gold colour. When quite crisp, and of the required colour, take them out of the fat and lay them on clean white paper or a clean cloth to absorb the fat. They should also be served on a cloth.

Cutlets only require to be soaked in the batter previous to frying. Vegetables, whether artichokes, cauliflowers, or gourds, are partly boiled in salt and water before being fried. Potatoes are better not previously boiled, but they are cut into short thin strips in order to fry easily. Artichokes must be trimmed of all their outer tough leaves, the heart alone being fried; this is cut into four parts like an orange.

This is the most common *fritto* in Italy. In writing it looks a very long and tedious undertaking, but it is done easily and quickly by the youngest girl who sets her hand at cooking here. Italians are born friers, as the English are born roasters. In Rome there are frying shops as close together as public-houses in London, and there persons who may not have the necessaries to cook at home—as those who live in poor lodging-houses, for instance—can have a good plateful of *fritto* for a few pence. There is the clean batter before you, and the vegetables and meat prepared for the pan, and the snowy white cloth on which to eat. You choose the pieces you like best, and these are

fried before your eyes with a cleanliness equal to the silver gridiron of London renown. These fry-shops are celebrated institutions in Rome, and in some of them high-born ladies and gentlemen go to supper on certain days of the year. Some of these shops are presided over by men and some by women; and the latter are reckoned to be the finest specimens of Roman women that exist. Roman women, it must be known, are judged somewhat in the same way as prize cattle—by their weight. The bigger they are the finer they are considered. Plenty of Amazon Queens would be found here, if the supply lacked in England, for your *Babil and Bijou*. Saint Joseph is the patron saint of Roman frying men and women. On that day the fry-shops are things to see. They are decorated both within and without with white and coloured draperies, and flowers and foliage, and flags and banners, and pictures, and ornaments of every kind. Clerical Josephs decorate their houses with images of St. Joseph himself. Liberal Josephs decorate their shops with pictures of Garibaldi, whose name was Joseph. You see, therefore, in what account the frying-pan is held in Italy. There are nearly one hundred different fried dishes in Italian cookery, one-half of which being of meat, and the other half of vegetables and cereals for fasting days. I shall not attempt even to give you the receipt of all these dishes, it not being my purpose to write a cookery-book, but merely to give you a description of the most noteworthy of Italian dishes. The way Italians fry liver, for instance, is exquisite. You require for this calf's liver, butter, capers, pine seeds, all-spice, sugar, lemon-juice, vinegar, flour, salt, and pepper.

Cut, say, ten ounces of calf's liver into slices, and fry half of these in butter. When fried, pound them in a mortar, with a few capers, a few pine-seeds, allspice, and sugar; then strain, and add the juice of a lemon, and a little pepper, salt, and vinegar. Put the whole in a hot-water bath, or near the fire, but not on it. Flour the rest of the sliced liver, and fry in fresh butter. When fried, place the slices on a plate, and pour over them the first part, reduced to a thick sauce. This will be found to be delicious. To make it more exquisite still, roll each slice of liver round a piece of

bacon, and a slice of truffle, and tie or skewer the roll together. This is easy to do in Italy, where truffles are almost as common as mushrooms. In England only the wealthy few can indulge in truffles—and those may not care to eat fried liver, even for breakfast. Stuffed with truffles, however, it is not unfit for royal stomachs. Louis XVIII. used to have his mutton chops cooked, we hear, between two other chops, and his ortolans cooked inside of partridges, stuffed with truffles, so that he sometimes hesitated which to eat, the partridge or the ortolan. This was called high-class cookery, and masters in the science regret its decline. Well, without going to the extent of making an ortolan-partridge dumpling, I think I can give you another recipe for fried liver, that might make even a Louis XVIII.'s mouth water. But this must be for next time.

APICIUS.

Salt Fish.

You turn up your nose at this, I see, and, perhaps, within yourselves you say, "But that celebrated Cardinalesque liver dish? When is it coming?" Oh, I have not forgotten my promise, but I reckoned without the summer months, and the Cardinal and his cook are both out of town. As soon as they return you shall have the promised recipe. In the meantime, let me present you with the Italian *baccala*, or salted codfish. I need not tell you that Norway, Scotland, Ireland, and Newfoundland yield the best codfish. Fresh codfish is an unknown luxury in Italy, but salted it forms a most important article of food for fasting days; and, as one third of the year is devoted to fasting in Italy, Italians have learnt the art of making even salt fish agreeable to the table, and salt cod, or *baccala*, is an especial object of care to Italian housewives. The Scandinavians, indeed, are beginning to be in apprehension lest Spain, Italy, and France may not, by their extraordinary consumption of dried cod, make it scarce. When scarce it may perhaps be considered as great a dainty as salmon is now and which was once in even less repute than salt cod now is in Italy. Codfish, whether fresh or salted, is recommended now by doctors,

especially in America, where they are up to most things, to be extremely nutritive, as much so as its liver oil. Being cheap, it would form an admirable dish for poor people, and all who require nutritive food, whether rich or poor. Unfortunately, the ordinary English housewife or cook knows but of one way to cook salt cod, that is to boil it. In Italy there are five ways of cooking it, and that is why I thought that it might not be unpleasant to you to give you the recipes of those five ways of cooking salt cod. The first way is to boil it, like in England, and when it is on the dish ready to be served to cover it with anchovies (boned and halved), and then pour over the whole oil and vinegar, with a sprinkle of pepper, parsley, and a hard-boiled egg cut in quarters. This may be eaten cold as well as hot—it is excellent in both ways.

The second way of cooking salt cod is to fry it. For this you must bone the fish, and cut it into square slices. Then make a paste of flour and water. Soak the pieces to be fried in that, and then, when the oil in the frying-pan is boiling, put in the fish, which must be entirely covered with oil when frying; and it must not be fried in anything else but oil, or the taste will be spoilt. When the pieces are brown they are done.

The third way is the gridiron. Firstly, soak the whole piece to be cooked in oil, and baste it with oil all the time it is being cooked. In England, therefore, this must be done in front of the fire, roasting fashion. Serve with parsley and anchovies round it.

The fourth way, however, is the most tasty of any for my own particular taste, though many prefer the fried and roasted ways. This way is the umido, or stew. We will say you have one pound of boned salt cod. Cut it into pieces as if for frying, then slice two onions; put these with the fish in a saucepan, add about a thimbleful of tomato paste and a half a pint of pure oil, also one ounce of stoned raisins. Boil gently for about an hour or a little less. As you see, this is exceedingly easy to do, quite as easy as Irish stew, and it is exquisite. I assure you to fast on salt cod cooked in this way is no penance, that is certain.

The fifth way is to make balls of the fish. For this we

will suppose that you have some cold boiled salt fish, otherwise you would have to boil it on purpose and then to cool it. To one pound of boned cod you require two eggs, one ounce of grated cheese, and one ounce of stoned raisins and pine seeds. Italians always put grated parmesan and raisins, and pine seeds in their meat or fish balls. You need not use parmesan, however; any other dry cheese will do as well. Lay aside old crusts for grating. Mince the fish as small as possible—into a pulp if you can. Then beat up the eggs and mix in the fish, adding the cheese, raisins, and pine seeds gradually. Then make the balls, and dip them in bread-crumbs before frying in oil.

Here then are five savoury ways of cooking the poor despised salt cod, which are simple enough even for a child to cook. It is said that all brain-workers should confine themselves to a fish diet at least two days in the week, when both the brain and spirits feel lighter. It was for this that the early Catholic Church prescribed its fasting days. I see in an American paper, by-the-by, that red-herrings are excellent as a remedy to restore a healthy digestion to horned cattle. "A piece of red-herring administered to a cow," says "Gourmet," of the "Hour," "straightway restores her power of chewing the cud to her." To men, however, the red-herring is generally indigestible. You will perhaps not easily guess what meat is considered nutritious, savoury, and healthy—the humble ass—which is made into exquisite sausages at Milan. During the siege of Paris also donkey-meat fetched a higher price than horse-meat.

It may not be generally known, however, by-the-by, that forks were an Italian invention, and were not known in England until Queen Elizabeth's reign. Before then the English, who are now so dainty in their mode of eating, used to eat with their fingers, as savages do now. They threw all their bones and parings on the table, which were cleared away during the repast by servants with a long voiding-knife, with which they scraped the fragments into a waste basket. Tom Coryot it was who introduced forks into England. The "Dictionnaire de Trévoux" says, "That forks were used only after a protracted struggle between the older members of the religious societies jealous for their

traditions, and young reformers who preferred not to grease their fingers." And the allusions to the use of the fork, which are found in the dramatic writings through the reigns of James I. and Charles I. show that it was still considered as a novelty. Now, however, the holding a fork is a national custom, and nations are characterised by their use of it at table.

Dr. Mantegazza, the great hygienist, to whom I so frequently refer, says that parsley, mustard, and mint should never be spared in the kitchen. That they preserve from indigestion, if they do not absolutely cure. Those who banish these from their tables must expect to be apathetic and subject to indigestion and flatulence. Salt, he adds, is the life of man. It is nutritious, and helps digestion. It also preserves from scrofula, and cures it. "Once upon a time," he says, "some Russian noblemen forbade their serfs to eat salt. But they became so weak, so pale, so ill, and so eaten with worms, that salt had to be again allowed to them." Italians highly salt and flavour all their dishes; but they do not eat raw salt as in England.

Sea-salt is preferable to mine-salt for cookery, it is said. One of the principal ingredients in zoedone is salt. The hygienic use of salt has been described by many authors, old and modern, as De Marconville in 1574; Castiglione, 1629; Bourgeaud, 1663; Ludwig, 1743; Büchner, 1754; Gruelin, 1797.

The School of Salerno writes thus on sea-salt:—

Nas condimenti præponi debet edenti,
Sal virus refugat et non sapidumque saporat,
Nam sapit escæ male, quæ datur absque sale
Urunt persalsa visum spermaque minorant,
Et generant scabrem, pruritus, sive rigorem.

Everything, as everyone, has enemies, and so has salt. But its friends are a million to one against its enemies. Would that England were a million to one against her enemies just now.

A great feature of Italian dinners, even in the most modest families, is the *anti-pasto* (before meal) called *hors d'œuvres* in French, because, once upon a time, the little

dishes that compose this course were placed outside or round the principal dishes. Now, however, the *anti-pasto* is a distinct course. In Russia it is handed round to the guests whilst waiting in the drawing-room* previous to the dining-room, a custom which might be introduced with advantage in every other country, and in England especially, where the terrible half-hour before dinner is more terrible than anywhere else, owing to the stiffness of English manners on such occasions. By beginning to eat at once, however, that stiffness would melt away—in part at least. In France the *hors d'œuvres* are also handed round, but when the guests are already seated at table. In Italy they are all spread on the table. I say *all*, because sometimes there are as many as *twenty* little dishes included in this *anti-pasto* course. They are intended to give appetite, but they frequently have the contrary effect, as, on account of their extreme savour, they are apt to be consumed with excess, thus destroying their original purpose. Here, again, therefore, the Russian fashion of handing round the *anti-pasto* on trays is preferable, as one little plate, with accompanying little glass of liqueur, is prepared for each guest, who eats standing, or sitting, as the case may be, as if it were an ice, or a cup of tea at five o'clock visit.

The dishes that form the Italian *anti-pasto* are smoked ham, tongue, mortadella, galantina of fowl, and every kind of cooked or smoked sausage. Everything is cold, of course, and cut in very thin slices and laid on pretty little fancy dishes. A little parsley is spread round each dish for ornament.

A plate of butter is indispensable, and slices of dry toast or rusks. Then there are dishes of herrings, boned and filleted, anchovies, sardines, smoked salmon, caviar, lobster fillets, oysters, olives, radishes, mayonnaise, &c.

All these are sometimes placed on the table together, and never less than two appear on the most modest table. Butter, ham, and anchovies are the most generally eaten; or butter, sardines, ham, or some sausage.

* This was not my experience when in Russia in 1864-6. The *zakouska*, as it is called, was always on the side-table in the dining-room, and you served yourself standing.

Anchovies are more delicate and savoury than sardines. They abound in Italy, especially on the Mediterranean coast. Dr. Mantegazza says that a fisherman may take eight hundred francs worth of anchovy in two nights' fishing near Spezzia—enough to keep him a whole year on the work of forty-eight hours! Ancient Romans were very fond of their *garum*, as much so as the English are fond of their anchovy paste.

Caviar and lobster are heavy to digest, and should not be eaten by anyone subject to skin diseases of any kind.

The oyster, that most ugly-looking of all shell-fish, is also the most luscious fish that is eaten. The ancients ate oysters by thousands—they were often their only food. Even an emperor, if he feasted kings and princes to-day, cannot find anything better than oysters for *anti-pasto*. "It is one of those cases," says Mantegazza, "that art retires blushing before nature." No cook has ever yet been able to devise anything more exquisite than a raw oyster, which requires neither salt, nor fire, nor any artifice to make it savoury, light, and luscious. It awakens appetite and satisfies appetite in one. It does not require mastication; it does not even require a plate, it has a natural one provided by the Creator—a little porcelain plate always clean and bright. It can be eaten by a Lucullus and a Sardana-palus, as it may be eaten with equal delight by a country lout. It is food for the merrymaker, and it is food for the dying. An invalid, if he can eat nothing else, can eat an oyster. It has robbed the sea of its sweetest aroma, and its most luscious qualities. It has been called the truffle of the sea. Horace sang of it, and Pliny. "The ears of Venus" was another name given to oysters. They were once so dear in Rome that only the Pope could afford to eat them. Even now they are very dear and very rare in Rome and other parts of Italy. Dr. Mantegazza says that it is not true that oysters should not be eaten in months that have an "r." It is wise not to eat them in those months, because they are the months in which they are reproduced, that is all.

"Oysters are always better eaten raw, and with their juice, which is their blood mixed with sea water. They are

very exciting, however, as also, strange to say, is parsley, universally as it is adopted in the cookery of every nation under the sun. It renders food healthy and pleasant, it excites appetite and favours digestion; but it must not be eaten in excess. It is recommended to newly-married couples. Soups of parsley are made in Germany. Herbs and spices are very much used in Italian cookery. "It is not true," says our old friend, Mantegazza, "that the most simple cookery is the healthiest, for you may make a classic indigestion with rice and milk, and live a hundred years under a good cook. The best cookery is that which gives the greatest health and strength, and with health and strength comes gladness of heart, which, in its turn, gives long life; and this cookery must contain aromatic herbs and spices. Aromatic herbs give cookery precious taste, and taste exquisite delight. They favour digestion and cancel from life many a weary and colourless hour. They contribute, in a word, to man's happiness, the development of his strength and the enjoyment of his life. Spices have a still greater influence on the stomach, but they have the disadvantage of unduly exciting. They are, however, as indispensable as light and sun in hot countries, where man could not digest without their aid. It is thus that neither aromatic herbs nor spice can attain their aim without a due consideration of their influence in certain climates and in certain ages. They may be medicine or poison. Spices belong to hot countries; herbs, on the contrary, belong to all countries. Spices grow side by side of golden sands and beds of precious stones; aromatic herbs grow everywhere, and are within reach of the peasant, as they are of the prince. Mantegazza has written two volumes on the history, abuses, and uses of spices and aromatic herbs—do not fear, it is not my intention to pass these volumes in review. We may, however, take a rapid glance at the principal spices and herbs which enter in our Italian cookery.

For instance, here is the onion, leek, and garlic. You put your handkerchief to your nose at once, of course. And yet these, or one of these, enter into most of our dishes. The Israelites in the desert lamented the loss of the onion as one of the greatest delicacies of Egypt. Was not the onion worshipped

as a god even? and would it have been so worshipped, had it not had especial virtues? "One onion a week will save a doctor's bill," an English doctor once told me. Raw onions, however, are not digested by all stomachs; but cooked, and so disguised that their presence is scarcely perceptible, they enter the most aristocratic dishes. Some people think that garlic kills worms in children. All sharp aromatic herbs prevent the growth of worms in children, but it is not sure they kill them.

A salad of boiled onions is quite a delicacy. The unpleasant essence of the onion disappears in boiling, and only its sugar and other innocent and savoury qualities remain. I advise you to try this for a change.

APICIUS.

P.S.—Here is a secret to boil rice in perfection. Do not cover the saucepan whilst the rice is boiling, as it condenses the steam. I have just seen this hint in the "New York Hour," and thought it might be useful for you to know.

A.

FOR RISOTTO.—I will give you the old and genuine Milanese recipe without any variation. You will require for a pound of rice two ounces of butter, two ounces of beef marrow, two onions, a glass of white wine, two quarts of good broth, quarter of a pound of lard, two ounces of grated cheese, nutmeg, saffron, and salt. "Saffron," says Bacon, "incites to laughter, maintains cheerfulness, and is a check to old age." The Milanese use it abundantly—perhaps that is the secret of their cheerfulness. It certainly excites the stomach and brain, and facilitates digestion. Beware and have it pure, however, for few things are more adulterated than saffron. Nutmeg is also very exciting; for this reason Orientals add it to their tea and coffee. The rind is more exciting than the kernel; the kernel excites the heart, the rind excites the senses. Butter is nutritive and fattening and is now often advised instead of cod liver oil. Butter may be kept fresh any length of time by being put in pots covered with a piece of linen steeped in salt water. Alexandre Dumas said he always had fresh butter by filling

a bottle three quarters with milk, and then stringing the bottle to his horse's neck! But it is not all of us who have a horse to serve as dairy-maid.

To return to our *risotto*; put the butter, lard, and onions in a saucepan, and stew till the onions are of a rich gold colour, then add the rice, and a few moments after add the wine. When the wine is thoroughly warmed with the rest, add the saffron, nutmeg, and salt (a pinch of each, no more), then add the broth little by little. The broth must be hot, and for that purpose you must keep it hot in a separate saucepan all the while. (If you have not broth at hand make it with Liebig's extract of meat.) Leave the whole to boil till the rice be cooked—from twelve to fifteen minutes will suffice. When boiling rice remember Visconti Venosta's celebrated motto, "Always independent—but never isolated," which is applicable to rice as to nations. When the rice is cooked add a little more butter and the grated cheese. Stir and turn out in a large deep dish. Serve quickly, otherwise the rice becomes sticky.

Risotto requires to be cooked over a brisk fire. It should be neither thin nor thick, but of the consistency of well-cooked macaroni. If you would make it more succulent still, you may add slices of truffles, which you spread over the top when all is finished. Altogether this dish may be cooked within half an hour. Plainly made it is a good substantial dish for any table. With the addition of the truffles it is fit for a prince to eat.

I spoke of *polenta* last week. This is also a celebrated Milanese dish. It is made exactly like Scotch porridge, only with Indian corn flour instead of oatmeal. It is then seasoned in any way that rice and macaroni are seasoned. When cold it may be cut in slices, and be fried in butter or lard, when it makes a luncheon dish.

By-the-bye, how would Scotch porridge be seasoned like macaroni? Surely as good as Indian corn *polenta*. The *minestrone* (big soup) is a celebrated Genoese soup, as also is *raviolo*.

In Italy and in Spain people both eat and drink sparingly. In many northern countries, and also in the East, people drink only after having eaten. Laplanders eat sitting on the

ground. In other parts of Europe people sit round a table. In China and Japan each person has a table to himself and the servant kneels down each time he places a dish on the table or takes one away. In Greece, women are excluded from the general table; they eat at a separate table, and this custom may also be seen in some parts of Southern Italy, where women are still kept somewhat like Turkish women.

Europeans sit with their guests at table, and the host shows the best example in eating and drinking to give zest to the rest. In China, however, the master of the house leaves the house when he gives a dinner, in order to give greater freedom to his guests; the Pythagore's school also ordered that the master of the house should wait upon his guests without touching any of the food when he gave an entertainment, which was twice a year. At the present time, in many parts of Germany and Russia the wife and daughters of the host wait upon their guests without ever sitting down or taking any other part in the dinner. This custom dispenses with servants, and is very pretty, I can assure you, for I have frequently seen it in execution.

In old Rome on festive days the dining rooms were covered with roses and lilies, and both guests and servants were crowned with flowers, supposed to prevent intoxication.

This is how our ancients ate; in another letter we will see what they ate. Let me now fulfil my last week's promise, and describe a few other ways of cooking macaroni, which might easily become a substitute for the daily potato and pudding combined—be equally nutritive and more easy of digestion, and also of minor cost than potato and pudding combined. With macaroni the potato disease may be defied with impunity. To begin, then, and after having told you how to make macaroni with the juice of *unido*. I will now tell you how to cook them in the most simple way possible, namely, with plain butter and cheese.

MACARONI WITH BUTTER AND CHEESE.—For this, after having boiled your macaroni and well drained the water out of them, you take a couple of forksful and place them in a deep dish; over this layer of macaroni you spread a layer of butter, and over that a layer of grated cheese (whether Parmesan or any other kind), then another layer of macaroni,

butter, and cheese, and so on to the end. Keep the macaroni as warm as possible all the time. Stir up all quickly and serve hot. This is the quickest and most simple way of all to cook macaroni. I will now tell you the most difficult way of cooking them; this is called *macaroni à la cardinale*, and as these princes of the Roman Church are celebrated for their gastronomic taste, you may be sure that *macaroni à la cardinale* is a dish not to be despised even by an English bishop. The recipe is somewhat complicated, but to enjoy we must work, you know. The principal ingredient in *macaroni à la cardinale*, after the macaroni themselves, are lobsters. One lobster to every pound of macaroni is required. After the lobster is boiled take out all the white meat, then chop up all the rest and beat in a mortar, with one ounce of butter; then put the whole in a saucepan and simmer at a low fire until the butter takes colour, then add a tea-cupful of water and boil. As soon as it boils strain through a clean sieve and leave the whole to cool. When cold take it out of the dish in a whole piece and scrape off all impurities that may have settled at the bottom. Wipe the thus prepared butter with a clean cloth and lay aside till ready for use. This is called lobster butter.

Besides this lobster butter you will also require a large spoonful of supreme sauce, which should always be at hand in a good kitchen ready for use. It can be bought, however, at most Italian grocers. If you make it at home, take equal portions of butter and flour, and when melted together add chicken broth or boiling water; boil for a little, stirring all the time, till the liquid becomes a cream; add then a bay leaf, and an inch of fat ham; leave at side of fire; after an hour or thereabouts skim off the top fat and strain; boil up again, and when nearly boiling add a spoonful of "fowl" essence. Your second ingredient is thus ready. The third necessary ingredient is mushroom paste, which you melt in the supreme sauce at the moment you season the macaroni, which moment is now come. Your macaroni being duly boiled and strained, you place them in layers in a deep dish, and over each layer you spread a layer of the lobster butter, a layer of the supreme sauce, and a layer of Parmesan cheese. Trim the surface of the last layer with the meat of the

lobster, and, if possible, a truffle, cut in shreds; but both the lobster and the truffle must be hot, and the whole must be served hot; that is why that in England a hot-water dish should be used instead of an ordinary dish. If this dish be well done you will feel inclined to lick the plate when all the macaroni are eaten.

APICIUS.

A HAGGIS (from the "Sporting Times").—Get a lamb's paunch and thoroughly cleanse and dry it, and see that there are no holes in it; then procure the following ingredients, see that they are thoroughly chopped and mixed, stuff them into the paunch, tie it up, place in ordinary pudding-cloth, in a pan of cold water, seeing there is plenty of water to cover it. Place it on a slow fire, allowing one hour per lb. for boiling:—Lamb's liver and sweetbreads, about 2 lb., parboil and chop fine; 1 lb. Scotch oatmeal; 1 lb. beef suet, chopped fine; 6 large Spanish onions, chopped fine and fried light brown in fresh butter; chopped thyme, parsley, nutmeg, pepper and salt.

From the "Sporting Times."

CHARLES DICKENS, in his "Dictionary of the Thames," mentions that about this time of the year people knocking about in yachts in the Lower Hope and the regions round about are likely to feel somewhat chilly, and recommends for their consideration a drink calculated to put them on good terms with themselves. It is a sort of baked punch. You are quite right, Charles; there is no punch so good as that which has ripened in an oven. Here is the recipe given:—"Assuming that the jug—it must be a jug, a bowl is an abomination—is to contain four good-sized tumblers, it will be well to proceed as follows: First ascertain that the jug is clean and dry. Yacht stewards are not to be trusted in such matters any more than parlour-maids. Have the kettle on the fire before you—never to take boiling water on trust should be the first maxim of the careful punch-maker. Into your jug put five lumps of sugar, and the peel of a lemon, cut thin. Add a little boiling water, and cover your jug with a plate. While the stewing is going on strain the

juice of a lemon through a piece of muslin, and in five minutes add to the original foundation. Then add of wine-glassesful of gin or whisky as many as you think discreet, and fill up with boiling water on the same principle. Take out the lemon-peel. Swaddle your jug up in a piece of thick flannel, carefully covering the top, and let it stand before the fire, or better still, in an oven, if possible, for half an hour. It is a pleasant nightcap. [And may be taken at other times.—ED. S.T.] The best jug for the purpose is one of the old-fashioned brown Uncle Toby sort. Under no circumstances make the mistake of using a liqueur."

From the Author to the Editor of the "Sporting Times."

"What is a porter-house steak?"

DEAR MR. CORLETT,—Nearly thirty years ago I sailed in a ship that had an extremely clever and ingenious coloured cook, who had served much in the United States, and, above all, in New York.

From him I first learnt that a Porterhouse steak was a singularly succulent morsel of food taken from the *rib*, and not from the sirloin or rump. Let this be well understood by your readers who cook at home, and let them insist that the said beef-cutlet, not chop, shall be split off the carcass of a *small* and well-fed animal. Why do I distinguish between cutlet and chop? Just as I should distinguish between mutton chop and mutton cutlet. Your correspondent, "Anderida," says that, according to his ideas, the Porterhouse steak is a beef *chop*; I, on the authority of my coloured friend of thirty years ago, say that it is a beef *cutlet*.

A word, dear Mr. Corlett, on the treatment of the beef chop or cutlet. Do not beat your beef cutlet under the idea that you will make it more tender. You smash the fibre, *voilà tout*. In the process of grilling, start fair. Delicately scorch him at a distance of nine inches from your bright fire, above or in front, *cela m'est égal*, and thus having secured the juices within, *grill it* with due care, and—*absente* smoke—you will have succeeded.—20th December 1879.

It was pointed out by a writer in the "Academy," who was kind enough to give a complimentary notice of this article at the time it appeared, that I had omitted to notice the very capital work "Kettner's Book of the Table" (Dulau and Co). The fact is that my attention had not been drawn to it until we went to press, and the editorial arrangements only permitted a certain space for a subject which no amount of writing can thoroughly exhaust. I believe it is an open secret that this admirable work was by the gifted George Dallas, who soon afterwards died.

More recently, Lady Sarah Lindsay has given us "Choice Recipes" (Bentley & Son); and even were it not published for a charity, I should feel bound to notice favourably the general principle on which these have been set forth, even if I may appear to be hypercritical about some details. The noble authoress will permit me to suggest that in a future edition the proportions in quantity of the various ingredients should be more precisely set forth. Capuchin sauce, for instance, should have the quantities of tarragon, shalots, &c. more clearly defined. In many, I would almost say in all, cases where cayenne is suggested, Tabasco sauce (one or two drops) should replace it, as, being a liquid, it can be incorporated so much better than cayenne. The recipe "how to pickle Russian cucumbers," should have a foot-note describing what these cucumbers are and how they may be introduced by our gardeners; for if ever there might be a case for saying (what, by the way, Mrs. Glasse never did say) "first catch your hare," it is in this case, these cucumbers not even being known in France. They are a short, stumpy variety of the Western kind, and, pickled after this admirable and correct recipe of the late Lord Stuart de Rothesay, form a capital adjunct to cold meat. The recipe for Chutnee (p. 191) seems to me to have an overwhelming proportion of garlic; at least, for English taste. There are two recipes for Badminton, against which I venture to oppose the following, given me by a valued friend, A. H. Christie of the Athenæum Club:—

CLARET CUP.—The rind of half a lemon, quarter-pint *hot* water poured on two ounces of sugar and four sprigs of borage. Let it cool. Add a bottle of Grand Ordinaire and

one bottle of good soda-water (Schwepe's). Put in half-pound of ice and *stir thoroughly*. Withdraw borage, and serve.

It will be observed that brandy or other liqueur is studiously excluded. Here, indeed, you may say, "Brandy to your taste."

The Orange Bitters (p. 217) is the best recipe I have ever yet seen for that capital stomachic. N.B. to Housewives.— You cannot get Seville oranges all the year round, and therefore do not let the season pass by. I looked rather keenly through the useful index of Lady Lindsay's work for the West Indian Pepper Pot, a dish akin (I take it) to the French pot-au-feu, and I had hoped to have been able to insert it here, but the Scotch gentleman connected with a well-known West Indian line of steamers failed me, after a promise, up to the time of going to press. Lady Sarah Lindsay will probably find means to supply it in her next edition. It is to be presumed that many of these recipes are very old, otherwise we should not have had the singular advice to use a red-hot shovel for browning dishes when such a thing as a salamander is in existence. If Lady Sarah Lindsay will forgive me, I would suggest that the formulas should be brought down to the conditions of actual life at the present time. Nothing more perfect in the arrangement of the work and the index has yet been brought before the *gourmet*.

NOTICE sur les VINS FINS de
BOURGOGNE, extraite de la
"Topographie des Vigno-
bles," par A. Jullien. 3me
edition. 1832.

C'est surtout entre Dijon
et Châlon, et dans les arron-
dissements de Beaune et de
Dijon, qu'on récolte ces vins
célebres connus sous le nom

REMARKS on the FINER
WINES of BURGUNDY,
taken from the "Topo-
graphy of Vineyards," by
A. Jullien. 3rd edition.
1832.

It is particularly between
Dijon and Chalon, and in
the districts of Beaune and
Dijon, that they cultivate
the celebrated wines known

de vins fins de Haute Bourgogne, qui, s'ils ont quelques rivaux, ne sont surpassés par aucun d'eux. Les vins des premiers crus, lorsqu'ils proviennent d'une bonne année, réunissent dans de justes proportions toutes les qualités qui constituent les vins parfaits; ils ont un bouquet qui leur est propre et qui ne se développe souvent qu'au bout de 3 ou 4 ans.

A Dijon commencent les bons vignobles; on va de là à Beaune, en parcourant les excellentes côtes de Gevrey, Chambertin, de Vosnes, de Vougeot, de Nuits, d'Aloxe et de Savigny. Après Beaune, on trouve les beaux vignobles de Pommard, Volnay et Meursault, qui sont contigus. Un peu plus loin Puligny, sur le territoire duquel est situé le célèbre Montrachet. On va de là à Chassagne, à Santenay, et à Châlon et Saone, ville dans le voisinage de laquelle sont situés notamment les vignobles de Mercurey.

Les vins rouges de la Côte d'Or joignent à une belle couleur beaucoup de parfum et un goût délicieux; ils sont, selon les crus, corsés, fins, délicats et spiritueux, sans être trop fumeux. Ils donnent

under the name of the fine wines of Upper Burgundy, which, if they have some rivals, are not surpassed by any. Wines of the first *crûs*, when they result from a good year, unite in just proportions all the qualities which constitute perfect wine; they have a *bouquet* which is peculiar to them, and which often does not become developed until the end of three or four years.

At Dijon begin the good vineyards. Thence you go to Beaune, passing the excellent hill-sides of Gevrey, Chambertin, Vosnes, de Vougeot, de Nuits, d'Aloxe, and Savigny. After Beaune you find the fine vineyards of Pommard, Volnay, and Meursault, which are contiguous. A little further there is Puligny, where is situate the celebrated Montrachet. Thence you go to Chassagne, Santenay, Châlon-sur-Saone, a town in the neighbourhood of which are situate especially the vineyards of Mercurey.

The red wines of the Côte d'Oir produce with a fine colour a good deal of bouquet and a delicious taste; they are, according to the *crûs*, strong (*corsés*), fine, delicate, and spirituous, without

du ton à l'estomac et facilitent la digestion. Les vins blancs possèdent les mêmes qualités; ils sont moelleux, leur couleur prend en vieillissant une teinte ambrée qui leur est naturelle et qui n'occasionne jamais l'altération de leur goût; ceux des premiers crus disputent les honneurs du dessert aux vins les plus estimés.

Les Vignobles sont considérés dans le pays comme répartis sur trois côtes: la côte de Nuits, celle de Beaune et la côte Châlonnaise.

VINS ROUGES.

Clos de Vougeot.—Ce clos fournit des vins qui ont toutes les qualités des vins de Romanée et de Chambertin, mais qui leur sont supérieurs en ce sens qu'ils sont plus spiritueux.

Romanée.—Ce vignoble célèbre produit un vin remarquable par sa belle couleur, son arôme spiritueux, sa délicatesse et la finesse de son goût délicieux.

Chambertin.—Ce crû joint à une belle couleur beaucoup du *sève* et de moelleux, de la finesse, un goût parfait et le bouquet le plus suave.

Richebourg.—Ce vin ne diffère de la Romanée qu'en

being too heady. They give tone to the stomach, and facilitate digestion. The white wines possess the same qualities; they are soft, their colour takes, on getting old, an amber tint, which is natural to them, and which never gives rise to any alteration in their taste; those of the first *crûs* dispute the honours for dessert with the most esteemed wines.

The vineyards are considered in the country as partitioned on three sides: the side of Nuits, that of Beaune, and that of Châlonnaise.

RED WINES.

Clos de Vougeot.—This vineyard furnishes wines which have all the qualities of Romanée and Chambertin, but which are superior in so far as they are more alcoholic.

Romanée.—This celebrated vineyard produces a wine remarkable for its fine colour, alcoholic aroma, delicacy, and the fine quality of its delicious taste.

Chambertin.—To a fine colour this wine joins a good deal of *sève*, softness, delicacy, perfect taste, and the pleasantest bouquet.

Richebourg.—This wine only differs from Romanée

ce qu'il est un peu plus coloré, avec peut-être un peu moins de finesse. Il se distingue surtout par beaucoup de *sève* et de *bouquet*.

Clos des Fèves.—Situé dans la côte de Beaune, dans un site toute à fait privilégié, il donne un vin parfaitement digne d'être comparé aux meilleurs de la côte de Nuits, auxquels il ne le cède en rien. La finesse de son goût et son arôme délicat le font souvent mettre en parallèle avec la Romanée, dont il rappelle d'ailleurs les qualités. Ce clos fait partie des domaines de la maison Chanson père et fils, du Beaune.

St. George's.—Le vin du clos de ce nom a beaucoup de ressemblance avec celui de Chambertin; il a plus de couleur, de goût, de fermeté que les crus précédemment cités, mais ceux-ci lui sont préférés pour leur délicatesse.

Corton.—A l'extrémité de la côte de Nuits, au commencement de celle de Beaune, ce cru produit un vin de la même espèce que celui de St. George's; il est très coloré, corsé et vigoureux, se conserve longtemps, et support parfaitement le transport par mer; il acquiert en vieillissant beaucoup de *sève* et de *bouquet*.

in that it is a little more coloured, with, perhaps, a trifle less delicacy. It is distinguished, above all, by a good deal of *sève* and *bouquet*.

Clos de Fèves.—Situating on the side of Beaune, on an exceptional site, it gives a wine perfectly worthy to be compared with the best on the Nuits side, to whose wines it in no way yields the palm. The fineness of its taste, and the delicacy of its aroma place it often as parallel to Romanée, of which it recalls the qualities. This vineyard belongs to the house of Chanson père et fils, of Beaune.

St. George's.—This wine resembles Chambertin. It has more colour, taste, and firmness than the *crus* already cited, but these are preferred for their delicacy.

Corton.—At the extremity of the Nuits side, and at the beginning of that of Beaune, this *cru* produces a wine of the same kind as St. George. It is of a high colour, *corsé*, and strong, keeps a long time, and bears a sea voyage, and acquires as it gets old a great deal of *sève* and *bouquet*.

Vosnes.—Les vins de ce vignoble sont en général les plus fins et les plus délicats de ceux de la côte de Nuits ; ils suivent ceux de Richebourg, dont ils diffèrent peu en qualité.

Nuits.—Après les vins du clos St. George's, dont nous avons déjà parlé, tous ceux des premières cuvées de Nuits sont, à de faibles nuances près, d'un mérite égal. Ils sont plus colorés, plus moelleux, plus spiritueux et se conservent plus longtemps que ceux de Volnay, Pommard, et Beaune ; mais ceux-ci peuvent être bus peu d'années après leur récolte, tandis que ceux de Nuits doivent être attendus plus longtemps.

Clos du Roi.—Parfaitement classé dans la côte de Beaune, il fournit un vin des plus estimés et qui marche presque de pair avec les vins de Nuits. Une partie importante appartient à la maison Chanson père et fils. Les soins tout particuliers avec lesquels se fait la récolte sont un sur garant du grand mérite de ce vin.

Santenot-Volnay, Volnay.—Le Volnay produit le plus léger, le plus délicat, le plus fin, le plus agréable des vins de la côte de Beaune,

Vosnes.—The wines of this vineyard are generally finer and more delicate than those of the Nuits side. They follow those of Richebourg, from which they differ but little in quality.

Nuits.—After the St. George's, of which we have already spoken, all the first classes of Nuits are, with very slight shades of difference, of equal merit. They are higher coloured, softer, more alcoholic, and keep longer than those of Volnay, Pommard, and Beaune ; but these last may be drunk a few years after they are made, whilst the Nuits wines should be kept longer.

Clos du Roi.—Perfectly classed on the Beaune side, this furnishes a wine which takes its place nearly equal to those of Nuits. A large part belongs to the house of Chanson père et fils. The particular care exercised in the cultivation is a guarantee of the great merit of this wine.

Santenot - Volnay, Volnay.—Volnay produces the lightest, the most delicate, the finest and most agreeable of wines on the Beaune side, and, indeed, in the whole of

et même de toute la France ; il a en outre de la sève et un charmant bouquet. Le Santenot-Volnay, premier crû de Volnay, possède à un haut degré toutes les qualités essentielles du Volnay, avec plus de corps et de fermeté.

Pommard.—La qualité des vins de ce territoire diffère peu de celle des précédents ; ils ont seulement plus de couleur et de fermeté et demandent plus de temps pour voir se développer leur finesse et leur agrément.

Beaune.—Son territoire est le plus étendu et celui qui fournit le plus de vins ; ils ont beaucoup d'analogie avec ceux de Volnay et du Pommard. Les vins de la côte du Beaune ont la réputation bien acquise d'être très francs de goût. Ses climats sont très variés.

Savigny.—On récolte dans ce bon vignoble une grande abondance de vins ordinaires, mais ses coteaux privilégiés donnent des produits distingués. Le cachet particulier de ces vins est une certaine légèreté unie à beaucoup d'agrément.

Santenay.—Ce vignoble fournit des vins de bon goût, assimilés aux secondes cuvées de Beaune. Après quelque temps de bouteille ils font un excellent premier service.

France. They have, besides *sève*, a charming *bouquet*. The Santenot-Volnay, the first *crû* of Volnay, possesses to a high degree all the essential qualities of Volnay, with more body and firmness.

Pommard.—The quality of the wines of this district differ little from those preceding, only they have more colour and firmness and require more time to develop their fine qualities.

Beaune.—This district is the largest, and furnishes most wine. They have a great analogy with those of Volnay and Pommard. They have a well-acquired reputation for a good wholesome taste. The climate of Beaune varies much in parts.

Savigny.—This good vineyard produces a large quantity of ordinary wines, but especial parts give fine products. The particular *cachet* of these wines is a certain lightness united to a pleasant taste.

Santenay.—This vineyard furnishes wines with a good flavour, like second *cuvées* of Beaune. After being in bottle some time they make an excellent wine for the first course.

VINS BLANCS.

Le Montrachet réunit aux plus haut degré toutes les qualités qui constituent un vin parfait. Il a du corps, beaucoup de spiritueux et de finesse, un goût distingué et des plus agréables. Il a surtout une *sève* et un *bouquet* dont la force et la suavité le distinguent des autres vins blancs de la côte d'Or.

Meursault produit beaucoup de vins blancs fort estimés, dont quelques uns ne s'éloignent pas du *Montrachet* 2me classe. Ils se distinguent par beaucoup de finesse, de délicatesse, et de parfum.

Chablis.—Cevignoble, situé dans ce qu'on est convenu d'appeler la Basse Bourgogne, fournit beaucoup de vins blancs justement appréciés et dont le meilleurs viennent immédiatement après les première cuvée de *Meursault*. Ils sont spiritueux sans être trop fumeux, ont du corps, de la finesse et un parfum très agréable. Mis en bouteilles de bonne heure, ils y acquièrent beaucoup de qualités.

VINS MOUSSEUX DE BOURGOGNE.

Ces vins, dont la préparation prend de jour en jour

WHITE WINES.

Le Montrachet combines in the highest degree all the qualities which constitute a perfect wine. Body, alcohol, fineness, a marked and most agreeable taste. Above all, there is a *sève* and *bouquet*, strength and smoothness, which distinguish it from the white wines of the Côte d'Or.

Meursault produces many white wines much liked, of which some are not far from *Montrachet* of the second class. They are distinguished by delicacy and perfume.

Chablis.—This vineyard, situate in what is conventionally termed Lower Burgundy, furnishes many white wines justly appreciated, of which the best come immediately after the first *cuvées* of *Meursault*. They are alcoholic, without being too heady, have body, delicacy, and an agreeable perfume. Put in bottle early, they acquire a good deal of quality.

SPARKLING WINES OF BURGUNDY.

These wines, the preparation of which daily extends,

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plus d'extension, s'obtiennent avec les raisins des meilleurs crûs. Ils possèdent toutes les qualités essentielles des vins les plus estimés. On leur attribue même plus de corps et de spiritueux qu'aux vins de la Champagne.

are made from grapes of the best *crûs*. They possess all the essential qualities of the best-esteemed wines. They are deemed to possess more body and alcohol than the Champagne brands.

THACKERAY.

From the Westminster Review, July 1864.

IF the possession by Thackeray of a genial temperament in private life was a question with the majority of people, it was quickly set at rest by the flood of essays which his untimely loss called forth from the literary world ; and it is no small credit to his brethren in letters that they sought to set their friend right with the public, and to give us at once the result of their personal knowledge, instead of making us wait until the long-hid letters and a tardy biography should explain what the man in his inmost heart really was. Due, as it undoubtedly was, in a great measure to the important position he held in the social gatherings at the "Garrick," it yet marks a liberal, generous feeling among men of letters thus to right the public on that point concerning which the deceased novelist seems to have felt most strongly—the accusation of cynicism. We shall have occasion to refer to this once more, and endeavour to discern why the public formed that estimate of Thackeray ; but at present we

may leave his personal character and turn to the writer.

What was it which first gained him the public ear?—by what means did he retain it?—will his writings find a public in the future, or will he descend to posterity like Richardson and others, as one of those brilliant writers who enlighten and adorn an age, but reflect too much the habits of an epoch to interest a second generation?

What was it which first gained him the public ear? It certainly was not the pure Saxon-English in which his sentences are clothed, for alas! we find that many writers who neglect their grammar even, secure an immense audience, to the delight of their publishers and their own gratification. Good as was his diction, it pleased the critics much more than the mass.* It appears to us that his success lay rather in giving us sketches, more or less personal, of the men and women about us. They were not merely types of character; they were living realities. We refer more particularly to the "Snob Papers" which appeared in *Punch* in 1845-6, which marked him as a public writer of singular powers; but there were others in the Christmas annuals—"Our Street," "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," &c.—which contained likenesses equally striking of people around us; and if names gave us no clue to the originals, assuredly their known habits in society were a sufficient guide. We may instance

* ?—S. B. June 1883.

the gentleman rider in the "Snob Papers" who "astonished the *badauds*" of Paris by the coolness of his seat and the neatness of his rig as he took his preliminary canter on that vicious brute The Disowned, before starting for the "Trench Grand National." Hundreds of readers of *Punch* knew to whom it referred; the likeness was recognised in a moment. Captain Shindy, again, was by no means a type only of a large class of club grumblers. We much more incline to think that he was a well-known man about town at that time, who died very suddenly a few years ago.* Major Ponto was, perhaps, more a type than a portrait, and the same may perhaps be said of the Marquis of Carabas; but portraits were the rule and types the exception in his earlier writings.

Looking about him for subjects, Thackeray naturally took advantage of his position, and his route lay in the club districts. His sketches were vigorous, his audience, through *Punch*, all England; what wonder that the opinions of those most able to judge of the truth of his work were endorsed by others who could see that a master-hand was etching the figures! Yet we do but half justice to those matchless papers if we consider that they caught the public ear by mere correct descriptions of persons, their lives and their manners. They were much more than this. They showed the bold, uncompromising character of the writer: they gave us an indication of his

* Probably "the splendid ruin."—S. B.

power to expose every kind of lie and humbug; they marked a man who had strong moral as well as intellectual qualities, and that stern sense of justice without which no author ever becomes famous, for without it he cannot appeal to the sympathies of the wise and the good.

We cannot pass them by without a few more remarks. We own to a feeling of gratitude that we lived in a day which first saw them in print, for to all who tasted the food as it dropped week by week before them, it was permitted to leaven the inherent snobbishness of their nature by the absorption of these antidotes to pride and selfishness which Thackeray provided. Can we not remember more than one stingy host who ceased to tell his butler to dribble the sherry? Was there not more than one lady of our acquaintance who chattered less about her aristocratic connexions? We speak as one of those who have sat at the feet of the great master, listening with reverence to his weekly discourses not, we hope, without some benefit; and lucky we deem it would each generation be, if, week by week, were set before them such literary food, touching on things within their curiosity, so good, so piquant, and so refreshing as those "Snob Papers," which warned their fathers against selfishness, flunkeyism, and vice!

What, then, first gained Thackeray the public

* Ah! if there were more who desisted in this year of grace 1883.—S. B.

ear may, we think, be assigned to the personal character of his portraits, their truth, his own uncompromising hatred of wrong and his strong sense of justice, a characteristic which peculiarly appeals to English sensibilities.* And in this last we might find a ready answer to the question, "By what means did he retain the public ear?" But there were many other points in his writings which made him an idol among the educated classes.

Running, as he did, a literary race with another eminent humorist, it was his *spécialité* to be able to paint a gentleman with all his faults without caricaturing him into a something which no other gentleman ever saw. Again, we are eminently a practical people. Even in our hours of relaxation we carry with us our love for what "can be" rather than what "might be." We love a Hogarth better than a Watts, and the lecturer who proves his case by practical experiment better than one who wanders into theory and foretells important but, until proved, to us problematical results. When we read books of amusement we would rather have a good description of a schoolboy's feelings than the ideal passion of an Othello or a Hamlet. That is our normal state of taste, and Thackeray suited the market; nor did he suit it by the supply of a low description of goods. If through want of imagination he fell far short of the great names in the

* As a sentiment—yes.—S. B. 1883.

world of art, he followed in the footsteps of two of the master-spirits, Goethe and Shakespeare, in the delineation of his characters. He affected to have no heroes ; but taking such as he gave us to be heroes in the sense of the principals in his story, we invariably find that they had much infirmity of mind and temper, and that he maintains our interest in a man or a woman, even after we have ceased to respect them. We think it is Bulwer who says that it is among the most legitimate and highest provinces of the poet to depict the contrasts in character which make a weak man interesting, to show vice in the virtuous, and virtue in the wicked ; and he goes on to say, "this unquestionable truth in art once granted, it follows as the very condition of fiction that to a hero thus selected human interest must be given."

If, in "Vanity Fair," Thackeray gave occasion for the remark that his characters were all knaves or fools, he greatly improved upon this work in subsequent novels* in point of composition,

* Thackeray was a remarkable instance of how slow a great intellect may be in comprehending that art does not consist in painting everything in sombre hues, but that a landscape, to be perfect, must have exquisite beauty in the sky as well as a rugged foreground. It was only by his later writings that he showed his appreciation of what Shakespeare saw intuitively—that there are great as well as little men and women on this stage, and that a picture, to be true to life, must give us the noble as well as the base. Then Thackeray relieved the shadows on his canvas by bringing into light the sunny figure of Colonel Newcome. It was the

although he never equalled it in real power. In the "Snob Papers" he showed his ability to sketch single figures; in "Vanity Fair" his power to paint powerful portraits. At this period he promised to be the English Juvenal, but he retrograded from this lofty position. The change led him to give us works more perfect in an "art" point of view, less perfect viewed in their moral effect on his generation. The reasons for the change in the style of his writings are worth studying. It appears to us to have been due to three causes: the improvement in his worldly

result of thought, study of life, and greater experience. We venture to say it was not in him when he painted the Marquis of Steyne.

Treating human nature from a club point of view, as the deceased writer was fond of doing, the great satirist may be compared to a late Major P. whom he probably knew. This man belonged to three clubs, at one of which the breakfast was excellent, at another the soups, at another the cellar of wines: but of these good points the Major was at first ignorant. So being an inveterate grumbler, he sent in numerous backed bills to the Committee. At length, after much experience, he discovered their *spécialités*, and finding that there was no such thing as perfection, wisely contented himself with what each afforded him; and breakfasted at one, lunched at another, and dined at the third club. After much experience of human life, and a considerable number of backed bills sent in to *his* committee, the public, Thackeray found that whilst some people had their failings they also had their good qualities; and that some were so excellent in the display of noble traits as to be deserving of encomium. So he ceased making such vehement complaints, and refreshed himself (and his committee) by a contemplation of the good qualities he had at length found out.

prospects, which made him look at men and things with a more kindly spirit; consequently a more evenly poised mind, which began to see the two sides of every question; and a disposition which was impressionable to present influences.

These three things combined caused Thackeray to leave off writing "for a purpose." That there are always two sides to the shield of life may be correct, but that one does not present greater untruths to fight against, we may well take leave to doubt; and if there are abuses to correct, to ring the changes on the white and black in the same person will hardly help in the task, however much it teaches that lesson we should never forget—to be charitable to our neighbours. But to write essays on charity in the form of novels is one, and a very good thing; to write down abuses and bad men in the style of the "Snob Papers" and "Vanity Fair" is another, also very good thing. We are not called on here to express an opinion whether, in his works written with no purpose, Thackeray did not take the walk best suited to him; but in saying that it was a different pathway from that which at first he appeared likely to pursue is but to state actual facts.

Farther on we shall revert to the influence which an improved position had in mitigating his early cynicism, but as regards the impressionable character of the man and the influence it had on his writings, some remarks may not be out of place.

Most of our readers will remember Thackeray's extreme severity towards military men and the

army as a class. Coming from France, where theoretical freedom and liberty of thought is as much in advance of those elements in England, as the practical freedom of the latter, with freedom of speech, is greater than it is with the French nation, he was tinged with those doctrines which maintain absolutely that warlike men do but embody the principle of despotism, that standing armies are a curse, and that the men who lead them are foes to freedom. Animated with these sentiments, Thackeray satirized and caricatured them. His ensign tumbled down the Haymarket under the protection of some lady in yellow satin; his cornet was debauched in his regiment, and when obliged to sell out got the next comer to purchase his glandered charger. These were sketches of individuals, but the spirit which moved the artist to draw them was that scorn and contempt for a system which nurtured any faculty but those of the mind, and placed a premium on birth and money rather than on education and talent. Suddenly all this changed. Thackeray was a great man. He sees, he says, the other side of the shield. We have no more attacks on the soldier; if anything, he is rather an amiable character. How is this? Has further intercourse with society and meetings with the captains and majors who hang about town imbued the author with the idea that they are an exceptionally virtuous race? Has he forgotten the principles he learnt in France? or has he said enough bitter things about these representatives.

of a system which has so many words of command for a dictionary, and a law against free thought for a creed? How are we to find an explanation for this change? The truth appears to us to be, that in London life and society Thackeray, the great author, found himself jostling with many in the profession he had satirized. We daresay they paid him court, for, if some deem they were a rather dull, they have ever been a kindly and generous race. Thackeray was touched. He could not bear to "hob-nob" one day with a colonel and the next day reflect on the man's profession in the strain of his earlier writings.

Emerged into London Society from the chambers where his strongest writings were produced, Thackeray seems to us to have been like a man going to Vienna with strong views on the iniquity of Austrian rule in Venice, and gradually acquiescing in the treaties which gave the Hapsburg House a power to oppress a portion of Italy, as the gentleness, courtesy, and deference of Austrian magnates insensibly affect him. Or, like a public writer exposing the errors of the law and the obstinate stand which attorneys make to all law reform, who may suddenly fall in with a parcel of jovial solicitors and cease his satire on the system of which they are members. We fear, therefore, that the insinuations gently put by an eminent writer and friend of the deceased satirist must hold good. Thackeray did not perfectly follow up his first impressions about great untruths. He preferred to follow Horace in satir-

izing social vanities rather than Juvenal in exposing crying evils and preaching that liberty which only comes to a free nation by a perpetual onslaught on the parasitic plants that grow with its growth. Again we say, that we refrain from expressing an opinion on his qualities in consequence of all this. Every author must write according to his constitution, and the public must accept the results. It is for the critic to note the facts. Every age must accept the man destined to leave his mark upon it. That mark may affect but a certain portion of society, or, if the man is a giant, it may mould the thoughts of a generation. That Thackeray left a mark no one will dispute. We think it was not so large a one as it might have been had he had the energy to pursue the line of thought and the strong views with which he returned from France. Others have to take up the thread of his morality, to show the rising generation that snobs still exist, and are to be regarded as loathsome and noxious animals; that neither a soldier nor a peer has any relative rank save that which superior intellect may give him, for it was at this point that Thackeray left off.

Thackeray was the exponent of certain commercial-literary views, which, however worthy of our acceptance as conveying the absolute broad principle on which men must appeal to literature as a means of existence, are hardly capable of application to many individual cases which may be within the reader's knowledge. They

were shortly these : first, those who find their scribbling difficult to dispose of have no right to cry out against an ungrateful public, or the hard-hearted publishers who will not buy ; second, a thing, whether a literary work or a cabbage, is worth what it will fetch and no more, &c. &c. Of course these were truisms, but as Thackeray perhaps knew by experience, they were of that kind which young authors at first starting have some difficulty in accepting. So far as they lead authors to study with care, and write with some regard to common art-rules, they cannot be too well remembered, and they must, as we have said, be always regarded as the absolute broad principle on which literature as a means of livelihood must be based. But it would be easy to show that this fact which must be accepted is not necessarily a useful fact. For it is a direct inducement to young writers to produce works which shall appeal to current and popular fancy instead of works which shall elevate the public taste : it is a premium on the production of second-class goods. Still we must accept facts as they exist, and Thackeray had the common sense to see this ; but in doing so we would remind those who seek to win their bread on his commercial-literary principles, that they have yet a task to discharge when attention to their business has gained them the public ear, viz., to supply no longer just that which is best liked, but to instil salutary precepts which do not impress the popular taste.

There is no question that Thackeray tried more than once at that which must, to any thoughtful writer, be the highest end of his ambition, the production of a type, not the reproduction of a specimen, of humanity. We cannot say that he succeeded, but even admitting his failure in offering us types of humanity, he affords by his writings a very peculiar instance of the slight width there is between the result of an extended process of thought producing an image partly based on personal experience, and the creation which flows from genius almost unaided by experience of the world. The Marquis of Steyne, Major Pendennis, and Colonel Newcombe are all idealised extensions of people with whom Thackeray had come in contact. Their characters hang too much on the events of the period in which they are set to lead us to expect that they will form in future generations samples of noblemen whom more advanced civilisation may have swept away. Still, in our judgment, we must remember that "art is not to be degenerated into a science," and Juvenal's images, produced by a very similar process, are still quoted, and his writings studied because they are truthful as well as because they are vigorous.

Following the great English delineator whose birthday we have just celebrated, at any rate in this respect, that he made his characters true to nature and themselves, Thackeray, as we have already observed, engaged our interest rather in the wrong than the right doers, but no one can

say that our real sense of right is ever led astray, or that our feeling of obedience towards the laws of God are one whit diminished after we have perused his writings. They are strictly moral, and if at times his brush placed on the canvas some social scars which the prudes of this world would rather have had screened, well may we say that those only can see them with the eye of regret whose imagination is so foul that the sculptor's masterpiece is admired only for its nudity, and appreciated only for the qualities which appeal to a degraded appetite!

A review of Thackeray would be incomplete which omitted some notice of the vein of thought which coloured his relations towards women. He dwelt with considerable unction on the inconveniences of mothers-in-law; the coquetry and egotism which distinguished that class of young women of whom Beatrix, in "Esmond," is a type in the true acceptance of the term, and the amiable, kind, good, but somewhat weak lady of whom Helen Pendennis was the image. We admit at once that in all these Thackeray failed to appeal to the feelings of the masses, of the world as a whole; but is he less to be valued because by his peculiar idiosyncrasy he caught at the salient points which so strike the more educated and the more thin-skinned among us? A popular author recently put into the mouth of his fairest creation, "that odious novelist had frightened mothers-in-law out of their daughters' homes." The *mot* was a joke, but if, as we think,

there was a tinge of truth in it, how many men, honest and loving, but withal irritable, have to thank Thackeray for reminding the well-meaning, vigorous, but altogether out-of-place ladies who usurp the control of their daughter's home, that their presence perhaps is not such an unmitigated blessing. We have not touched on the consideration of Thackeray's general view on the marriage question. It was shortly this: that some fall in with good wives, others with bad; that chance rather than design governs the results of all love, and that very little reflection is ever exhibited in the process which tends to unite two young people for better or worse. Fault has been found with him for this; he has been treated as the philosopher who can see nothing in love but "impulse and passion, sometimes fervent, more often languid, but seldom guided by reflection." We would even go further, and say that our satirist arrived, not at the most perfect ideal of what love should be, but at the most perfect representation of what love is, when he described it in these terms. Even Shakespeare says—

In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state,
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate!

And Juvenal had but preceded him with the lines—

Nos, animorum
Impulsu, et cæca magnaue cupidine, ducti,
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris; at *illis*
Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor;

—(the *illis* referring to the gods). And thus we find summed up in a few lines what Thackeray is condemned for having spread throughout several volumes. We may certainly question the propriety of having dwelt on it at such length, but it will be rather because it is a sad truth that won't bear too much light, than because it is no truth at all. Reflection is a fine thing, no doubt, but we think that if the marriage-registers were searched, it would be proved that when men arrive at the years past the thirties which induce it, they simply leave the world to get populated by the men who have rushed into matrimony without the magnificent philosophical principle of reflection.

Taking leave now of the positive and material side of Thackeray's writings, let us endeavour to ascertain how far they are affected by the personal character of the man himself. We have stated that his route lay in the region of the clubs, and that he drew from personal experience, but this does not necessarily mean that he was at all subjective in his treatment of people. Shakespeare sketched many a character in his daily walks who live immortally, but no one pretends to say that our greatest poet was subjective. There are many points in Thackeray's writings which incline us to place him among objective writers, but after a careful review of all he said and the train of thought which he invoked, we incline to place him among those who were swayed in their compositions more or less by self, and who give

us therefore subjective as much as objective treatment of life. We speak of this as a matter of fact, not as one which in any way affects the value of what he has left us. We incline to the opinion of an author already quoted, who, speaking on this subject, says—"Art cannot be degraded into a science: it cannot be limited to the fetters of scientific phraseology. We cannot invent a set of school terms to prove, without further discussion, that one poem is great because objective, another not so great because subjective." Still, as influencing our estimate of the man, not of the author, it is interesting to discover how far Thackeray mixed up himself and his own characters, how far he introduced his own feelings and passions into words and deeds, how far he followed Byron in this respect.

We remember that at the commencement of the "Snob Papers" he was careful to tell us that he was the historian of snobs because he was one himself, and more than once in a confidential "aside" to the public, he hinted that he was as bad as the man he sketched. He even said that he should like to walk down Pall-mall with two Dukes on his arms. This might be gentle laughing, but we incline to think there was a certain sincerity beneath it all—the self-consciousness of the truthful man who had studied his own mental defects, and had no intention to claim—on the contrary, rather strove to disclaim—a self-immunity from the weaknesses that influenced others. "Know thyself," said the old Greek, and perhaps

those only best discover the cause of the pimples in human nature who have first marked their appearance on their own skin, and remembered the rich condiments of pride, selfishness, and luxury which have induced them. Are we unjust when we say that it was because Thackeray had something of the British flunkey in his disposition that he was enabled to trace out the habits of that noxious animal? that it was because he had in younger days grasped at many little pieces of dignity now become valueless to the well-known author, that he was able to sneer at his followers in the same track? If any think that we do him an injustice in recalling weaknesses which might be buried, we can only say that that man is, in our eyes, greater who digs in his own heart for less beautiful traits of human nature, and is not afraid to expose the weaknesses he himself has felt, than the writer who gives us airy romances and fictitious sentiment, slurring over the desolate hovels of habit and custom in which we live, together with himself: one is material and honest, the other imaginative—perhaps honest also, but still more fond of exhibiting the beautiful produce of the brain than the sad, sad ugly picture which his own heart would afford.

Let us take “Pendennis,” a novel which has not been accounted his best, but which has had equal popularity with any of his other works. Here we have two characters totally distinct, as different in their daily life and habits as it is

possible to conceive, and yet each marking the author's self-consciousness, each in their degree a prototype of the man. We allude, of course, to Arthur Pendennis and George Warrington. Some have thought that in the latter he drew himself, and at first sight it seems natural to couple the thoughtful, grand, slightly cynical, because hard-tried man, smoking his lonely pipe in his chambers and wearing his tattered clean shirt, with the sarcastic, vigorous writer; this may seem more natural than to couple the latter with the prig Pendennis, selfish, dandified, preferring claret to beer, conceited, vain, and spoilt, and yet with Thackeray's own honest heart, which eschewed vice, and tried hard and successfully against the power of the Evil Nature to withstand temptation. But let us look at the conditions which form an author like the one we are discussing. He does not come among us armed with the knowledge of life and humanity; he has to go through bitter experience: to learn who are true and who false friends; he has to commit his own little extravagancies, and reap the bitter fruit of them; he has to know that he has been a fool before he can learn to be wise. All this was Thackeray's lot, if we have not been misinformed by one who knew him at college, and we think we trace in much of Arthur's early career the thoughts, the habits, and the ways of the young Cantab—Thackeray. A great man has two lives—the life of youth and good spirits, of gay laughter and little thought, and the second nobler

existence when he has begun to *think* and to work, such as is delineated in Warrington. Passing through the youthful times that were marked less by intellectual greatness than by a genial temperament (Arthur Pendennis) we see him burst forth into the trenchant vigorous author (Warrington), and yet again in private life the Pendennis of his youth, ambitious of social fame, fond of good society, proud of his rank as a man of letters, and yet again hiding his nature under the assumed cynicism of the lonely writer, Warrington.

It is too true an accusation against literary men that they are egotists, nor can Thackeray be exempted from the charge. They sit apart and commune with their own hearts, and remember more keenly than others the misfortunes to which they have been subject in those dearer ties which make the inner life of man so happy. Of so much egotism Thackeray in his character of Warrington was the slave, but in his real character there was plenty of the Arthur Pendennis, whose weakness, but whose domestic happiness, he loved to sketch; not grand to the outward world, but self-satisfying to his own nature, inasmuch as it had dear children to lean on,—one of whom could aspire to win something of his own literary fame. We thought, as we saw him pass down Oxford Street a few weeks before his death, with one of these on his arm, and a crowd of gazers on every side, that there was more happiness in the heart which beat

beneath those silvery locks at the homely pleasures of the matured Arthur than he ever felt from the renown gained by the lonely Warrington. Pendennis was Thackeray in his earlier and later days; Warrington was Thackeray when a hard struggle with fortune made him see so much more clearly the nobler duties of the writer.

But, subjective as may have been his treatment of these and some few other characters (Clive Newcome for instance), he was perfectly free from this charge in the more prominent of his male portraits: the Marquis of Steyne, Colonel Crawley, Foker, Major Pendennis, Captain Costigan, and Colonel Newcome, are all as objective as it is possible to be, and mark a great painter as little inclined to give us repetitions of a certain form studied in a looking-glass as Michael Angelo or Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The short biographies already given to us explain some points in his character as author not undeserving attention, the more so as they undoubtedly tended to raise him to the pedestal which he afterwards occupied. One was the character of his handwriting, which was remarkably clear and easy to read. If young authors knew how much "copy" was refused by the press simply through the editors being unwilling to wade through pages of illegible writing, they would pay more attention to their copper-plate. What Thackeray wrote was always good, but we doubt if he would have got admission to more

than one publication we could name had not the formation of his letters enabled the editor quickly to discern the ability of the language of which they were the vehicle. We also learn what too many prone to write are apt to forget, that literature to be a success must be followed as a profession, and that to him alone can be awarded the laurel wreath who not only writes well, but much. "You treat literature as you would the balls on a billiard-table," said an authoress of well-known fame to an aspirant for literary honours and a place as contributor to a magazine she edited. Thackeray wrote with care and corrected with judgment—he never treated literature like billiard-balls.

One word as to Thackeray's cynicism. We confess to being glad that the world should know, as his friends have long done, that he was of a genial temperament, but we do not see that this completely exonerates him from the charge of cynicism, so far as his writings are concerned. Perhaps we have explained in our remarks on Pendennis and Warrington what we think Thackeray's character was. When his genius first burst forth, when he first learnt to detect sophisms, and to batter to pieces fallacies, he craved that homage which the English people slowly accord to their greatest men, and no one can pretend to say that his writings during that time were genial. We should have been sorry if they had been, for we should have missed all those striking pictures, which marked him as a

master in the art of depicting character, and towards which a cynical disposition to view the worst points of the human mind aided him. But perhaps we shall be told that this was not cynicism, that it was only the truthful man's desire to expose what he saw. Did he see nothing bad, then, in his later years that he became so much more, what the public term, genial? Had the English race made such a stride between the publication of "Vanity Fair" and the "Newcomes" that the observer could only see in the last a sunny side to the mental dispositions of his creations? We fear not, and we think we shall be more just if we side with public opinion, and impute to this great writer a dash of cynicism at a certain period of his life, which was exceedingly beneficial to his compatriots.

And why this touchiness at the charge of a quality which made him great? Thin-skinned as he was, like the rest of the literary tribe, he had great common sense, and we own that nothing **has** surprised us so much as to learn that he complained of the critics who found out the source of his power. We think he said of "Pendennis" that authors don't mind just criticism, or approve it when it praises in the wrong place, and it would have been more in accordance with his character, if he had said to some literary friend—"The Thunderer is right; I am not genial! I cannot speak of abuses in honied language! I should never have described a

Becky if I had not been a little cynical. I give you a novel without a hero because, in my views of life, there are no heroes, and every character I draw is a knave or a fool. Because the men and women on my stage are worthy of that character, why should they expect me to be genial when dealing with such topics?" That is what Thackeray might in fairness have replied to any charge of cynicism, and it is the weakest point in his literary career, that he should have complained of criticism that was really fair.

But, however cynical Thackeray may have been in early life, he proved that he was not at heart so by becoming more genial and kindly as he became more advanced in worldly means and honours. It may not redound so much to his fame to have it said that he only became more amiable when troubles were past, and genial only when the world acknowledged his power; but it is human nature, and in criticising Thackeray we must give him the measure he would have meted to others. And he has plenty of precedents. Was Schiller the same when he had settled down with Charlotte as when he wrote the "Robbers"? Do not material comforts influence the views of the author as they do the half-paid clerk and the well-paid secretary? It is only the bitterest misanthrope, whom no advance in life will change, that continues to pour forth an invective against his species, and to see no white as well as black side on the shield of life.

And now we come to the question whether his

writings will find a public in the future? Comparisons may be odious; they are sometimes necessary. Another generation may read Bulwer Lytton to a little less degree than Walter Scott. Will Dickens, will George Eliot find a public in the future? We doubt the first; there are those who are sceptical about the second, and yet they both show qualities in some respects superior to Thackeray. Going to a neighbouring country, will Victor Hugo find readers a century hence? and yet the author of "Les Misérables" takes a more comprehensive view of mankind than Thackeray did.

• It is a superficial view of a man's writings to say that because they only present specimens of an epoch, the dealers in vanity-wares of a certain period, that therefore he has no chance to become a classic. We can hardly conceive our grandchildren not being interested in the study of "Vanity Fair," quaint as may seem our manners and habits in that future day. We are not less interested in Juvenal because our House of Commons does not meet to discuss the cooking of a turbot which Mr. Charles has sent to Buckingham Palace.

Powerful sketches must always live. A vigorous writer, free from any sectarian bias, must have some claim to immortality. We look at Raphael's work and we read Shakespeare, but we are still interested in Hogarth. May not our children be in Thackeray? Truth and a vigorous sense of justice are always welcome to the

English mind, nor can we expect in one century to find so keen an exponent of these qualities as the man whose loss we deplore. But with all deference to those who would limit the domain of art and vouchsafe to "Esmond" a higher praise than to "Vanity Fair," we think that it is by the latter that he will induce posterity to grant him the garland of posthumous renown. In his highest power he was a vigorous draughtsman rather than a skilful artist. His fame will rest on his power of form rather than his composition of groups. As he gained in the latter he fell off in the former, not much, but sufficiently to make his simple figures gain the longest degree of attention.

He has gone too early for those allied to him by birth and affection; he has gone too early for those who love to see and pay reverence to the author of many a pleasant and instructive hour, but we thank Him who, in His good will, has taken him from us, that he did not go too early for the fame he so well earned. That is complete and everlasting, and if consolation can be found for the mourners, for the dear ones he has left at the Palace Green, it will be discovered in this at least, that he lived to defend a great man's memory,* and to scorch the club gossips with their own paper.

* Alluding to his paper on Lord Clyde, who wrote his will, I believe, on the paper of the (?) Athenæum Club, and gave rise to Thackeray's scorching comment on what the gossips said thereon.—S. B., 1883.

B A R S .

[An objection has been made by two friends, whose literary acumen I highly value, to my mixing up with serious essays the following very light and trifling “bars” or stanzas. I recognize the force of their comment, and the only logical excuse I can present for not having followed their counsel is, that “bars” are necessary to any vehicle that has a team to draw it, and that such bars are necessarily light although wheelers and leaders may have a very certain weight and consequence.]

I.

A PARODY.

Air—“*Go, Lovely Rose.*”

Go ! ugly moke,
 Tell him that often worries me,
 Conviction spoke,
 When I resembled him to thee !
 Then say what chance has he with me ?

Tell him that 's old,
 With little charm to be descried,
 He might have told
 I never could his phiz abide,
 His thought to win me I deride !

Small is the worth
 Of humble moke from cart retired !
 But yet, stand forth !
 Thou for utility might be desired !
 But he ? law ! thinks to be admired !

If he were dead,
 A lot with mokes he 's bound to share,
 I might have shed
 Some tears of happiness upon his bier,
 Thinking one ass the less were better here !

The above will be better understood if I repeat the
 exquisite lines which I have attempted to parody.

Go, lovely rose,
 Tell her that wastes her time and me
 That now she knows
 When I resemble her to thee
 How sweet and fair she seems to be !

Tell her that 's young
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That had'st thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide
 Thou would'st have uncommended died !

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired ;
 Bid her shine forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired !

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

II.

MOLIÈRE.

Le bruit est pour le fat,
La plainte est pour le sot,
L'honnête homme trompé
S'en va et ne dit mot.

Translation.

Vain and conceited this one makes a row,
Whilst that one, fool and dolt, will show his
grief;
Silent the upright man will make his bow,
When taught that woman's love is only brief!

III.

THE THREADS OF THOUGHT, LIFE,
AND LOVE.

Time cannot weaken Thread of sweetest thought,
Thread tied by thee ties—till by thee unwrought!
True Thread is strong tho' woven in past time;
Thread that heart's sunshine brightens, golden
and sublime
Would be, if thy sweet Thread I guarded, mine!
Dost answer? "In these Threads of thine I have
no part!"
"Then broken be my Thread! break Thread!
break heart!"

IV.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN by Miss Constance Owen, after Haynes Bayley's Comedietta of "Perfection," on her first appearance on the stage at the Globe Theatre, July 14th, 1877.

New to the stage, I seek to tread the road
Which others' thought and skill have graced
before,
With that *Perfection* which prevents a load
Of ennui, not to use the term—a bore.
If I have failed, the Fates are all to blame,
Instead of giving me *Perfection* true
They gave me to a play which bears that name,
Wherein to make my first appeal to you.
But, as when Smith,* the priestly Wit, being told
His peas were not to full *Perfection* brought,
Tendered his hand to the fair laughing scold
And said he 'd take them the *Perfection* sought,
So I, who've played, perchance, *Perfection* wrong,
Have something similar to say to you :
To me you 've been *Perfection* as a throng,
Too kind, I trust, to bid me say—Adieu.

* This refers to Sydney Smith in his garden, and his sweet peas which were backward.

V.

A MAIDEN PEARL FOUND IN
THE ALPS.

Pearls in southern waves are sought, from Grecian
sea-bed often brought
Maiden pearl's a novel kind!
Whence this gem of curious light, small but
precious, pure, and bright?
Art thou child of snow and wind,
Maiden Pearl?

Was't from under Rosa's peak, deep down where
there's little streak
Of light or air, or sound;
Was't from midst the Bernese hills, or in Grison
glacier rills,
Was it there that you were found,
Maiden Pearl?

Didst thou come from Jura chain? shall we seek
the Alps in vain?
Scarce of earth thou seem'st a part
When thou trippiest past so sprightly, footing it
so deftly, lightly,
Fairy gem thou surely art,
Framed to fetter sternest heart,
Maiden Pearl!

“Dullard art thou, passing strange, pearl to seek
in Alpine range !”

Suddenly a voice let fall.

“Not from under Rosa pale, not midst Alpine
rocks and shale

Sprung this gem you aptly call
Maiden Pearl !

“But in isle of emerald green, many a maiden
pearl is seen

Gracing cottage, gracing hall !

As on Dent du Midi's height, setting sun throws
ruddy light ;

Present gives to rocks a glow, absent leaves a
gloom below :

So her presence sunlight gives ; absent, dreary
night arrives !

Maid of Erin, this you call
Maiden Pearl !”

RUSSIA.

From the "Westminster Review," October 1867.

SINCE the death of Nicholas in 1855, and the coronation of the present emperor soon after the close of the Crimean War, Russia has hardly occupied the attention of Englishmen to any great degree. Possibly nations, like individuals, receive scant regard when they are "down in the world," and Russia has been for some time past in terrible difficulties; with a rate of exchange always from 20 to 30 per cent. against her, no gold, and little silver in her circulation, and a deficit every year, which has obliged her Government to have recourse to foreign and home capitalists for loan after loan.

Towards the close of last year, the attention of the English public was once more directed towards the court and people in consequence of the visit of the Prince of Wales to take part in the marriage of his sister-in-law; and as the tendency of people is to follow in the track of the great, there will be, no doubt, during the

short summers which that northern climate offers, more travellers than of old through that not very picturesque district which lies between Berlin and St. Petersburg.

What they will see when they get there, and how far they may be encouraged to prosecute their journey and witness the glories of the Kremlin, and the quaint mixture of peoples at the fair of Nijni Novgorod, which lasts during the whole of the month of August, is a matter for individual consideration; and we shall not take upon ourselves other responsibility than that of recommending, for the guidance of those who may select this route, the useful handbook which Russia so long needed, and which Mr. Murray, with the aid of a most competent editor, has so well supplied.

But although we abstain from persuading or dissuading the traveller in search of new fields, we will take the opportunity which the subject affords us for saying why we think the Russian nation deserves a much warmer sympathy on our part, whether that sympathy be shown by including their country in the track of tourists, or expressing it through the organs of public opinion.

In order to follow out our meaning, we will beg the elder reader to glance back in memory and note the character of the cordial good-feeling which existed between Nicholas and his Government and many of our conservative statesmen—a feeling in which the great mass of our people

by no means shared. The sympathy was natural; it was then a received article of faith that the duties of government much more involved the preservation of order than the study of a people's welfare, and the Czar was recognised by the timid as a fine controlling power, that was to come in some day to keep kings, lords, and bishops from drowning in the democratic tide. Nothing better shows the sound conservative feeling which Palmerston had at heart than his steadfastness in opposing any undue sympathy based on the superficially conservative tendency of Russian institutions; and when he died, the change in them to which we are about to refer had not reached that point which justified an aged statesman, with one foot in the grave, in altering the opinions of a lifetime. If the sympathy between the Governments was natural, much more so was that which existed between our land-owners and the *ci-devant* proprietor of serfs. To them and to the military coteries and club quidnuncs who have their own peculiar gospel, the serf-owner was an exceedingly lucky individual, somewhat hard-hearted perhaps, but not, as part of a very abominable institution, to be treated with the cold shoulder. To the commercial and labouring classes he was, on the other hand, a bloodthirsty tyrant, disliked by them with as much exaggerated fervour as he was welcomed by men who adore wealth, however obtained, and rank, however unworthily borne. In those days, the prevailing tendency of public opinion was with reference to the Russians

much what it has been with regard to the Austrians : one class disapproving, the other patting on the back what they imagined to represent a principle of conservatism. Then came the Crimean war, which cooled the friendship between the Governments ; and the Russian noble, having lost his wealth and influence, became an object of less interest *vis-d-vis* our upper classes ; whilst the great act of emancipation has been brought about, and fifty millions released from bondage, without the enthusiasm of our middle classes being much kindled.

A position of things has thus arisen whereby our Government, having lost its ancient grounds for sympathy with Russia, has not replaced them by those newer grounds which the altered social condition of Russia demands from English feeling. We do not say that there is any great blame due for this. The English people themselves are far from realising that which has taken place in Russia which should command their regard, and we know that in home affairs it takes long for the Government to catch the prevalent feeling of the masses. America offers a different example. She, putting aside all questions of political interest, plainly recognises that Russia is now a free nation, with youth, vigour, and (practically) a tendency to much more popular institutions than people here dream of. Thus America thinks and gives the tone to the Washington Cabinet, whilst we go on in the old line, perfectly unconscious that if Russia deserved the

fellow-feeling of our ancient Tory, she most certainly deserves the cordial regard of the modern Liberal, who believes in freedom, and a due levelling of prince and peasant in social rights and liberties.

Thus it has been a very unfair thing towards Russia, that whilst the Emperor has consummated an act which is as important a step towards the world's future freedom as that which the abolitionists have effected in America, the English people have stood by with scarcely a mark of applause. It is quite time that this should change, and that our former proclivities, whether as Liberals or Conservatives, should give place to a better appreciation of the new road along which Russia is marching ; a road difficult, no doubt, for those who rule her, encumbered as they are with the machinery of bureaucratic centralization, inherited from Peter and Catherine, but which, nevertheless, is a road of progress of a very marked nature.

We will not say that it was absolutely incumbent on the English colony at St. Petersburg, in their address to the Prince of Wales, to refer to the altered condition of the empire he was visiting ; we are ready to admit that addresses from a body of wealthy merchants may be perfectly loyal and meaningless without any reflection on the intelligence of those who present them. Yet must we remark that whilst the mention of dynastic ties is appropriate to such an occasion, the sympathies of the Prince and those at home

who read the address, would have been better invoked on behalf of Russia by some stronger allusion to the fact that an institution which kept us aloof has disappeared, and given place to the most absolute equality in the eye of the law between peasant and noble. For, when we regard her seventy millions of inhabitants, spread over a large surface of the old world, and view her people, patriotic because content, her black soil rich beyond conception, and her mineral lands but scratched as yet, not mined, we cannot but admit that she presents a picture of national life well worth a study, provided that in the new foreground we see the trace of human happiness, and in the distance the outlines of moral greatness as yet but dim.

In Russia, beyond most countries, the foreigner runs a risk of being at once too complacent and too unjust towards the people and their institutions. He will be too complacent from a certain desire to requite hospitality, and perhaps a certain touch of novelty may captivate him. He will find it impossible to accept the hospitality so profusely offered by the Russians, to meet with the kindness so universal among them, and to become accustomed to their agreeable social habits, without being insensibly inclined to look leniently on errors, and speak mercifully of their faults. On the other hand, there is quite enough in the inconvenience of the passport system (mitigated it is true, but still annoying), in the *laissez-faire* habits of her rulers, who for ever put off to the

morrow what should be done to-day, and in the venality of *employés* (tchinovniks), if he is a man of business, to make the stranger who commences by applauding, end by an opposite form of criticism. Perhaps also, it may be added, that as the western *genus homo* is made up of bones, flesh, blood, nerves, and a liver, a course of droshkies and St. Petersburg or Moscow paving are not calculated to eliminate any predisposition to remarks founded on the imperfect condition of his biliary ducts. In short, it is hard to be impartial in the country we refer to.

And to these causes of a more or less sentimental nature which must influence our judgment, may be added the difficulty for a foreigner, unacquainted with the language, to make use of the statistics collected by the Russian Government, whether as regards population or commerce.

If on first acquaintance with Russia the stranger is not struck with those singular anomalies which exist in the English constitution, and the inconsistent manner by which we arrive at a tolerably good government, assuredly he will notice a strange inconsistency between the apparent nature of the people and the manner in which they are governed. Possibly, *en route* through Belgium and Germany, he has observed the slow and tiresome manners of the people, from the cab-driver upward, and contrasted them unfavourably with the smart hansom cabmen of the West End, or the bank clerk of the City. But supposing him to have been detained in Belgium or

Germany on business, he will certainly have found that if things don't go with all the rapidity of Manchester or London, at least a certain regard is paid to the value of time. Far different is it in Russia. Arrived at the station, he will find no desire to under-rate the value of time on the part of the driver who conducts him, and his former neighbour in the train will tear by with all the dash of Piccadilly over somewhat worse pavement. "Here," he will exclaim, "is life, go, energy; freedom with this people should obtain results." Such would, we think, be the first impression of a foreigner; and the inconsistency he will sooner or later detect is this: that whereas the people are active,* energetic, and intelligent, all the wheels of public business (and as yet the Government is the nurse of all enterprise) are clogged by red tape, bureaucratic mismanagement, and a wretched love of haggling for co-pecks, and wasting roubles as regards time. Nor

* Two eminent Englishmen who have travelled in Russia speak forcibly in support of this view. The one, Sir George Simpson, passed from the Sea of Okotch to St. Petersburg, in 1842; the other, Sir Roderick Murchison, scientifically examined the physical geography of the empire, from the Ural Mountains to the plains of Moscow. Sir George Simpson remarks "that England and Russia, respectively the stem branches of the Norman tree, overshadow the whole of either continent at its greatest width," and insists much on the energy, persistence, and commercial adventure common to the two nations, imputing these characteristics to their common origin. How far his ethnogeographical views would find favour with the learned, we

will he fail to perceive, after continued residence, that the monuments of sloth and all that is antagonistic to the genius of the people, have been built up by the system which is at length destroyed, we mean serfdom and serf masters. The *Suisse* greets the traveller at the door. He is the type of an ancient social system. He is the idle servant sitting in the doorway to display the pride of the proprietor, who will not condescend to put up a bell. He is a type of labour lost, a type of bad economy of time. The interesting question, of course, is how long will it be before a people who, with all their energy, adore tradition, and from custom, like ourselves, cherish custom—how long will it be before reforms shall penetrate where they are so necessary—when shall bells replace the *Suisse*? When shall departments move with the vigour of the national life?

Viewed politically, we have in Russia but two classes over whom the Emperor reigns supreme, the nobility and the peasants, for a middle class is as yet in embryo. The first still enjoys the

do not pretend to say, but unquestionably the qualities he noted exist, and are destined to play a marked part in the civilization of Asia. Sir Roderick Murchison speaks in the same tone of the energy of the people. "However difficult was the passage, however strong the stream, 'mojne, mojne' (we can, we can) was always the cry of his attendants."

It is this life and energy which strike the traveller in Russia, and give him cause to predict a much greater future for the empire than might be estimated from a mere superficial view of her present resources.

power of influence in so far as its representatives surround the emperor, and are able at each step towards freedom to echo the watch-cry of their party that everything is going to the bad. We need not dwell long on their character or capabilities. They would like to make the Czar the walking gentleman of the empire, precisely the reverse of the people's idea of their ruler. Fortunately another estate steps in here and counteracts by the arguments of reason the insane ravings of a selfish policy. That estate is the press, and its action in this early awakening of a nation's life, in spite of still restrictive laws, must not be overlooked by the future historian. M. Katkoff displeases the minister of the interior, and has his paper suspended; he pleases the people, and the Czar, always more disposed to represent the opinion of his subjects than the bureaucratic sentiments of a section, straightway revokes the suspension.

Let us turn to the peasant. When we reflect on the system of which he was the victim, we wonder that he was not perfectly brutalized.* Serfdom was worked by a class of stewards who ground down the serfs to provide for the wants of a master at Paris and supply their own special requirements. Hence the peasant sought refuge

* The progress of the peasant in point of education is not small. Only the other day it was announced from Moscow that the head of his class at the first school in that city was the son of a peasant, freed only at the emancipation.

in a system of lying, subterfuge, and chicanery.* Freedom has not yet existed long enough to liberate his character from these its worse defects; but the wonder is, not that we should find an absence of frankness, but that the peasant has been so little brutalized by the treatment of the past. This is due to his essentially intellectual character, an intelligence far beyond what we are accustomed to meet with among the peasantry of Western Europe, and to his evident thirst for knowledge. We do not speak so much of the peasantry near the great capitals, who are more or less demoralised by the locality, but of the peasant as you find him in the interior, on the banks of the Volga, among the iron manufacturing population of the Ourals, and in the southern governments.

By the ukase of emancipation the majority of these have been made small landed proprietors,

* There are noble exceptions to this, where he has been well treated. The following is an instance within our knowledge. A Russian nobleman, near Kief, who has large manufactories of beet-root, has been accustomed each year to collect labourers from very remote districts to assist in the harvest, and has always paid them some hand-money in advance. It happened not long ago that his harvest failed, and his agent visited the different localities to give timely notice that their services would not be required, when many of them returned the hand-money they had received, declining to take what they had not earned. It is needless to add that this was quite gratuitous on their part, and that from those who retained what he had given them he had no means of recovering his hand-money, even if he had considered that he had a genuine claim for it.

and, forming as they do the backbone of the empire, it is to them we must look for the advance as a people in the road which has now been thrown open to them by recent reforms. We are aware that we oppose the views of many intelligent foreigners in taking a hopeful view of the Russian peasant's future. They point out his still wretched condition, his few wants, his drunken habits, his numerous saints' days, which are so opposed to steady and continuous work necessary in industrial undertakings, and they insist on the fact that Russians themselves are withdrawing capital from their fatherland, as so many arguments against Russia's future. Such criticism may come well from Frenchmen, who jumped in a few years from slavery to freedom at the trifling cost of a reign of terror, which has still left a mark that mitigates their liberty ; but Englishmen who have striven so slowly and painfully towards freedom, who still retain (be it said in all frankness) some of the brutality due to a less free epoch in their history, Englishmen at any rate tread on very delicate ground if they attempt to contend that any depth of social life is a bar to future advance. If we pass over the habits of drunkenness among the labouring classes, it is certainly not to excuse them. If it is alike degrading to Russian moujik and English artisan, it may fairly be said that in that vinous condition which brings out truth, the former is never as brutal as the latter. He is "loveable and harmless," as some

writer has observed. Before we judge the nation on this point, let us reflect a moment on their past condition and their ever present climate. Alcohol, or rather the carbon in it, is to a certain extent a necessity in high latitudes, and as their food improves in quality we may expect to see its absorption diminish. *Il faut être juste*, and therefore let us set this illiterate, merry * race of men, living in a climate where carbon is a necessity of health, against the thousands and thousands of well-to-do English tradesmen, not to say artisans, who tipple at the bar of the "Commercial Inn," and get muzzy at the "Pig and Whistle."

Passing on to another objection of the intelligent foreigner, it must be observed with respect to saints' days, that their celebration, although held for the same ostensible reason as in Spain and other Catholic countries, will be subject to the same laws which have gradually dispensed with them in England and other Protestant countries, for the very good reason that the

* Russia would seem to present a picture very similar to what we may imagine that of England to have been in the Elizabethan age. The same division into two classes, with the middle one not yet in being. The same luxury in high places, and absolute want of ambition (laughter and fun taking its place) in the lower. As you hear their broad jokes, and note their merry glances, you cannot help saying "Perhaps this is what people meant by 'merry England' in times of old, perhaps when we were less earnest we were more gay; perhaps we replaced thought by a joke."

Greek Church cannot over-rule what the State thinks good. The State in the course of time will think with the people, and they are neither bigoted nor fanatic. This very year (1867) the direction of the State bank, at the request of the trading community, did away with the old practice of making Easter an excuse for a whole week's holiday to the *employés*, and this will doubtless extend much lower. In truth when the saints' day was a respite from serf-labour, for which he got no pay, it was welcomed by the peasant, but we very much under-rate his love of gain if he will in future allow it to stand in the way of his daily earnings. One of the characteristics of the Russian people which gives promise for the future, is that from prince to peasant they are essentially traders.*

* I extract (June 1883) from a paper the following illustration of the trading spirit of the Russian, which I believe truly marks the characteristics of the race:—

BOY-TRADEES IN MOSCOW.—We have often remarked that the talent for trafficking lies deep in the Russian's blood. The merest children show an address and dexterity in commercial dealings such as are displayed only by long-practised traders with us. The German understanding ripens slowly, but then it arrives at a high state of maturity; the Russian (mercantile) understanding does not seem to want ripening; it is born ripe and ready, but does not in the end go so far as the beginning promised. With some very able, there are also in Germany some astoundingly stupid traders. This does not seem to be the case in Russia; there everyone seems born with a like portion of wit. In Moscow I found this opinion many times confirmed. I went one day into a wax-chandler's shop on the invitation of a *mannikin* of

They love to barter and exchange, and the visitor will be astonished when he visits the quays at St. Petersburg, and notices the ceaseless toil of the masses loading and unloading through the long summer nights; when he arrives at Moscow he will be equally surprised at the long lines of caravans entering the city, and he will learn that the Moscow and St. Peters-

seven years old. With us at such an age children are helpless, timid, child-like, and childish; in Russia they are adroit, cunning, and too clever by half. Dressed in his little blue caftan of precisely the same cut as that worn by men, the infant merchant entreated me to enter his shop, bowing in the same obsequious fashion as his elders; and when I told him that I was not going to buy, but only wanted to look at his wares, he answered as complacently as his papa could have done: "Pray oblige me by looking at whatever you please." He showed me all his stock; opened every press with a dextrous willingness which I could not but admire; knew not only the price of every sort of candle, but the whole capital invested in the stock, the yearly returns, the wholesale price, the profit at so much per cent.: in a word, he had in every respect the demeanour of an experienced trader. Just such children as these are often found at the money-broker's table; and at an age when with us they would hardly be trusted with a few pence, a considerable capital will be committed to their care. Many similar millionaires in embryo are running about the streets with fruit, honey-cakes, kwas, and so forth; who jingle their money, and handle their reckoning-boards with so much address, that it is easy to comprehend how so many opulent individuals issue from their ranks. In Russia, the greater number of wealthy merchants must look back to the streets and the pedlar's booth for their youthful reminiscences, when all their merchandise consisted of picture-books, kwas, or wax-tapers.—*Kohl's "Russia."*

burg railway does more business than any other continental line. True it is that, as yet, the Russian has too much of the spirit of the small shopkeeper; he does not, with rare exceptions, present the qualities that form of men great merchants and large contractors; but this is due in a great measure to the fact that he has not in *employés* a good substratum of morality to work on. All are still tainted with *tchinovnikism*, if we may coin such a word to represent the weak morality, which has no conception of that single-mindedness, without which our great industrial princes could never send forth their agents into every land.

In their freedom from intolerance in religious matters the Russians recommend themselves to the English race. We neither overlook nor palliate the exceptions exhibited by Nicholas towards some Roman Catholics in Poland, but they have been dealt with in Western Europe, and that very recently, by a journal that seldom is unjust, as rules of state-craft* rather than exceptions to a policy. Intolerance is bad enough, but a great distinction must be made between that produced by political causes and the more furious fanaticism of spirits who object

* As a matter of statesmanship the Russians maintain inflexibly the union between Church and State, making the latter supreme; and it will be a sad day for England when she departs from a line laid down by Englishmen who were indeed her statesmen in the broadest sense of the term.—S. B., June 1883.

to other creeds than their own on the ground of religious opinion. The priests, who have their own peculiar recipe for everlasting life, can disarm a Government who only seeks political security by teaching their flocks to confine themselves to the ends for which their nostrum is supposed to be efficacious; but it is otherwise when they are by their honest convictions brought into conflict with authority directed by a proselytizing spirit. In the one case the Government having secured its own safety by the withdrawal of the priests from a domain which does not belong to them, will leave them free to secure the spiritual ends they have in view; in the other, which is certainly not the rôle of government in Russia, there is no means of disarming the fanatical spirit, which assaults a faith because it thinks it has a better mode of seeking the life to come.

If we appeal to statistics, we certainly find no cause to say that the religion most hostile to authority in a political sense is unduly oppressed, or that any intolerance such as we have exhibited is felt by its votaries. To a Roman Catholic population of 2,800,000 souls there are ten Roman Catholic bishops. To the Greek Church population of 56,000,000 there are sixty-four Greek bishops. The proportion of the first is 1 to 280,000; of the second, 1 to 875,000. Of the Roman Catholic priests there are 4,800; of the Greek Church, 60,000. The proportion of the first to the population is 1 to 580; of the

second, 1 to 933. The salaries of the Roman Catholic, from the metropolitan downwards, are invariably higher than those received by the bishops and priests of the Greek Church.

But there is something even better than statistics in such a matter. There is the pervading feeling in high and low, natives and foreigners, that they are free to think as they like without a police or a social ban being put upon them. The religious freedom in Russia is most absolute. Oppression of sects is unknown. We might almost venture to affirm that the Mormons might have established themselves on the steppes of Orenberg with less chance of being disturbed than on the shores of the Salt Lake. It has only been in districts of Poland, where religion has been used as a lever to overthrow the Government, that any pressure has been put on the masses to conform to the orthodox faith, and whilst this is to be regretted, it is something to say in favour of Russian religious freedom that it has never been assailed so long as its votaries have abstained from mixing up politics with their religious faith.

Before we quite take leave of the two principal classes in Russia it may not be out of place to recur to a quality common to both, which may possibly aid in softening the past and bringing both to work together for the good of their fatherland. The Slav is good-natured and merry; he is seldom serious. Ambitious as the noble may be, and desirous as he may show himself to

have his share in power, he does not hold his rank in the stubborn, prideful estimation of our own race. We are *tristes* according to foreigners, and we are also, be we citizen or noble, serious. We have perhaps derived advantages from these qualities. Into that we shall not enter, but assuredly if the Russian noble had the innate self-consciousness of the Saxon noble, which forgets past power with difficulty, there would be much greater obstacles in the way of future reforms than any we are likely to see. But as a matter of fact young Russia of the noble class is quite ready to accept her position and earn her bread honestly. Thus we see a Prince C—, fresh from college, entering the newly-created tribunals, and holding his first brief, we might almost say the first brief ever given in Russia, with rare credit to himself. We have ourselves met a nobleman of the same rank honourably fulfilling the duties of manager to an iron-works, and everything that we have observed in the character of the Russians leads us to think that her nobles have enough common sense to recognise facts, when the new order of things shall have become more familiar to them, and sufficient absence of false pride to accept their new position, and sustain their social rank by the educational advantages which must still be theirs.

Two things have helped to produce that greatest of all evils, that steady opponent of all practical reform in departments, the tchinovnik. 1. The system of centralisation inaugurated

by Peter the Great, and brought to its uttermost pitch of moral desolation by Nicholas. 2. The ridiculous law which enjoins every Russian who would aspire to be noble to serve his country in the military, naval, or civil departments. This latter rule crowded the departments throughout the empire with so many *employés* that their pay, for the sake of the finances, was reduced to a minimum, and it has been utterly impossible for those who have no independent means to exist without taking bribes. A striking instance of the way this has worked may be shown in that of the late M. Monferran, the architect of St. Isaac's cathedral. We believe we are correct in saying that this gentleman found it against all rule and order that he should be employed on the terms usually accorded to professional men, so he was perforce obliged to content himself with the humble position of *employé* to the Government at something like £100 a year, and to leave to the army of contractors, decorators, &c., to recompense him by a percentage on their contracts, a proceeding that was recognised as by no means irregular by the Imperial Government. It may be hoped that with other ukases of reform the Emperor will soon sign one which shall make it equally noble and respectable for any Russian to be a professional man out of Government employ without passing through the immoral regions of red tape. Thus, the army of candidates for civil employ becoming less, the Government will be able to afford such pay that a *tchinovnik* may

hope to live without taking bribes. It cannot be too often repeated for Russian ears that the great foes to their progress as a nation are the ignorance of the proper application of labour and loose morality in public departments, the height of extravagance, the depth of meanness, an idle *Suisse* representing the one, an ill-paid *tchinovnik* taking bribes the other.

Russia and wealth have hitherto been synonymous, and although the palmy days of the rouble have for the present passed away, there is still an expenditure in St. Petersburg and Moscow which makes the traveller open his eyes and—his purse. Paper and a little silver and copper are the sole currency, gold having been little seen for many years. With paper there is a vast fluctuation. The rouble, the normal value of which is four francs, is now scarcely ever worth more than three; and during the Austro-Prussian war fell as low as two francs and a half. The cause of this extreme depreciation is worth examining, for it is in the financial department as well as others that Russia fails. Undoubtedly since the act of emancipation, particularly during the first two years following it, when the old proprietors were compelled to provide certain supplies of food for their former serfs, these latter disdained to work and production much diminished.* In the meantime the

* The following extract of a letter from a most intelligent lady, the Countess K——, the proprietress of some mines,

extravagance of the upper classes did not cease, as they drew money from the Government which charged itself with the reimbursement by the peasants for the land taken. Thus, there has been a constant balance of trade against Russia for some years, particularly aggravated the past year by large payments for rails and locomotives, and, as we are inclined to think, by a large exportation of Russian capital, the *débris* of past fortunes, the owners of which have mistrusted the future of their country, and have been always in doubt as to when they should be able to export their money with the greatest advantage.

Added to this there have been immense issues of inconvertible paper, and the action of the Government in this respect has been perfectly

to the writer, very well exhibits the facts and causes of the diminution in produce from 1861 to 1865. We give it in the original:—"Je suis entré en possession de la susdite mine en 1851, et n'ai pas eu à me plaindre des neufs années, qui suivirent cette époque. On exploitait, terme moyen 12,000 pouds de — par an, et j'avais, l'un dans l'autre, 55 à 58,000 roubles de revenu net. En 1861 commença la crise qui changea complètement les relations des paysans avec les propriétaires fonciers, crise morale autant que matérielle, car tout fut en désarroi pendant quelques années. Les prétentions des ouvriers devinrent exorbitantes, leur travail était peu satisfaisant, l'autorité des intendants presque nulle. En 1865 je dois dire que tout a repris un cours normal, les esprits sont calmés, les ouvrages se font plus régulièrement, la main d'œuvre est à des prix raisonnables, nous avons pu exploiter environ 9,000 pouds de — cette dernière année, et il y a quatre mois mon intendant m'a apporté 27,000 roubles formant le revenu net de l'année 1865-6."

incomprehensible. This very year a change for the better took place in the exchanges, in consequence of the successful placing of a loan in the London and Amsterdam markets, and a subsequent loan for the Orel Railway; yet immediately after the Government chose to authorise a new issue of thirty millions of paper for the assumed benefit of commerce, as if commerce could ever be relatively bettered by the issue of assignats, which immediately reduce any hopeful tendency towards detaining money in the country or drawing capital to it. For, be it observed, one of the principal grounds for Russians sending capital out of their country has been for some time past a fear, we might almost say a panic, lest the exchanges should at length fall so low as to make the operation ruinous. If those who were disposed to transmit their capital abroad had had nothing but metallic currency to send they would have doubtless hesitated, being indifferent as to time; but when the varying exchanges told them that a delay might be ruinous, they bought bills at once, and so maintained the adverse condition of the exchanges. Of late the increased value of the rouble would tend to make men who had any doubt about the matter retain their capital in the country, whilst a renewed fall would have the effect of making them say, "The sooner we take advantage of the rate, such as it is, the better for us."

So far as the future is concerned, we are

inclined to think that with anything like a financial policy tending towards a renewal of metallic currency, and some greater economy in the expenditure of the State, there is a chance yet for the ultimate recovery of the rouble, because the importation of rails and machinery must greatly increase the producing power of the country, and there has been undoubtedly a diminution of extravagance in the two chief towns, and the consequent purchase of French luxuries is yearly diminishing. Be it understood that we only congratulate the country on the diminution of this kind of expenditure so long as they cannot pay in kind for the luxuries they consume. When they can it will be another thing. We pass by as undeserving of consideration the idea that the disadvantageous state of the exchanges is due to the large external debt, for we find that in 1864 sufficient gold was found in the Government of Orenberg to pay for the interest of bonds held abroad; and the yield of gold from Siberia and the Upper Ourals, although not so great as formerly, may certainly be counted of some importance.

It remains to take some note of the exportation of realised wealth which has so tended to affect the balance of the exchanges against Russia. The emancipation and the social reforms which accompanied it, and which gave to districts throughout the empire certain forms of self-government, not only deprived the *ci-devant* proprietor of all power over his serfs, but placed

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him, in respect to his local position as a land-owner, entirely on a level with them. The consequence of this has been to disgust many of the old school who were unwilling to encounter the lack of even paid labour which is felt in some districts, and still more have personal feelings and a social position diminished in importance, helped to increase the army of discontented ones. The place of these will, in course of time, be occupied by a class sprung from the peasantry, who have made their savings by the sweat of their brow, and Russia at a present loss will have exchanged a class unable to recognise the new order of things for others equally loyal, more patriotic, and having, consequently, greater faith in Russia's future.

Of course the Russians, like every other young nation, have their protectionist and free-trade parties, in which, prejudice and ignorance being always strongest in youth-time, the former have the best of it at present. The *Gazette de la Bourse* (free-trade) fights, however, bravely against the *Gazette de Moscow* (protectionist), and if argument and reason could carry the day would long since have won. The dispute has the same economical phase that presents itself in every other country, and the able document on Russian trade and commerce prepared by Mr. Mitchell, and forming a blue-book, comprehends most of the important features of the question as affecting Russia. It is worth while to note a peculiarity of the Russian mind, intensely mis-

trusting as it is that any nation in advocating free-trade can desire their good. There is none of the abuse of our ancient protectionists against Cobden, Mill, Bright, and the rest. A Russian is much too clever for that. Cobden's ideas are perfect in their way—only they must not be applied to Russia.

If we were in the same position (England before free-trade) who is there among us, gentlemen, who would be for protection, who would not proclaim free-trade, with all the warmth of patriotism and his convictions, in company with the renowned benefactor of humanity, who is called Cobden? (Thunders of applause.)

Thus spoke, at a banquet given to the upholders of national industry last February, M. Tchijof, director of the Bank of Commerce at Moscow. Another orator at the same banquet, M. Poletica, an iron-master, was exceedingly satirical on the "touching care some Governments take to reveal to Russians their true interests," referring thereby to the praiseworthy efforts of the Berlin and St. James's Cabinets to promote the doctrines of free-trade among the higher personages in Russia. This M. Poletica, by the way, if we mistake not, was so satisfied with the brilliant condition of trade under the present tariff, that he desired to dispose of the iron-works which belong to him to an English company, not more than a twelvemonth before he gave utterance to these sadly mistrustful views of free-trade reasoning. What MM. Tchijof and Poletica, and those who thundered applause

to their rhetoric, forgot—what is perpetually forgotten by all who regard solely the condition of their pockets, and not the future of their country or its welfare—are the words of Mr. J. S. Mill:—"To be protected against competition is to be protected in idleness, in mental dulness—to be saved the necessity of being as active and as intelligent as other people." The Russian iron-master or cotton-spinner does not know his strength; he wants self-reliance; he fears the economy, the tact of management, the morality of *employés* owned by other nations. He fears these, and hence he cries bitterly for protection.

It may fairly be said that the test of civilization is the perfection of the details by which the machinery of social life is carried on. In Russia these details are of the roughest and rudest description, and wherever a wave of the breath of western civilization passes, the price of the article is enhanced out of all proportion. Yet in matters that it would cost the Government little to reproduce some western conveniences it sleeps. Thus in the currency they have the neatest, prettiest coinage in the world, but it is only within the reach of the very rich, for the rouble is seldom at that figure in the exchanges which brings the issue of silver to par. That is to say, that for every paper rouble you can only get at the money-changers from 95 down to as low as 80, instead of 100 copecks. You are, perforce, compelled to accept copper also at a premium of from one to five copecks. Yet Russia

has before her the example of Belgium, and might coin a five and ten copeck piece, of a white metal alloy, like the Belgian centime coin, and might even issue half and quarter rouble paper. Her currency being in that medium, it can make little difference whether the rouble is divided or not. So far as the principle is concerned, the Government has done the mischief, when it once assented to an inconvertible issue. The next thing to which it should attend ought to be the convenience of the people who have to use it.

The reader will observe that we have abstained from much criticism, yet are there manifold shortcomings which must strike the most careless observer, such for example as the passport system, slightly improved, but still deplorably inconvenient; or the working of the Post Office, which, if it holds a registered letter to your address, demands the fulfilment of certain ridiculous formalities which will detain it a good twelve hours in their hands. These and many other evils are fairly subject to remark, but we do not desire to overshadow the praise due to a reforming *present* by severe language on the remnants of a vicious past.

For improvements in the Post Office, for an amelioration in the passport system, for a diminution in the number of *tchinovniks*, and an improved morality in those that are left, one may hope that time will do much; but the well-wisher to Russian progress should be aware that the old scythe-bearer has no definition in that country.

They content themselves with quoting our maxim that "time is money," but as for applying it practically, that is a thing they cannot realise. "Nichivo" is the song they sing wherever despatch of business is demanded, and "nichivo" is feebly translated by the synonym of Mr. Toots, "it's of no consequence." To radical cures Russia will be ever impervious; to slow and gradual amelioration we think she is as much open as England under Elizabeth; and without being in any way disposed to compliment the Emperor or his Government for speed, or for having done one whit more than their duty, we may glance with pleasure at the actual progress of the last seven years towards making fifty millions not only actually free in their bodies, but in delivering them from, or at any rate much controlling, that rapacious army of police who were only a little less infamous as an institution than the serf proprietors, and a great deal more so as a matter of fact. First, then, we have the emancipation itself, and the peasants made freeholders on terms which afford them every chance to become independent. Next we have the institution of the *juges de paix*, to whom the peasant can appeal for justice. The establishment of these stipendiary magistrates was the first blow dealt at the police, who are no longer able to make their own terms with those who get into trouble. Then, again, we have the institution of tribunals, and trial by jury, and an entire remodelling of the police, the chiefs being well

paid instead of having to seek their fees by taxing the public. These reforms alone are sufficient to mark the reign of Alexander II. as that of a wise, liberal, God-fearing monarch.

If we have omitted any notice of the Teutonic element in the national existence, the reason will be obvious. It shines in a past which we cannot praise; in the future the light it will assuredly give will be overshadowed by the Slavonic newly-awakened power. Yet should not all mention of this people pass without some recognition that to other than Slavonic genius is due much that has fitted Russia for the part she is to play in the world's history. Alexander II. draws some of his reforming spirit from Teutonic veins, and his subject, *Todleben* has marked by his fortitude and genius the capacity of the race from which he is sprung to illumine the fortunes of an alien people.

We wish we could regard her external with as perfect satisfaction as her internal policy; but there are obvious signs that her crusading tendency must evolve serious differences with more than one of the Western Powers. We do not speak with the most distant reference to the territories that have been, or are to be, under her influence where our interests are supposed by some to clash; we neither allude to Walrussia nor Central Asia. The public journals have pretty well exhausted the reasons which should prevent us from feeling any jealousy at the

transfer of the first*; and as regards the second, the balance of opinion is fortunately over-riding the fears of Anglo-Indians at the progress of Russians towards Bokhara. If this satrapy were annexed to the Czar's dominions to-morrow, the only effect would be to put a stop to an iniquitous traffic in white slaves, as has been pointed out by Vambéry in the first instance, and since by M. Guillaume Lejean in an article in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* (1st June 1867). The remarks of this latter gentleman, directed as they are against the prevailing opinions of his countrymen, which are anti-Russian, are well worth attentive study; and if we take the abolition of the slave traffic carried on by the Turcomans alone into consideration, it is rather hard to explain on what grounds we would limit the emancipation of humanity. Is it perfectly consistent to praise the emancipation of serfs, and cry aloud if he attempts to touch the chains of the Eastern white? No! Such civilization as the Russian people yet possess may with advantage be carried into the vast

* The chief thing worth noticing about this transfer is the change in the relations of the three peoples interested which a quarter of a century has brought about. To realise this, reference should be made to Sir J. Simpson's work. He started from Sitka (Walrussia), in a Russian vessel, and he is occupied throughout his journey with the future of that country (under serfdom, remember) and his own, and he scarcely deigns to mention the United States, much less to prognosticate her future. Yet he perfectly represented current opinion.

regions of Central Asia, until, touching the same Himalayan range, English and Russian shall rejoice together that they have replaced effete races, and swept away the barbarity of the emirs who ruled them.*

If, therefore, we are doubtful that the relations of Russia with Western Governments shall always tend towards the peace of Europe, we may safely repudiate any idea that her action can immediately affect ourselves. What we have already said is sufficient proof that we regard her as entering a new road of civilization, and one that will *in time* lead her far onward; but she must not conceive that by taking a step she accomplishes a journey, or that she can yet be regarded by Western nations as a fit champion for Christian peoples outside her borders, even where they happen to hold the same creed. If we welcome her internal reforms, we must remind her that other peoples are making the same, who have not the old vicious influences at work which render her steps so dilatory, and that it is not necessary, in acknowledging the institution of her tribunals, to repudiate the possibility of reforms equally striking in the country she covets. The asserted movements of Russian officers and agents in fomenting revolts among the subjects of a friendly power, can only tend to throw suspicion on her plausible demands for our co-operation in favour of a Christian

* Peccavi.—S. B., June 1883.

population; and the far-resounding intimation that she has no desire to interfere with Turkey is barely supported by the perpetual "nagging" which she chooses to adopt towards that Power. Willing as we are to admit that she will grant freedom of worship to her subjects, we by no means allow that in her external policy she steers clear of that "Christianity-mongering," which is as distasteful to a European Liberal* as the home oppression of an Ultramontane.

But in the interests of peace, her policy towards Turkey scarcely presents so black a spot in the horizon as that which has surged up this Spring on the Austrian side. It is impossible to overlook the recent so-called ethnographical exhibition at Moscow, and the manner in which the representatives of non-Russian Slavs were received, without recognising that, whatever the Emperor may choose to think or do, public opinion in Russia, which is beginning to make itself felt, is extremely hostile to Austria, and quite willing to avail itself of any opportunity of exhibiting this feeling. We are assured by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Idépendance Belge*, a writer who never fails to speak on the popular side, that the Government itself viewed this demonstration with some cold-

* I thought so then, but Liberals, led by a great gentleman with power of talk, and another the supreme leader of an un-English caucus-system, have changed their policy since the days of the great Palmerston.—S. B., 1883.

ness, and that it was only by force of a public opinion which he could scarcely resist that the Czar was induced to welcome the Galician and other Slavs personally. This we can well believe; for if there was any practical object in view, the whole affair was scarcely consistent with a friendly attitude towards Austria, whose subjects the members of the deputation were. The Muscovite party, on the other hand, overlooking with the impetuosity of irresponsible beings the facts of the case, and forgetting less easily than the Court the conduct of Austria during the Crimean war, have been glad at once to air their Sclavonic proclivities and national antipathies. Yet if they fail in gaining any great patronage from a Government which adores practice, the Muscovite theorists have given in this Slav demonstration a sign of much that will some day cause infinite diplomatic correspondence, if nothing worse. This may be, it is true, a matter far away in the future, and only deserving attention now in so far as it proves that a public opinion is beginning to make itself heard and felt in Russia; but then this is the dangerous side of a young nation's life, lest, being led away by a crusading tendency, she should devote herself to a propagandism out of her line, instead of falling gently into the road marked out for her by facts. Events at the commencement of the Polish revolution tended to show that the Galician peasants were not unfavourable to Austrian rule; and with all the slowness inherent in a Hapsburg

it cannot be difficult for that dynasty to inaugurate reform in her Slav provinces quite as speedily as ever Russia will betray. Our interest, it is needless to observe, is to see internal reforms throughout the East, and we do not necessarily side with Austrian tactics, because we wish to see her retain the good-will of those of her subjects who happen to be ethnographically the same as the Russians.

When Napoleon I. said that some day Europe would have to choose between being Cossack and Republican, he gave expression to the sentiments of the party of progress and freedom against old tradition and slavery. Europe, including Russia, has selected Republicanism because Cossackism, in the sense Napoleon used the word, ceased to exist when the ukase of emancipation was published. For this reason those who still regard Russia and the United States as the antipodes of each other scarcely grasp present facts under which the majority of both nations are individually landed proprietors. It is true that Russia has not representative institutions in their full perfection, but they will follow in due time.

The strict alliance between the Courts of Washington and St. Petersburg, always more than cordial during the Crimean and Confederate wars, has received a fresh proof in the visit of Mr. Fox, the Under Secretary of the United States Navy, in August last year, when he came to congratulate the Czar on his preservation from

the assassin, and also, as it appears, to do a little business in the purchase of the territory already alluded to. As we stated at the commencement of this paper, we believe that America has been before us in recognising in Russia a young nation with a tendency to free institutions, and we prefer to assign this as the *motif* for the alliance rather than accuse them both, as some have done in our hearing, of a common jealousy for all that constitutes civilization in Western Europe. Doubtless there is a hope that the alliance may be useful, but it is not a friendship that precludes one on our part. By nature the Russian and Anglo-Saxon are sympathetic. In their love of trade, in their energy, in their hospitality they are *en rapport*. The Russian and Italian natures do not assimilate. With the Anglo-Saxon it is different. Less highly civilized, more open-handed, more rough and ready than the Latin races, the Russian finds in our countrymen more that appeals to his sympathy. As with people so with courts and cabinets; and if there is any value in a Russian alliance, it is the fault of our statesmen and diplomatists if those of our lineage across the Atlantic supplant us at the Winter Palace.

A paper on Russia during the present reign would not be complete without some allusion to one of the most striking events in its history, which the peasant of the future will ever recall as he passes the little memorial chapel by the summer garden, the scene of the attempted

assassination of Alexander II., on the 4th April 1866. As we write these lines the telegraph informs us of another attempt at Paris, from which he was happily preserved. The first was the work of a fool, the second of a fanatic, and both are only calculated to endear the Czar-Liberator more than ever to the hearts of his subjects. The intense excitement of the masses* which we witnessed at St. Petersburg, after the first attempt, it would be difficult to describe, nor would it be in place here. Rather let us note the action of that section of the Czar's counsellors when called on to deduce a policy from a wicked act. The causes which led to it have been described in general terms in the report of the commission appointed to examine the evidence which Mouravieff had collected together. Whatever criticism we may pass on the manner in which they have fulfilled their duty, we may fairly observe that it would have had a greater historical value if accompanied by some, at least, of the evidence on which it is based. After recounting in general terms the

* An excitement and enthusiasm repeated on the Czar's return from Paris this year. The correspondent of *L'Indépendance Belge* apologises for his numerous details of the reception of the Czar by his people, in saying—" *C'est que cette réception a eu un caractère tout spontané et une sérieuse signification. Ce n'était pas une de ces démonstrations banales et obligées, qui se répètent souvent en Russie comme ailleurs. C'était bien et dûment la manifestation de cet amour raisonné que notre peuple nourrit pour Alexandre II. son libérateur et son régénérateur.*"

history of the would-be assassin and his associates, the commission conclude their report by reproving those in power for having relaxed the rigour of their surveillance, for having permitted increased freedom of the press, and for having given greater facilities for the dissemination of foreign literature. They even go so far as to insinuate that the steamboats on the Volga, those tardy pioneers of railway civilization, were to be used as a means for propagating dangerous tenets, and they make their covert allusion to these steamers with the evident intention of suggesting that their presence in developing the internal traffic of the empire is not an unmixed evil.*

It is difficult to understand against whom the reproofs of the commission were directed, for they were too sweeping and too general to be applicable to a minister. We conclude they were intended as an attack on the general policy of moderation and liberal views which have distinguished the Emperor. If this be a correct view, if these are the reactionary sentiments of a party who can see in books only the tools of the extreme Reds, and in the influence of the press only that evil side which touches the impression-

* It is said that some have sighed for the good old coach days. Well! there was speed then and a certain comfort; but fancy sighing for the days of horses and pillions, or—what is the same, comparatively, in Russia as far as speed, not comfort, is concerned—fancy sighing for a tarentasse!

able and the dissolute; if this is the insidious way by which, whilst apparently seeking to serve their imperial master, they would convey to his ear their own most womanly fears, well might we imagine a scene in which Alexander II. should recall some of the proudest days of his life, and in doing so rebuke those hearts faithless in their countrymen and frightened by the ghosts of revolutionists on board the Volga steamboats. We could imagine, then, that Alexander should take these men to the balcony of the Winter Palace, and recall to their recollection the 5th, 6th, 7th, and many more days in April, when peasants innumerable stood beneath his windows for one sight of his kindly face, when hurrahs rent the air, and hard, rough men wept for joy, shouts and tears expressing the loving feelings of a people for the man who had made them free! We could imagine the Czar-Liberator directing his minister to bring the piles and piles of addresses of sympathy from his people that flocked in for weeks and weeks from all parts of the empire! We could imagine the Czar recall to the memory of his craven counsellors these multitudes who rallied in heart and feeling round his throne? We could hear him say, with a dignity he so worthily bears—

“It is for this people, for these peasants, for these masses now uneducated, but fast rising out of the abyss of ignorance, in which you, princes and landowners, left them, that I have loosened the rigour of the laws which circumscribed the

press, and allowed foreign literature with its wisdom to mingle with our own, and flow freely among my people! Think you that I will at your craven bidding deny my people the mental food which is to make them great, because some wretched spirits have been unable to select the pure from the impure, the false from the true?" Such in the true interests of Russia has been, we trust, the practical, if silent, reply of the Czar-Liberator.

It was not our intention to act as a guide to the traveller who might visit this country, yet will we for a moment beg him to turn aside with us into the Summer Garden on the banks of the Neva at St. Petersburg. We are before the statue of a noble old man. It is Kreloff, the children's story-teller, the Russian Æsop. A little further, and we come across a statue* of Pouchkine, the great Russian poet. Then we will ask him to turn into the Alexander Theatre, and witness the great actor Cimoiloff touching a people's heart by his genius, interpreting in turn the Hamlet of Shakespeare or the Richelieu of Lytton, with a talent which has never been seen

* Two other statues will, doubtless, attract the visitor—that of the noble classical figure of Peter the Great, in the Isaac's plain; the other of Nicholas, some few hundred yards distant. A *mot* by some satirical art-critic will bear repeating:—"It has been said that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. This is an error; from the statue of Peter the Great to that of Nicholas there is at least a quarter of a mile."

by this generation in England. Inquire without, and we shall find that he is neither unhonoured nor uncared for by those who preside over the nation's welfare. Dead—intelligence and genius in this so-called barbarian country have found meet worshippers and fit monument; living—genius and talent are graced with the decorations which mark at least appreciation, and encouraged with the substantial fare of this world's goods. We have left Shakspeare unhonoured, and many another Pouchkine without a nation's mark of respect. In this, at least, let us take off our hats to Russia.

We have only now to conclude with a hope that what we have said may not be considered as an apology for autocracy, because in this case the sense of the Czar has over-ruled the wishes of those surrounding him, who perpetually cry in his ears "*il faut rebrousser chemin.*" We should much regret if there be any mistake about the nature of the commendation we bestow on Russia and her institutions. In recognising present reforms we do not attempt to whitewash a past. With nations as with children, we may despair of new ways if we never cease to forget the naughtiness of youth time.

Our object has been to draw attention to a people who have before them the race for complete freedom we have run ourselves; freedom from the tyranny of princes, because their Czar has accorded it; freedom from the tyranny of fanaticism, because it is not an essential of their

faith; freedom from the tyranny of their own passions, because God has given them intelligence which shall yield a rich harvest of thought, when full and perfect education shall crown the edifice their ruler has begun. Acknowledging, as none would be more ready to do than the Russians themselves, her deficiencies, there is yet ground for commendation of Emperor and people; and if the curbing of princes' power, the reform of a vicious police, the enfranchisement of millions, is not a proof that the song of humanity which Victor Hugo never ceases to sing, has at length found an echo in Russia—if this is not the case, then freedom is an idea, and Hugo's perpetual song the outpouring of vague sentiment! The wave of true Christianity, as distinguished from that of priests, has at length left its mark on Russian soil; it may, perchance, recede with the tide of human passions, common to them as to other nations, but again assuredly shall it surge still higher, aided by the noble emulation of an emancipated people!

NOTE.—The work on Russia by the Marquis de Custine, (Paris, 1839) is also worth reading, if only to compare the state of society then with that apparently existing at the present time. No doubt the well-known quotation which heads the title-page, taken from the precepts of some former ruler, to the effect that foreigners "should always be well received, so as to carry away an agreeable impression of the people," is a standard article of faith, and has been brought to bear on Mr. Dicey as on the Marquis, but it must not blind us to the facts seen by one or the other writer. The Frenchman was there during the period of Nicholas's most potent rule, when

serfdom was at its worst, yet he is compelled, in justice to Nicholas, to quote his remark to a deputation of peasants, "That if it depended on him they should not have to wait for their freedom," a remark, by the way, which led to something very like a revolution in the districts whence the peasants came, and afforded the travelled Frenchman an opportunity for recounting one of the most touching stories connected with the peasants and their intendants we have ever read.

POSTSCRIPT, 1883.—Alas ! these very fine sentiments were scarcely borne out, at least by the Government of Russia, when it embarked in an iniquitous war against the brave and unfortunate Turk. That a Bulgarian's liberty was insufficient or worth fighting for, *vide* the impartial remarks of most of the war correspondents during that fatal campaign—fatal at least to every political principle for which England had shed her blood, and for which she would have shed it again if Palmerston had been at the helm. Then Russia would have been warned that crossing the Pruth meant war with us. Nor is it altogether a consolation to those who seek after sound policy on the part of English statesmen to find so great a man as Lord Beaconsfield, in admitting an error, throw a generous shield over the seceder who was responsible for it.

"One of the results of my attending the Congress of Berlin has been to prove what I always suspected to be an absolute fact, that neither the Crimean war nor this horrible devastating war which has just terminated would have taken place if England had spoken with the necessary

firmness. Russia has complaints to make against this country, that neither in the case of the Crimean war nor on this occasion—and I don't shrink from my share of the responsibility [he might well have put it on Lord Derby] in this matter—was the voice of England so clear and decided as to exercise a due share in the guidance of European opinion.”—*Speech at the banquet at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, 28 July 1878.*

Englishmen do not want that over-cautious intelligence that has distinguished the nobleman who has since seceded *tout-a-fait*. They like the ever-ready acuteness of a Palmerston whom no Schouvaloff ever hoodwinked.

To hear Mr. Gladstone mouth at the time of the so-called Bulgarian atrocities, one might have imagined that there was no such mighty a stream as the Danube, no European Commission existent whose duty it was to keep open its mouths, no interests of peoples quite as worthy of Christian consideration as a wretched Bulgarian on whom Russia now “sits” as the Turk did before her. To read as I go to press:—“As it is now practically certain that Russia has succeeded in carrying her point at the Danubian Conference, and, mainly owing to Mr. Gladstone's surrender of the traditional policy of England, has been enabled to entrench herself in a privileged position at the mouth of the Danube, &c.”—to read this, is to sicken one over the history of the period when an oratorical gentleman stumped the provinces.

I have adopted as my motto to this work, that a writer should say what his convictions are,

come what may, but he ought to express them in language that may not be misunderstood; and this gives me cause to explain that some "Satirical Comments" of mine in verse have led others to suppose that I reflected on an English statesman who went to Constantinople, in a sense that was very far from my thoughts. I merely meant to say that he should have gone there without the domestic circle about him, who were known to have High Church and consequently Greek Church proclivities. Any other meaning would justly cause the writer to be arraigned as a scurrilous versifier.

It will, therefore, be seen by the above remarks that the writer must qualify some things he wrote in '67, although his prophecy that there was a little cloud on the Galician frontier is only now beginning to seem true. Certainly no one in 1865-6 who visited Russia would have imagined that in ten years she would strike another blow at her traditional enemy—Turkey. That the cause of that war was an attempt to escape from internal difficulties may be true enough, but it was not the less a war of surprise to many besides the writer. Count Schouvaloff was not thinking about it in 1865. Rather was he occupied, like many other courtiers, in the question whether the serf-reform had been successful or not, and was good enough to cross-examine the writer, when they met at the house of a mutual friend, on his views. Prince Labanoff, whom the writer met at the house of the Prince's

sister-in-law, being at that time home from his position at Constantinople, was more earnest in agricultural and other reforms than in the question of external politics.

You might read in men's minds a not too great love for England, a fancied sympathy with the great Republic in America, a jealousy of Germany, an intense hatred for Austria, and just a little nagging at poor Turkey; but no thought of war then.

The Northern Slav is persistent, cold-blooded, and unscrupulous. Under what precise conditions of mind Lord Derby could have been hoodwinked by that very highly-veneered person, Count Schouvaloff, will always remain a mystery to the writer, as no doubt it has been to many others who have known the Count. Beyond this, I am happy to find that I was not too sanguine in anticipating a great increase in Russian manufactures, and a determination to be independent of other countries; and the latest report by the Secretary of our Embassy confirms this, the manufacture of locomotives and farm implements having increased at a prodigious rate.

I may note in this postscript the singular fact that the Censorship in Russia was extremely irate at some sentiments to which the writer had given expression, and forbade the introduction of the number of the "Westminster Review" containing the above article into Russia. But then, again, these red tape coercion bureaux are so extremely illogical. Whilst they forbade the English

version to enter the Empire, the official organ of the Russian Government at Brussels ("Le Nord") was translating it in full in their columns, which certainly never failed to have free entry there. The ways of Russian officials are past finding out, but it may well be conceived that an attack on "tehinovnikism," by which they have their bread, would not find particular favour with them.

Finally, it might be thought that in face of the recent Coronation at Moscow, with its gorgeous fêtes, its apparent confirmation in the eyes of the nation of the divine mission of the Czars, the chance might be seized to extend a re-published paper like this. I confess that I do not care to be very prolix or prophetic on the country for which I once anticipated an earlier future of civilization than is now likely to obtain. In 1866 Nihilism might exist—I saw myself young ladies with their hair cut who were pretentious Nihilists; but it was not a political factor, it did not seem likely to cause an unjust external war in order to save a monarch that in the end it destroyed. If, on the one hand, Alexander III. has been crowned, for how many months did the Nihilists succeed in shutting him up in Gatchina? That was not the way to show the old-fashioned power of a Czar; and 600 miles of sentinelled railway diminishes the moral value of a Coronation with its attendant Archimandrite's blessing. Where, then, is Russia to drift? Is there to be in some near future a Skobelev who, by good fortune, shall escape an early—some say a sudden

—death, whose genius, purely Russian and unscrupulous, may lead a nation? Or shall the empire, with its communes of the most purely democratic nature, break up into a series of petty republics, and thus once, and once and for ever, sweep away the *tchinn*, that great scourge to the land, that great teacher to the Russians that venality, lies, and snobbishness combined are perfectly respectable qualities?

A few words about Semitic atrocities, concerning which ministers now in office are abstaining from interference, although they could pester an executive when out of office, and when it was suitable to them to raise a cry against the Turk about similar ills. We may be sorry for the Semites, we may hate and detest atrocities of any kind, but, in face of our own practices towards that acute race in days when we were very barbarous, it would be better that we should stay our tongue a little when we criticise another nation in their treatment of this race. Perhaps the Semites have somewhat ground down a careless peasantry until flesh and blood could no longer bear with their exactions. We know that in Bohemia, and many of the eastern provinces of Austria, that acute, avaricious, and powerfully-thinking race have tried the temper of a peasantry as well as in Russia. All honour to co-religionists who fight the battles (not of an oppressed, but) of a race who sometimes, as with us, find their masters by physical laws; but let them remember that the cold and impartial

historian will gather together not only what was done in the way of atrocity, but what led the peasantry to do it.

Let anyone read "Le Juif de Sophiefka," published in May 1883, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and, not treating it as simply a romance, read and compare it with some sentiments the all-wise Shakespeare put to paper.

To those wishing to know more about Russia I would say, "Read G. A. Sala's 'Journey due North.'" For many a day his description of manners, thoughts and customs, will be as true as when he wrote those admirable papers.

CARRIAGES, ROADS, AND COACHES.

From the "Quarterly Review," October 1877.

It is our intention in this paper to treat of carriages that run upon ordinary roads, as distinguished from rolling stock on railways. With carriages we shall also associate the existing roads, whether in city or province, and we shall not overlook the important part that tramways play in our social economy. We shall complete our review with an outline of what the past presented to us in the form of mails and coaches, and what the last few years have given us as a mild renaissance of one of the mainsprings of English life forty years ago.

Anyone who has travelled in a Russian taren-tasse has learnt how a people emerging from barbarism, with roads ill adapted to Western springs, obtain by the elasticity of wood some comfort for the boyard and enable the Moscow merchant to limit the aching of his bones. The wheels, the axle-trees, and lynch-pins are there;

the carriage itself is far from uncomfortable, and it is slung on a couple of strong but pliable poles, which run from the fore to the hind axle-tree. We say nothing of the discomfort of the driver, of his white teeth, nor of his merry laugh, as the near-wheeler makes a plunge to the off to avoid that well-neglected hole in the bridge you are traversing. How he sits is a marvel, as also is the pace his team often makes! In Norway, again, the traveller gets a little cariole adapted for one person only, which his pony bowls along at some six miles an hour, with no springs to ease the traveller, who in this case is the driver, but with such long shafts that the most luxurious will hardly call out for them. The length of the shaft is the spring,* though, as a matter of fact, the roads north of Christiania are quite good enough for one of the Hastings village-carts in which travellers, particularly loving couples, might have the advantage of trotting along together to exchange views about the scenery, instead of lolling away some hundred yards apart past beautiful waterfalls and through valleys like the Romsdal.

The tarentasse and the cariole are the representative carriages of a semi-civilization, adapted for what were not roads, but by-paths or open wastes. Like Finland, which long since surpassed

* The cariole is easy enough. We drove one from 3 P.M. to 4 A.M., with a rest of one hour and a half for dinner, and walked twenty miles within the next sixteen hours.

Russia in having good macadamised roads, due, we are bound to say, to the propinquity of granite wherewith to make them, Sweden and Norway have given us the routes, and the carriage builder of the country has not kept pace with them. It is long since wood and the length of it was depended on in Western Europe to give us ease in our short or long stages.* Even the job-master from Brussels will risk his springs along those wretched paved ways that lead in divers directions from that city, particularly to Waterloo. Briefly, springs in various forms are universal, and are open to our approval or the reverse, according to their form and the superincumbent weight. Before we notice the vehicles to which they are usually applied, it may be worth while to draw attention to their names and their derivation. "It is singular," says Mr. Bridges Adams, "that all our names for carriages are taken from abroad. The coach from the Hungarian kotsee†; the chariot, vis-à-vis and chaise from the French; the landau, barouche, britzscha, and droitzscha, from the German; currie from the Latin; whilst

* Fitz Allan, Earl of Arundel, introduced coaches in 1580, the good Queen Bess having before that ridden behind her chamberlain. Springs came into use in the early part of the last century, and on the 8th August 1784 the first mail coach ran between Bath and London. In 1837, 141 mails and coaches passed Hyde Park barracks daily, and for the year ending the 5th January, 1837, 6,643,217 miles were run by mail coaches.

† A note by Captain Malet, in his "Annals of the Road" (p. 3), throws some doubt on this derivation.

of whiskey, gig, stanhope, tilbury, buggy, dennet, and jaunting car, our only native names, six of them are variations of the same thing." But how about drag, dog-cart, mail phaeton, and hansom, the happily named "gondola of the London streets," Mr. Adams?

Carriage building is so far an art that it is, or should be, an application of science, and not the drivelling of a mere mechanical idiot who presumes to ignore the importance of sound theory; and it would be unjust to say that the true position which coach-building should take, as something more than an industry, has been overlooked by all connected with it. In the discussion which followed the reading of a suggestive paper by Mr. Hooper at the Society of Arts, 5th of December 1855, one speaker (Mr. James Rock, junior) expressed very neatly what is required. "The master coach-builder, if master of his art, required to be a compound of the artist and the engineer." Yet whilst other countries have their technical schools for workmen, we work on in a rule of thumb fashion, progressive builders finding perverse workmen, and perverse workmen for the most part finding masters content with the unscientific and unartistic method of doing work. To compete with the workmen of foreign nations our own must go through as good a course of education, and, leaving Staffordshire and other districts to supply London and provincial builders with iron, laces, silks, cloths, hides, varnishes, oils, and colours, we must educate the artist to

combine these so that we may secure our own, and maintain a large export trade. A very few years ago an organ of coach-builders sounded the note of warning that Paris, by more elegant form and delicate finish, was having the monopoly of the export of *voitures de luxe* to the United States, and the advance since then made by us has not been sufficient to regain lost ground. In reply to that note, a New York journal intimated that perchance they themselves might enter into competition with us as exporters. We shall see that they have done so.

In April last, a meeting on the subject of technical education was held at the Artisans' Institute, Castle Street, when some very plain truths were put forward by Mr. Morley, M.P., and others who attended it. It was said with perfect accuracy, that if our workmen wish to hold their own against those of foreign nations, they must go through a course of superior education; and to no handicraft is the establishment of this technical school more important than to that of which we are writing. That there will be some limit to the subjects with which it deals is unquestionable, for it will otherwise trench on the field of others; but we may fairly expect its professors to settle in an authoritative manner what is the best material and form for spokes, stocks (hubs) and felloes. Of the three woods: elm, gum-wood, and locust, which is the best for the stocks? or, indeed, is the last admissible, although recognised in the United States?

Admitting that hickory is the best for the spokes of light wheels, at what point in the weight of wheels should oak replace it? Is our somewhat flat form scientifically as good as the more rounded turn which the American wheelwright gives his spoke? Should the felloes be formed of two pieces as with them, or four as with us, and should they be of oak, ash, or bois d'arc? How about the addition of steel-plates round and between the spokes, where they enter the hub? Then, again, what wood offers the best materials for pole or shafts, and is there any combination of wood and iron which shall render the breaking of a pole further removed from possibility, or should we follow the Americans, and seek in a combination of hickory and ash the best security for our families who drive out in a hilly country? Is there any value in the American side-bar spring; and of the various patents of it taken out there, which is the best?

At such a school a workman will learn how leather is to be cut to the best advantage, how to detect whether it has been oak-bark or chemically tanned; and its teachers will have to settle whether the grain should run vertically, horizontally, or diagonally on the carriage top, all three plans being at present adopted by three separate French and English firms of note. Again, is there any particular quality in the Valentine varnish which, as an American production, is beginning to replace in the States our own renowned varnishes, which up to within a few years

had almost a monopoly there, as, indeed, they still have elsewhere? Is it more durable? What is its comparative lustre, and what is the proper instrument for testing this? What is the most colourless varnish to lay over white paint? Are the Americans right in affirming that the day for preparing wood by a series of lead coatings is gone by, and that some other plan should obtain for filling up the pores of the wood and preparing it to take the paint? Above all, a working painter should be able to learn why it is that certain colours will not stand with certain varnishes, and what is the reason, in a chemical sense, for this. Might not such an Institute also settle whether what is termed the "French rule" in designing carriages should or should not obtain with us? The Americans seem to think something of it.

If we would hold our own in that enormous trade which the Australian colonies and India ought to give us, we must all, master and workman, have these points at our fingers' ends. As exporters we must recognise that an Australian colonist may want a light strong vehicle to rattle over long distances, and that the American being more likely to have the type than ourselves, we must borrow from him. It was only the other day that the member of a New York firm passed through London on his way to continental cities. He had already visited India, China, Japan and Australia with his patterns for materials which enter into the construction of carriages, such as

spokes, hubs, bolts, leathers, &c., so that we have in competition with us not only the New York carriage-builder, but the manufacturer of material to send ready to the colonial constructor at Melbourne and Sydney. And if the orders obtained (of the number of which he did not seem to complain) were executed according to sample, it was certainly not cheap clocks or wooden nutmegs that he had been attempting to supply. Indeed, in one case, he had been seeking orders for certain buckles, rings, terrets, hames, &c., which would raise the price of any harness where they might be used from 25 to 75 per cent., and this for ornamental as well as strictly useful purposes. And that this word ornamental may not be mistaken for the mere addition of garish and expensive metals, let us add, in all fairness to the American, that the principle of these mountings involved the manufacture of the neatest as well as the most durable harness, for the metallic parts, that we have yet seen—inasmuch as all metal was covered by a durable rubber coating, and neatness and solidity were obtained far beyond anything yet presented in this kingdom of good harness-work.

If, since the Exhibition of 1862, there has been with us some improvement in the colour and design for interior fittings, we can scarcely congratulate our builders on equalling the French in the quality of the work they put into them. In the elegance of form of exterior work our brougham rarely comes to the French or Belgian

“coupé,” whilst the demands of job-masters, who have little respect for the horse, have elongated it into that ugly cruelty-van, the clarence. Sometimes a barouche or landau may be seen about our streets on C-springs with tolerable lines, but they are unwieldy vehicles, little suited for the crowded thoroughfares of London in the present day. The Victoria phaeton, now so fashionable, was brought over from Paris before the war by a royal personage, although a less elegant form of the same carriage had long been known in England; but, pretty and useful as it is now deemed, we have reason to believe that the trade made great opposition to its introduction from motives of self-interest. The truth is that many of its members do not depend on orders given for a particular carriage as in former days, but keep in stock a large number from which their customers may choose. They have, therefore, every interest in getting rid of the old stock before they lend an ear to new forms. Even with so good a model of this carriage as that presented to them in the Victoria, the English builders do not see fit to maintain the same lines, and for some inscrutable reason deem that the hood when down should rest at an angle, whereas the “cachet” of the Parisian equipage lies in the absolute straight line it maintains with the horizon—a straight line which, moreover, better reveals to us the figure and toilette of the fair passenger. In the same way the hood of our mail phaeton is never flat enough.

Again, the proportions of a splash-board are of as much importance in the design of an elegant vehicle as the shape of the body. With regard to the position of lamps there is no recognised rule, particularly in the case of dog-carts, many builders placing them on the splash-board when they might as easily be fixed on the sides of the body. Now, it is a rule without exception that a driver should have his lights if anything rather behind him. The chief objection to a foot-board lamp on a drag is that it is before the coachman.

The "Draft Book of Centennial Carriages" ✓ displayed last year in Philadelphia gives us by its engravings and letter-press a very interesting *résumé* of what the home and foreign exhibitors presented there, and in novelty of form and construction our American cousins have exhibited much worthy of attention. Among the carriages peculiar to them which approach in form our own types with, as we think, some marked improvements in construction, may be mentioned the "Surrey Waggon" Nos. 15, 17 and 97, the body of which is like our T-cart, but the springs and mode of hanging are American *pure et simple*. The "Jump seat" carriage, No. 58, also has much to recommend it, the wheels, as in the Surrey Waggon, being of large diameter, and that excellent thing the perch being maintained. The "Rockaway" and "Piano-box" waggons may be put aside as unlikely to suit our own people, admirable as they probably are for long journeys where protection from a hot sun and

lightness are required. The "Sand-runner" (Viennese), No. 74, is another example at the Centennial Exhibition of an improvement (save in respect to the panels) on our own Stanhope phaeton, high wheels being combined with a perch and telegraph springs; but it is a pity that in this, as in many other cases, the exhibitors did not furnish the editor with the weight of the carriage. Where, as in the case of an eighty-pound waggon, No. 39, the details of the weight are given, we obtain useful facts for comparison.

The Americans have given the very apt term "lazy-back" to the raised rest for the back of the passenger now so common in drags and other vehicles, and the mention of it enables us to take note of the criticism of the editor of the "Draft Book" on the "canting back" of three inches which a foreign exhibitor gave to his lazy-backs. The editor thinks that being made upright, or vertical, they would be "more useful and even more stylish." With reference to the general question of "lines," on which we have already said something, we would lay down as a principle, that wherever they are by their nature horizontal, as in the case of seats, the set of hoods, &c., they cannot be too strictly horizontal, and wherever the lines are by their nature vertical they may without harm deviate to a slight incline backwards, except in the case of a splash-board to a brougham or other vehicle, which must be strictly vertical. And the reason for what some may deem hyper-fastidiousness in "lines" is not

difficult to give. A vehicle should in appearance run light, and whatever lines appear over the horizontal give the effect of increased matter for the horse to draw. Among improvements suggested by French exhibitors, we may mention the check by braces applied to the front part of the hind springs in the four-in-hand break, No. 85, a very great necessity where the builder has dispensed with a perch ; but the editor of this work does not seem aware of the distinction between what we in England term a "break" and the carriage to which the French give that name with the addition of the letter c. With us, composed of a box-seat and a huge perch, it has no convenience for passengers, whereas in France it is used mostly for pleasure purposes in forms more or less approaching the one to which we have referred. Our builders are now beginning to construct a similar vehicle, but it is a "breack" strictly borrowed from the French, with hind seats for servants, either dog-cart fashion or raised up like the hind seats of a mail coach.

We may also notice in the "Draft Book," No. 82, a demi-landau, by Messrs. J. B. Brewster & Co., a well-known New York firm. It presents an admirable arrangement for a close and open brougham, and having met with the same form on the Continent, we have long been surprised that it has not been adopted here.

Let us add one criticism on the fittings of a large number of vehicles, whether American or foreign. Cushions tied-in with buttons, as in our

dining-room chairs, are obviously out of place in the furniture of a rolling habitation (for that is what a carriage is), where the greatest amount of dust is likely to prevail. For this reason the make of both lazy-backs and cushions is faulty in America, as with us. Framed work, stuffed and covered with stretched leather or cloth, is the only true and clean form for such parts of carriage-furniture.

Since the Philadelphia Exhibition there has been one novelty* in springs, by an English maker, which has theoretically a great deal to recommend it. It is a true C spring combined with a half-elliptic spring, whereby the usual dumb-springs, which weigh so much, are dispensed with, and lateral motion reduced to a minimum; but we scarcely assent to the view of the inventors that their new arrangement renders the old perch a needless accessory, for, as we maintain elsewhere, the perch is or should be the base of every carriage with pretensions to durability, and need not necessarily be heavy to be effective.†

* Not exactly a novelty, for I afterwards came across a carriage at a provincial builder's with springs of precisely the same pattern twenty years of age.—S. B., 14 June 1883.

† To what has been said above I may add (14 June 1883) that the old C-spring sprang direct from the axle-trees. It had no dumb-springs between the trees, and the point from which they (the C-springs) take their curve. Consequently the whole was much lighter than what obtains now. I will not venture to say that the dumb-springs do not give increased ease, but most certainly the weight they import is a serious factor in their use, and has made the public rush to the elliptic. Yet in a modified form we have lately had

On the subject of hoods, it would be unfair to our own carriage-builders to overlook the very practical plans that have been invented for opening and closing them from the interior, on which the editor of the "Draft Book" says: "The idea (of automatic landau tops) is practical, and we know of no sufficient reason why it has not yet been adopted in this country (America). Allow us to predict that ten years from now it will be considered an indispensable addition to every heavy carriage with adjustable top."

Mr. Adams (1837) was even less complimentary to English carriage-builders than we are disposed to be now; he says:—

Carriages are made to sell as plays are written to fill theatres, and an English carriage-builder takes a French or German carriage to improve on to save time and trouble, as the play-writer translates a French play to save the labour of his brains. Improvements are forced on English builders by purchasers. Almost all changes and improvements may be traced in their origin to the carriage users, and not the carriage-builders.

introduced (notably by one firm) for buggies, the old C-spring without dumb-springs, and I really cannot see why we should not have the same to a four-wheeled vehicle *with* a perch *bien entendu*. Let anyone interested in this subject call at 113, Victoria Street, S.W., and ask to see the design for a chariot made for George IV. (I think) for use in the Home Park, Windsor, and then he will learn how low a centre of gravity can be attained with perch and C-springs. In 1882, a firm in Oxford Street had on show a chariot they had been repairing for the Duchess of Cleveland. It was built, fifty years ago, by Pearce and Countz of Long Acre, and for elegance and lightness we fancy it would be difficult to beat now. It had no "dumb-springs"!

Yet Mr. Adams, in his desire to advance, did not suggest much beyond a very unpractical equirota! carriage, although by its form he insisted on one point which forms a characteristic in American carriages, viz. that by raising the height of the front wheel we effect a great improvement. The equirota! carriage with its fore and hind wheels of the same height failed, because in practice, when the perch-bolt is thrown back, as in Jacob's invention (1810), reproduced of late by a London builder, the coach does not run so straight.* How much more so, when, as in Mr. Adams's carriage, the fore and hind parts were jointed in the centre, so that in turning the driver was always square with his horses! This, in fact, was about its only merit. The Americans, more practical, have raised the fore wheel, and their transverse springs and useful, we might say essential, perch have been adopted by one of our builders in so perfect a way as to form one of the greatest advances in English carriage-building yet made. But the said advance was due to the suggestion of a carriage user, and the builder has acknowledged it by calling the carriage after him.

Mr. Adams observed very truly:—

Carriage-builders have not been remarkable as a scientific body. They have been, strictly speaking, "practical men," and as the knowledge they have gained by experience has not been carefully hoarded in books, carriage construction has remained a sort of occult matter without any specific

* Malet's "Annals of the Road," p. 163.

theory attached to it. Each one, as he is fresh initiated, gains his knowledge as he best can from verbal instruction, or from a new series of experiments, and thus a considerable portion of his time must elapse ere he can have verified his judgment. Enough of this knowledge exists in various brains which might suffice for the construction of a sound theory; but it would be a difficult operation to gather it together, for many petty feelings would be at work. In the meantime, all mention of theory, save in derision, is decried. . . . The *theory* of a subject is the *science* or philosophy of that subject; practice is the positive knowledge or proof of the soundness of the theory. But as theories are more plentiful than practices, and as many of them are not verified, there are, of course, many false ones. On this ground, unscientific experimentalists have acquired the habit of regarding all theory as false, which is about as reasonable as it would be to assert that because falsehood exists in the world, all truth must therefore be extinct.

When we have said that the English builders' springs are good, their iron-work sound, and their wood well seasoned and well put together, we have summed up the chief qualities that have obtained for English carriages a reputation for durability; but the Antipodes send to Europe critics in taste as well as purchasers for value in lasting quality. In varnishing,* we generally had

* When a builder has sent home the carriage, he has a right to claim from the owner some attention to it not always afforded. The coach-house should be separate from the stable, so that the ammonia from the manure shall not destroy the varnish; and the owner should make it a *sine quâ non* that his coachman washes the carriage the same day, so that no dirt may dry on it. Without these precautions, no varnish will ever be maintained in its original lustre.

the credit of surpassing other nations, but America is already competing with us in this as well as in "priming," where a certain wood-filling pigment seems likely to put the usual lead-coating out of court. Our builders do not seem to avail themselves of the most obvious improvements suggested by other nations, otherwise we should long since have had the rubber steps for ladies to mount by, at once softer and less slippery than iron, but durable enough. We have noticed some mail phaetons with a front step suspended from the roller-bolt and made parallel with the wheel. We are not aware that there are any practical objections to this method, but if there are, and the driver is to mount by putting his left foot on the axle-box, why has not this been long since fitted with a prominent jagged ring that will give real foot-hold in place of the feeble dents that anyone may observe on the axle-box of our vehicles? As to cushions, they are still maintained for exterior seats by some builders, and the work put into them will often not bear scrutiny. We are speaking particularly of that detail in carriage furniture which affects the comfort of the outside traveller, be he gentleman, coachman, or footman. A seat, it is obvious, may be formed of the bare wood, or of a cushion to be placed on it, or, again, of a specially framed seat, soft and convenient for the occupant. As a rule, this last form, where the cloth or leather is stretched on a wooden frame over the wool and hair which fills the interior, is beginning generally to obtain, having been im-

ported with the Victoria from France. But such is the inclination of the carriage-builder to deviate from what common sense and strict theory ordain, that we see this seat made for its whole length with a slope, for the sake of presenting to the carriage purchaser a neat and pretty effect. It certainly can be for no other reason, for, once occupied, the seat is hidden. The only reason for its existence is for the comfort of the occupants. Although to some this may appear an unimportant question, we shall pursue the subject, because it presents so apt an illustration of the singular want of attention to detail, and well-timed conception of what may attract a purchaser, which characterises so many of our English builders. It is obvious that the front seat is for two persons, the driver, and another beside him. It will have been noticed by most people, that where an extra seat or cushion has not been provided for the driver, he will double up a horse-cloth or coat in order to raise his own share of the seat, so as to be at an angle. His companion, on the other hand, who wishes to sit easily, as in a chair, will rather prefer that his seat should have a slope towards the back. Now, in place of the horse-cloth or untidy cushion, the French builder devised a neatly-constructed seat, separate from the other one, with an angle exactly suited to the wants of the driver, and this plan has been followed by our builders in many cases, thereby giving an inclined position to the driver, and a flat or reversely inclined seat for his companion. The exceptions

to which we have referred, where the whole of the seat is made one uniform slope, to the discomfort of the non-driver, without a sufficient angle for the driver, illustrates the absence of thought of the English carriage-builder. So long as he can put together a vehicle which may attract ladies with full purses, so long will he decline to recognise the necessity for intelligence in details. We shall again, in speaking of modern road-coaches, have to refer to this subject. We reserve for that part of our paper devoted to roads, some remarks having reference to a method for diminishing jolt and vibration, due to American intelligence.

A good deal has been said about certain manufactures passing out of our hands into those of citizens of the United States, but if there is a trade in which the export orders are likely to be sent from Australian, and other carriage consumers, to Paris, Vienna, Brussels, and perhaps New York, instead of London and Southampton, it certainly is this one, unless our people supplement good sound work by increased taste in their lines, greater attention to the form and colour of their seats and linings, and a ready eye for every improvement. Of the harness-makers, a trade allied to carriage-builders, we have more agreeable things to say, their work being generally neat and almost always good. Still, Russia is not far behind them, apart from saddlery, and we have some idea that the United States manufacturers are not idle in the competition for the trade of the

world. So far as we have been able to learn from the trade there has not yet been invented a sewing-machine to meet the requirements of the sound harness-maker. The final "twitch" with which a workman finishes each stitch cannot be made save by manual labour, and the day is probably far distant when this work of the hands will be superseded by that of the machine.

McAdam will ever stand as the originator of the best system of pavement for country roads. From the difficulty, probably, of obtaining at a moderate expense the necessary material in the Low Countries, the "communes" have constructed, and still maintain, roads rather more uneasy for a spring-carriage than the worst paved of our by-streets; and probably few who have travelled by the Brussels and Waterloo coach but have blest the advent of a railway to relieve them from much spine-suffering. Whether political causes, and the suppression of the landed gentry have had anything to do with this is not a question here, but certain it is that any proprietor of a chateau between Antwerp on the one side and Liège on the other, would scarcely be induced to inhabit his place for any pleasure he might hope to take in driving to and from the nearest market-town. Indeed, a certain French vicomte of our acquaintance in the neighbourhood of Tirlemont told us that it was absolutely impossible to drive outside the park-gates of his father-in-law's chateau. These same paved roads of Flanders

existed, and, for ought we know, exist still, in Cheshire. Whether want of good material for macadamising is the reason we know not, nor what effect the paved roads have in the diminution of gentlefolks' carriage traffic, but certain it is that, when you get out of certain districts, *e.g.*, towards Derbyshire, the macadam comes in, just as in Belgium, when you get into the hilly district of the Ardennes, perfectly good macadamised roads are found. It is singular that McAdam's rule as to the size of stones should be less observed in this country than by the employés of the "travaux publics" abroad. There, too, six-horse rollers are found to do the work of setting a roadway far more effectually than our steam-rollers; and we do not hesitate to say that the use of these, at their present weight, is one of the greatest mistakes ever imported into the construction of this kind of way. The weight of a roller should be sufficient to bind, without crushing either the material, or, as we are informed happened at Brighton, the pipes underneath it. If anyone is disposed to dispute our view, he cannot have observed the disastrous result produced by two steam-rollers opposite Connaught Place last March. Anything further removed from a complete macadamised road, when the traffic was admitted to run on it, could not be conceived.

Macadam properly laid down will ever have a superiority over other methods of paving, because, 1st, the draught on it is very little below that on other forms; 2nd, because, except in

case of "*verglas*" * horses rarely slip on it; 3rd, because under any conditions, horses that are down can easier rise from it; and we might almost go so far as to say that, were there a Road Commission for the whole of the Metropolitan district, with power to impose its desires on the gas and water companies, macadam might be laid down and maintained throughout London with advantage. But as long as these companies have Parliamentary powers to take up a roadway, the macadam of which has just been perfected, so long will it be impossible to present this pavement in a favourable light to the ratepayers who are taxed, or the riders in carriages whose comfort is injured by travelling over it after it has been ruined by the repairs to gas and water pipes. Moreover, it is only a Central Commission, with a staff ever at work, that could succeed in relaying *at night* roads out of repair, the only true method of meeting the difficulties of London traffic.

So long ago as 1843, one T. D. Hope, engineer, in a Report to the Scottish Society of Arts, gave the comparative weights the same horse-power could draw, at 28 cwt. for granite, 34½ for macadam, and 50 cwt. for wood-pavement, asphalt being then unknown. Moreover, his views were that in eighteen months granite would wear out $\frac{7}{32}$ inch, and wood only $\frac{4}{32}$ inch; but he seems to have overlooked the possible effect of

* There is no English term so neatly comprising a slippery condition of road attained by snow and frost, or thaw and a frost following each other.

rot on the underside of the wood-blocks. With wood we may be safe on the surface, but we break down unless a very perfect system of securing the underside from damp is carried out consistently in practice. Since his experiments there have been others, more elaborate and conclusive, by Mr. Haywood, the City Engineer,* the essence of whose reports brings to us for consideration six points, three of which we shall eliminate as not essential for argument in this paper, adding two, which for obvious reasons it was not necessary that Mr. Haywood should discuss. These points are :—

1. Washing of pavements.
2. Inflammability of asphalte.
3. Experiments in melting snow.
(To 1, 2, 3, we do not refer.)
4. Accidents to horses.
5. Facility to a horse for rising after a fall.
6. Durability of each kind.
7. The noise produced causing (a) inconvenience to the occupant of a carriage, and (b) to the public which the carriage passes ; and
8. The draught of a carriage on either way.
(7 and 8, added by us.)

The following is a *précis* of the facts arrived at by Mr. Haywood in considering the relative

* The profession of which he and Sir J. Bazalgette are members may be well pleased with their Metropolitan representatives, for some well-justified taunts have been levelled of late years against engineers, who, in their railroad vagaries

merits of granite, asphalte, and wood. During the fifty days (March and April 1873) when the observations were taken, between 8 A.M. and 8 P.M., 23,286 horses passed over 2,033 feet of the asphalte (worst gradient 1 in 58), 13,905 horses passed over 1,482 feet of granite (worst gradient 1 in 30), and 32,646 horses passed over 1,481 feet of wood (worst gradient 1 in 30). The vehicular traffic was separated under the heads of one, two, and three, or more, horse vehicles, the proportions of which were—

Vehicles drawn by 1 horse 71·42 per cent.

„ 2 horses 26·95 „

„ 3 „ 1·63 „

and of those drawn by three horses, it appears that they were nearly always in single file, and that in the two-horse vehicles they were almost invariably abreast. Our space does not permit

round London, have constructed monstrosities in the form of bridges. People have recalled that Telford combined taste with science, and even poor blind Metcalfe, of Yorkshire, maintained some beauty in his structures.

If I deviate for one moment from the subject of this paper to that of Humanity and Taste, it is to ask what objection the talented engineer, who has given us so splendid a river face to his embankment, of which we may be proud as a nation, can possibly have to chains with a catenary curve from lion's head to lion's head? They would add to and not detract from the beauty of the face of the embankment seen from the river, and they might be the cause of saving the life of many a drowning man. It is singular that just what the Greeks would have added for the sake of Beauty, we, a very practical people, will not add for the sake of Humanity.

us to give the proportions of the different classes of vehicles, nor do we think it necessary. The total number of falls in fifty days was for the asphalte 1,066, granite 719, and wood 542; being, for asphalte, 1,066 accidents in 203,805 miles travelled, for granite, 719 in 95,567 miles travelled, and for wood, 542 accidents in 179,151 miles travelled. The general result is that a horse might have been expected to travel along all three pavements, in the above proportions, 205 miles before an accident. As these experiments were, for asphalte in Cheapside and Poultry with a different rate of traffic, for granite in King William Street and Cannon Street under very different conditions, and for wood under two distinct kinds of paving, the broader view of a mean has been very properly put forward by Mr. Haywood. This gives 191 miles as the distance travelled on asphalte before a horse falls, 132 on granite, and 330 on wood as, briefly, the order of slipperiness during the fifty days. Mr. Haywood also observes that "the slower rate in the Poultry (asphalte) was the most important element in causing that result," viz. an apparent safety superior to that of the granite.

This view must be taken with certain reservations. If a coachman had a free way before him on asphalte it would be a very open question whether he would take his horses at a slow or fast rate. We rather incline to think it would be the latter. The slow rate observed by Mr. Haywood was due, probably, to the fear of the

drivers that they might run into other vehicles in so crowded a thoroughfare. It by no means follows that if the pace had been the normal one of the carriages then passing, viz. faster, the rate of accidents would have been increased. In any case the unfavourable condition of the granite being compared with it, and its less favourable gradient, obliges us to throw a certain halo of doubt over what was undoubtedly well-meaning and well done as an attempt at scientific evidence on this very difficult question. It would have been more satisfactory, too, had the observations extended over half a year, whereby the direction of the wind might have been observed from all points of the compass, instead of, as on these occasions, principally from the north, east, and north-east. Thus, with less than the due proportion of rainy days, the weather during these observations would appear to have been distinctly in favour of asphalte, decidedly against granite,* and rather favourable to wood, although,

* So far as we are aware, there has been no report on the result of the granite pavement with asphalte joints laid down in Duke Street, Smithfield, in May 1868, side by side with other granite laid in the usual way. It will be interesting to learn whether this is more durable or less slippery than other kinds, the more so as it is copied from pavement in Manchester and elsewhere, for which acute Lancashire folk pay. This pavement, with its Penmaen Mawr granite cubes, and the asphalte run in between them to within one inch of their surface, on which huge waggons are drawn by horses peculiarly shod with three cogs, is rather a local, than a type of, pavement suited to the varied traffic of London.

according to Mr. Haywood, moisture does not appear to render that material relatively so slippery, or to play so important a part as regards safety as it does with asphalte and granite. Also is it most important to note, that as regards surface repair, the asphalte and wood were in equally good condition, whilst the granite was in a very inferior condition.

At first the accidents were recorded without explanation of their character, but during thirty-two days the observers appear to have divided them, on the same lines of route, into—

	Falls on Knees.	Falls on Haunches.	Complete Falls.
Asphalte	32·04	24·48	48·48
Granite	46·39	7·56	46·05
Wood	84·97	3·07	11·96

These proportions throw the weight of evidence greatly in favour of wood, because a horse falling on its knees “recovers itself speedily and creates but little obstruction; whilst, if it falls on the side, it has more frequently than otherwise to be unharnessed before it can regain a standing position, and therefore causes more obstruction than either of the other classes of accident.” “It was also noticed,” Mr. Haywood goes on to remark, “that whatever was the nature of the accident, the horses recovered their feet more easily on wood than they did either on asphalte or granite.”

Now we do not hesitate to say that if this should be found to be the result of continued observation, wood-pavement would carry the day in the eyes of humanitarians, even were its cost greater and its durability less than other kinds. And for continued observation we are not quite sure to what quarter we are to apply. Omnibus-drivers from whom we have sought an opinion are by no means agreed in favour of any particular kind. It is so clear that under certain conditions each of the three affords an equally difficult greasy way to tramp on, that a driver in replying is as likely as not to give you the prevalent notion in his mind, arising from his latest experience. Therefore, if in any case we note his evidence, let it be well understood that it is taken with all the reservation due to whatever a practical, unscientific man may venture to say, but at the same time without scorn, and maintaining always a due and abiding sense of its possible worth.

If we appeal to the public, we find, as Mr. Haywood justly observes, that "when slipperiness suddenly ensues, all those (horses) that fall do so about the same time, and thus attract much more attention than they would if the accidents were more uniformly distributed throughout the day. It is true he applies this remark to asphalté as compared with wood or granite, but we think it holds good of these also, though possibly not to the same extent. It is recognised as more difficult to stop a horse on asphalté than on granite, or on wood, and this, combined with the fact that it is

not suitable for gradients beyond 1 in 45, would limit its application in many, but not all localities (*bien entendu*) where granite or wood might be suitable. Asphalte would appear rather safer the cleaner it is, and granite the reverse, except the dirt be slightly damp, when granite becomes dangerous. Wood is all the better for cleanliness, as if dirty it "becomes just after rain much more slippery than at any other time." Separating the "improved wood-pavement" from that termed "ligno-mineral," which formed part of the area observed during these fifty days, it would appear that, in comparison with asphalte and granite, a horse might have been expected to travel during these fifty days 446 miles on the wood, 191 miles on the asphalte, and 132 miles on the granite before an accident occurred. Captain Shaw of the Fire Brigade has had his horses fall on asphalte and granite; on the latter, they were more or less cut and injured, on the former none up to that time (November 1870).* We have already seen that horses get up easiest on wood, nor do we think with Mr. Haywood, that the "handful of sand or horse-cloth" are remedies likely to be always at hand if "asphalte pavement is much extended," and where there is much traffic we look on the want of facility in getting up as the most serious obstacle to the use of the latter.

* Omnibus drivers tell us that the bruises on asphalte are very bad. A well-known firm of job-masters forbid their breaks-men to go on asphalte at all.

The strain on the nerves and sinews of a horse in attempting to rise, and failing, is very great, and so long as the want of a central municipal authority does not permit us to hope for the extension of macadam in its best form, so long must we eliminate it as a pavement; the merits of which are to be taken in comparison with others of which one or two are certain to be thrust upon us. With regard to traction, wood and asphalte are vastly superior to granite, and a little more thought for the horse would bring this element under graver consideration. We should have supposed that whatever was to be said against a pavement on the score of foot-hold, would have to be said in its favour on the score of draught. Granite, say some—not all—of the omnibus-drivers, gives a better foot-hold, but it cannot be said to be as easy running as asphalte or wood. Asphalte gives an indifferent foot-hold, say the same men, but we should have imagined they would not deny that their vehicles run easily on it. That is not altogether the result of inquiries among them, and we have heard it stated that a vehicle does not *start* so easily on wood as on granite. At any rate the drivers agree that the shock to the frame of a horse falling on granite, or indeed asphalte, is greater than that to which he is subject on wood.

So far we have considered the question with reference to main thoroughfares, and the possible comfort or discomfort of the horse; but it is impossible to exclude the question of ease in

point of noise and vibration, as well to wayfarer on foot as to house-proprietors, when we localise, as we must do, the whole subject. It is in the City that the Gordian knot of pavement has to be disentangled. It is there that men, more or less excited by business, hurry to and fro under conditions which it is impossible noise must not affect. Westwards, macadam may provide for some districts where also quiet of a moderate kind must be observed; but macadam is an impossibility in the City, until the time comes when London shall be under one authority. Speaking, then, of the city of London only, we can scarcely doubt that in this triangular duel of asphalte, granite, and wood, the stone will retire. No person accustomed to go there fifteen years ago, who may pass by chance now, but must be struck with the comparative calm and quiet of the streets; and when we consider the thousands and thousands in that vast mart, it is impossible to deny that their nerves are to be taken into consideration before all the horses and horse-owners (we put them in the order of our thoughts) in the world.

As to the durability of a pavement which has so much to recommend it, we are bound to recollect that the experience of New York warns us not to be too sanguine about the ultimate success of wood in London. An attempt was made to produce a pavement the advantages of which, if it would only endure, would be as much recognised in this country, for the very sufficient reason that if successful there would be a fortune in store to

the happy inventor. Every kind of contrivance for keeping the under side dry and the upper in good order, was tried with the same fatal result, and the Department of Public Works of New York, in their Report for the quarter ending the 30th of June, 1876, say "that a wooden pavement in this city has proved a total failure must be apparent to the most casual observer. The errors of the past are doubtless attributable in this case, as in many others, to the combined influences of jobbery and ignorance"—strong language, perchance, but certainly what would not have been employed if any hope of still maintaining wooden ways could have been depended on. For us it remains by our experience to learn whether we have been more clever in laying, and more fortunate in a climate certainly different from that of New York. Our *résumé* would be in its favour, provided always the contractor secures an absolutely efficient drainage, and a reliable means of rendering the upper surface impervious to moisture.

However, let the result be as it may in favour of asphalte, granite, or wood for roads, let us point out to whom it may concern that the first is eminently suitable for court-yards which are level, and that in the interest of what is clean, decent, and pleasant-looking, the piece of ground enclosed by wooden railings, of no great value, bordering upon the Victoria Railway Station, and forming, as is averred, part of that station, is eminently fitted for the use of it. Indeed, we might go so far as to say that it is only a matter of common

duty on the part of the executive who control it, to secure some better surface than the present mud in wet, and dust in dry weather. Indeed, one might ask, do water-carts ever enter here? Mildly speaking, it is a disgrace to us that travellers should set out from such a station for France, and find in the yards of the Chemin de fer du Nord in Paris a superiority to one of the principal station-yards in their own country.

We must now consider (7) the noise and vibration which affect the occupant of a carriage and the householder whom he passes. Some man of poor John Leech's sensitive temperament said that so long as organs were permitted in the streets, he did not see the good of toning down the noise of carts, which are at least as mellifluous as the weary grind over doubly weary tunes. Still, we have two sets of nerves to consider, and if we are driven by verdict of practice to return to granite blocks in our main Western thoroughfares, let us see if anything has yet been done to diminish the jar which communicates those miseries to us when occupants of a carriage.

The Americans say that they have been forced to abandon consideration for the nerves of the wayfarers or house-owners of Fifth Avenue; but going back to the construction of carriages, we shall be able to show that their builders have very sincerely before their minds the necessity for considering the nerves of the carriage-user. The municipality have abandoned wood-pavement, and for their best form of city road seem

to recommend a kind of granite which does not wear down to a glassy surface. We presume this is scarcely so durable as our own. Driven, therefore, by the failure in their wooden pavement, to construct carriages suitable for granite, the builders are not idly leaving it to their customers to suggest increased ease for highly-strung nerves. If the way is rough, they seek to make the axle-box cause less drumming. They cushion it with a broad thick ring of vulcanised india-rubber; and we should not speak to its merits had we not made a special trial in the same carriage with the ordinary axle-box and the rubber-cushioned one. We had the brougham driven over precisely the same way—viz. round Leicester Square (granite and asphalte), and up Long Acre and Great Queen Street (narrow and broad blocks of granite), and the result, independently of any technical* point that may interfere with its use, was certainly surprising. The motion was far easier, and we could talk

* The technical difficulties referred to have no doubt interfered with the adoption of this method of giving increased ease to the passenger, and since then another method of introducing rubber between the axle and the springs direct has found some favour. It has had the monotonous word "patent" applied to it, although the writer much doubts if the facts will stand the assumptions of a patent for an old principle. The great point in favour of the application of rubber is that it has undoubtedly improved in manufacture, and retains longer its flexibility. On this must rest its claim to become adaptable to the purposes here referred to.

without raising the voice and hear without inclining the head. Unless some very practical objection to it can be urged, it would appear to us that in this direction lies the true comfort of carriage-occupants. There is another method of diminishing vibration, not so much known as it deserves to be. We allude to the introduction of granulated cork between the lining of a carriage and the wood of which it is made.

In connection with the kind of pavement best adapted for a thoroughfare, comes the question of the traffic that should be permitted to use it, and the authority that should regulate the kind and description of vehicles.* The great arterial

* Mr. Redman, M.I.C.E., long time engineer to the Commercial Road when under a Trust, has favoured us with the following useful facts, which must be taken into account when the traffic of London shall be regulated.

	ft.	in.	ft.	in.
The gauge of vehicles is from . . .	4	0	to	7 0
Diameter of fore wheels „ . . .	3	3	„	3 6
Diameter of hind wheels „ . . .	4	0	„	5 0
Width of wheel tyres . . .	2½			7, 8, and 9 ins.
Maximum weights, steam boilers, &c. . .				20 tons.
Extra dock weights from . . .				11 to 12 tons.
Mean dock weights „ . . .				4 to 6 tons.
Velocity . . .	3½			to 4 miles an hour.
The gauge of a—			ft.	in.
Four-wheel cab is . . .	4	6	to	4 8
Hansom . . .	4	10	„	5 6½
Brougham . . .	5	2		
Four-wheel common omnibus . . .	5	10	„	6 0
Two-wheel cart . . .	5	7	„	6 6

lines for omnibus traffic must necessarily be confined to streets of a certain width; and it is as difficult to understand why omnibuses are allowed down Bond Street, as it is to approve of the loading and unloading in it of large vans during that time of day when a different kind of traffic requires place.* Distillers', aerated water makers',

	ft. in.	ft. in.
Four-wheel wagon	5 11	to 7 6
Sugar-wagon	6 10	„ 7 1
Pickford's wagon	5 9,	average.
Distiller's wagon	6 6	to 7 0
Brewer's dray	6 6½,	average.
Tea vans	6 7	to 7 4
Maximum velocity—		
Light vehicles	7 to 8	miles an hour.

* The following memorandum was drawn up by me in December, 1882, and inserted in the *Saddlers and Carriage Builders' Gazette*, and I place it here as one of the points affecting London traffic:—

MEMORANDUM ON THE RELATIVE MERITS OF TWO AND THREE-HORSE OMNIBUSES FOR LONDON STREET TRAFFIC.

To estimate the relative merits of these two vehicles, we must first consider what the ordinary two-horse omnibus is—in respect to draught and convenience in carrying a load.

1.—It may be taken as an axiom, that the placing the chief weight over and above the larger pair of wheels is the first requisite in respect to draught. Next to that comes the short coupling of fore and hind wheels, which, although theoretically of not such moment (*vide* experiments by Mr. Edgeworth, F.R.S., at the beginning of this century) is, in practice, of the greatest importance.

In his Cantor lectures, Mr. Thrupp, a very great authority, speaks of the modern omnibus as being capable in respect

brewers' and dust contractors' carts ought not to be permitted between certain hours; and in

to draught, of doing with three horses (unicorn) the same work as a coach with four horses. Their weights are the same. Therefore it is the distribution of the load and the short coupling which makes the modern omnibus so good and practical a vehicle: in fact, *unequalled for draught quâ its load*.

I may say here, that I am taking for my type one of the R. R. Hughes, or L. G. Omnibus Company, or better still, Cane's doorless omnibus, running from Kilburn to Victoria Station.

2.—Can you construct what we understand by a three-horse omnibus (type—Portland Road Station to Piccadilly) having both these advantages? I grant that a good portion of your weight will be where it ought to be—over the hind wheels—but the couplings will certainly not be so short if you are to have proportionately increased room for passengers.

3.—The dead weight of the first 'bus is 23 cwt. at least; that of the second 31 cwt. In that respect it does not seem to me that your additional horse-power with three horses does anything more than of necessity is required of it, and *that* under worse conditions of draught.

And this brings me to the economical aspect of the question.

4.—I very reasonably inquire why, if three-horse 'buses are such very desirable things, private proprietors, to say nothing of the L. G. O. Company, have not adopted them? Certainly, when one looks through the names of Hughes, Newman, Ward, Glover, Cane, &c., it cannot be said that lack of money is the cause. The reason is easy to find in the economical working of a road with more or less competition.

Let me now refer to a fallacy in a certain argument that has been brought forward. It has been said that *two* three-horse 'buses will do the work of *three* two-horse ditto, and thus you save a driver and conductor. True, if you have the

regard to the last it may be observed that some of the large clubs in Pall Mall are sinners in

monopoly of a road, and can start your 'buses at intervals determined by yourself, when of course you will settle your "times" on the principle of waiting till your 'bus is full. But you have no monopoly, and you will find that if, after creating a traffic, *as you assuredly will*, you do not keep up numerous "times" in the hour, small men will come in and take up intermediate "times" without apparently competing with you. In short, the comparison above of how $2 A = 3 B$ —i.e., 2 3-horse = 3 2-horse omnibuses—has nothing to do with the question.

If you had all the facility in street traffic, which enabled you to run 6-horse 'buses carrying seventy passengers, *you would have to run them as frequently as your two-horse 'buses, otherwise small men would come in and pick up a portion of your traffic.*

It has been said that three-horse 'buses offer greater facilities for getting in or out. I dispute the fact. But were it so, will you with eight three-horse 'buses, starting every seven-and-a-half minutes, carry more passengers than twelve two-horse ditto, starting every five minutes? That is one of the standards of comparison, and the answer in the negative cannot, to my view, be questioned. Another standard of comparison is, that every time your three-horse 'bus takes up less than twenty-six passengers, you are clearly employing one horse in vain.

I hope that I have, in exposing a fallacy, shown why the common sense of the small proprietors makes them stick to the medium size. *They want to pick up all the traffic. They don't want to haul along half-empty 'buses.*

If, in your undertaking, you expect to be able to run 'buses that will fill with thirty-six passengers every *five* minutes, take your three-horse 'bus, but even then I should still prefer to work eighteen two-horse 'buses every *three* minutes.

The foot people on the line on which you have asked my advice are purely business creatures. Time saved will be their reason for using your omnibuses, and they will not

permitting their dust to be removed in the afternoon.

We now arrive at tramways. Of these in New York, their convenience and inconvenience, we shall leave the citizens of the States to speak. What we have heard of them there does not incline us, in the interests of other wheeled carriages, to say anything favourable. Thirteen or fourteen years ago, some person connected with the Court in St. Petersburg obtained a concession from a bridge over the Neva to the upper end of the Nevski Prospective, and the extent to which that tramway was liked might probably be learned from the first Russian you meet on the Boulevards in Paris. In our estimate of these ways, we must except those cities where they first found favour, and appeal to Paris, Brussels, or Vienna, where some system in laying them was part of their introduction. Brussels has used them for probably a larger number of travellers than either Paris or Vienna; at any rate her authorities reflected on the system and the wants of the inhabitants before they allowed them to be laid down, and she presents to us a mode of traffic which, for some reasons, meets her wants and gives the least annoyance to other vehicles. Primarily, this is

enter into the question of the comparative ease of entering your 'bus or another.

I believe this completes all that strikes me as essential in estimating the values of the respective omnibuses.

because the "other vehicles" are comparatively few in number. Beyond that fact there is nothing in the section of their roadway to recommend them; and if perchance, in your cab or barouche, you are bound to cross them, you will find they interfere with your comfort pretty much as our own do, or the Paris and the Viennese trams. Therefore, at the present time, it is not permitted to us to seize on any type, and say to "concessionaires," or seekers after Parliamentary powers, "in such and such way you have the true section for your tram, with a roadway least likely to get out of order in conjunction with it." Such language is impossible, for no known facts would justify it. We must, therefore, seek for fresh inventions to modify this discomfort—some might call it plague. If the metropolis had been laid out like Philadelphia with parallel streets, the system which there obtains of allowing the tram-cars to travel always in one direction, up one and down a parallel street, would much have abated the evils which with us must arise from two lines in thoroughfares or occasional sidings. Yet the tramways within the Metropolitan area are beneficial to so large a population, that scarcely anyone would preach a crusade against them, if by that was meant extinction. But there is a great distance between "putting down" and "improvement in form"; and we are not without hope that the day may come when the interests of carriage-owners may be reconciled to those

of tram-shareholders. Everybody is agreed that the section now in use fails to attain the requirements of durability, to say nothing of the comfort of the occupants of carriages that pass over it, whose owners will probably never be satisfied until some radical change is made in the construction of tramways. What the public want is, not interference with tramways and tram-passengers, but some degree of right to the road traversed. At present matters in our suburbs tend towards the worst of monopolies; and in that city of equality, New York, we hear that they are hoping that Broadway will never be marred and broken by rail-tracks.

On the 9th March, 1870, and again on the 1st December, 1871, papers on them were read by Mr. Bridges Adams, in which no favourable opinion was expressed of existing rails; but this was rather with reference to economical working than as an inconvenience to others. And this is what he said about the section in force: "The effect that should arise from the more even surface is neutralised by the grooves in which the flanges travel"; and again, "The total resistance to traction is double that of ordinary railways, on which the flanges of the wheel bear against only one surface with lateral freedom, while in the tram they bear on two surfaces, and act almost as a constant break." The evidence of the London General Omnibus Company as to the lesser duration of life of horses working trams, bears out these remarks. Mr. Adams's

idea was to have in place of the present grooved rails, a broad channel for unflanged wheels, and a less stiff construction of car, whereby sharp curves could be traversed; but he overlooked that sunk channels would cause great jolts to other vehicles, nor would they be quite free from the charge of ricking their wheels and axles. In the discussion which followed the first of these papers, Mr. Greaves admitted that the flange system was bad in itself; and Mr. Briggs, of Philadelphia, gave timely warning of the results of tramways constructed on American principles in the following language:—

There was one single street in New York—Broadway—which by dint of great exertions on the part of the inhabitants of New York, and the utmost endeavours of the enlightened and intelligent citizens, had been kept free from street railways. In that street there were lines of omnibuses, and those were the only comfortable things to travel in in the whole city, and every citizen or traveller sought Broadway and its omnibuses. Every city in America was in the same condition. The street railways in engineering, financial, business, and other senses, had been an incubus upon their cities, a burden to their traffic, an incumbrance in their way, and had been incommodious instead of advantageous. As an engineer, he did not think he could speak in sufficient animadversion about them. They had destroyed their roads, ruined their cities, as far as travelling in them was concerned; had embarrassed the business of the country, and had merely enabled some unscrupulous speculators to engross the public streets for their own private interests.

At the same Mr. Haworth described the Salford and Geneva systems (a guide-wheel and groove in a centre rail), but appears to have arrived at the

conclusion, that for London the centre rail need only be "a guide for drivers to sight by." In this we concur with him, the "fifth wheel to a coach" being proverbially a mechanical absurdity, as Mr. Adams observed. But if flat trams are a fair breadth, there can be no difficulty in a driver keeping his car on them, providing there is a thin plate of iron running in the centre, with which he can keep his pole in line. After that comes the question of radiation of axles to pass curves. Briefly the true method will lie in the use of iron blocks for unflanged wheels, similar to those in use in Chatham Dockyard,* leaving to the municipality to settle on what terms any company should have a prior right to them, and the maintenance of rights so paid for must be a matter of police arrangement.

Whether, eventually, steam is to supersede horse-power on tramways does not much interest the passenger or the public, however much it may the horse and the shareholder. That science will before long succeed in producing a machine that will consume its own smoke without noise, we can scarcely doubt. The contest between the public and the tramway proprietors with

* Mr. Bernays' practical two-feet railroad in the Chatham Dockyard is made with cast-iron plates, which are similar to Redman's plates or wheel-ways, referred to in one of Mr. Haywood's reports. Laid on concrete, they offer great durability, and the surface, having a diamond or raised pattern, offers a secure foothold for horses.

their *clientèle*, will turn on the character of their way, and whether it is for ever, as at present, to rick wheels and axles, or whether it is to have fair rights without privileges unpleasant to others. As to steam-power reducing the fares, the true way to keep them low is to provide such a road parallel to a tramway as may encourage omnibus proprietors to compete with the tram-car. Any saving that is made by the substitution of steam for horse-power will assuredly go into the pocket of the shareholder.

With regard to tramways generally, one is able, after five years experience of them, to express in a much more dogmatic form the views which experience has suggested. I say, therefore, without hesitation, that for speed and frequent running the omnibus will beat the tramway at as cheap a rate. As to the question of comfort it scarcely enters into consideration in the case of London traffic. We have not time to be comfortable. We want to get to our journey's end. We may, it is true, except long distance tramways, such as those to Greenwich. Effectively what I wish to maintain is, that whilst tramways may be convenient under the conditions of wide roads and a limited traffic they are completely out of place, damaging to house property and ineffective as to the pace required when they are established along the central main routes of a great city. If, as already observed, trams could be found, as no doubt they could be, without grooves, so that other vehicles did not suffer

there would be less to say against them. The extent to which axles are destroyed was lately shown in evidence when Messrs. Shand proved that the damage to the axles of fire engines was four times what it was before the introduction of these schemes. In face of this, monopolies are given to adventurers without a shadow of proof that the public interest demands these ill conditioned invaders of public ways. The writer attended the public meeting at Tattersall's against the Westminster and Hammersmith scheme, and it was refreshing to hear the out-spoken denunciation of it by the representatives of the costermonger and cabmen's societies—refreshing, I say, because it could not be said that the well-justified outcry against it was the mere offspring of selfish carriage owners.

On such a question as road passenger traffic, as distinguished from that on either tramways or railways, he would be a rash man who would predict for the future any particular form. It must be obvious to anyone that our main streets, to say nothing of our social machinery, do not admit of tramways in the main centre of London. At present omnibuses and cabs * convey the great

* subject of reserve for a foot-note what we desire to say on the on, because we have traffic and the means whereby it is carried of a very interesting subject. In the arrangement of cab traffic it would appear necessary to give much more summary powers to the police, the trouble that "crawlers" give being clearly set forth in the last report of the Commissioner.

bulk of other than wayfarers or private carriage owners. In London the use of the outside of the

Independently of this, what Londoners want is a superior vehicle, whether brougham, hansom, or victoria, which, with a distinguishing colour for the carriage and its numbered plate, should be permitted to ply at a fare higher than that at present authorised. But when we come to examine the practical means whereby this may be carried out, we must see that not only the carriage, but the horse, harness, and driver must come under the cognisance of the Police Commissioner. How is he to control each and all of these elements? And if he marks with his official approval a certain turn-out, at what point in its inevitable deterioration is he to relegate it to the rank of the present *régime*? Under existing arrangements we know that cabmen live by short fares and the good nature of a large class of citizens. Outside certain limits London is not well served, because there are no short fares. The Act which gave cabmen a shilling for the first mile, naturally tempted them to ply where shillings may be picked up, and the following anecdote will prove their extreme reluctance to depart, even at a high fare, from the main centres of traffic. A professional man residing in Marlborough street had every day to go at a fixed hour in the morning to Middleton street, Clerkenwell, and he invariably paid two shillings for what is barely over two miles. He more than once encouraged cabmen, who were at first delighted at such liberal fare, to call for him daily, but he tells us that he never kept a man at the job for more than a week. In the end they all found that plying for other kinds of hire paid them better. In face of that and experience of our own of a similar nature, it is difficult to see what is to be suggested in the interests of the public to better present arrangements. If what we have put forward in reference to a different class of carriage at a higher fare, and possibly with two horses, could be practically worked, something would be gained, but it would probably be necessary in such a case to give the driver the right to refuse any outside luggage. Clearly a neat victoria, such as we should like to

omnibus is, probably, not altogether dissociated from that peculiar English spirit which makes the remembrance of old coaching times obtain an echo in the breast of the rising generation. Certain we are that many a young man city-bound takes the knife-board from the Swiss Cottage and Westbournia (fair weather and foul) because he likes the fresh air and the tramp of the horses. This vehicle has not much advanced in point of construction during the last twenty years. Lately the owners seem to have introduced a break, worked by the driver's feet: but this was known and practised in Glasgow twenty-eight years ago to our certain knowledge. As to interior arrangement, they are the same as ever, if we except some rather well-built vehicles that run to Victoria Station, which, like Parisian omnibuses, have no useless doors to impede the ingress and egress of passengers. We understand that they rarely weigh less than 24 cwt., and if we add 28 passengers, including driver and conductor, at 10 stone each, we have about 2 tons 19 cwt., as the load drawn by the pair of horses that do duty. Now Captain Malet, in his "Annals of the Road," says (p. 35) that a loaded stage coach never exceeded 3 tons,* the average

see plying for hire in the London streets, is not adapted for indefinite luggage.

* We cannot reconcile this estimate of weight with that presented to us from other sources. The manager of the London General Omnibus Company informs us that their vehicles weigh 24 cwt.; and two builders give us, the one

weight of 12 passengers and their luggage being one ton. We rather doubt these figures, believing as we do that plenty of the old eight-mile-an-hour coaches weighed nearly four tons with a full way-bill. Letting this pass, it may be observed that with 2 tons 19 cwt. as a full load, the performances of omnibuses before the opening of the Metropolitan Railway were quite noteworthy. Mr. Hughes in particular, with his short-legged machiners, trotted along the Bayswater Road at a great pace. Those were the days when Holborn Hill, uncrowned by palatial buildings, still existed, and when, to draw this weight up it at very near a trot was no easy matter. Middle Row was also there; but block or no block, proprietor and passenger expected the driver to pass from the Bank to the Royal Oak in 40 minutes—distance say $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Another well-horsed fast line was that from the Swiss Cottage, and the express 'bus to and from Paddington Station, in the years '59-'63, completed the distance to the Bank in twenty-five minutes; but they passed through Portman Square, and charged a shilling. Some omnibuses from Oxford Circus to Clapton have also been well horsed, but we fancy they were never fast. Of all of these it may be remarked that the

$20\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., the other from 22 to 23 cwt. as the weight of road coaches. Certainly this estimate is much below what we have always understood to be their weight. On this point Captain Malet's statement (p. 35) is that the old mail-coach weighed only 18 cwt., but it only carried eight passengers.

mention of them is not only interesting as a record of fact. With such examples it cannot be said that the condition of the London streets in the past has interfered with fast traffic, although we know not at what cost of horse-flesh this was attained.

But the conveyance which has most interest for us in English annals is that which spread the news of Nelson's victories and Wellington's winning strife—the old mail coach. Its knell began to toll in 1837, and the final strokes were nearly rung in 1853. During that epoch, the "Hibernia" and "L'Hirondelle," in a competition which, for a wonder, did not involve any particular risk to H.M.'s subjects, for they never attempted to pass each other except at the changes, ceased to race between Cheltenham and Liverpool, and complete their 133 miles in 12½ hours. The "Rapid" and "Mazeppa" no longer marked the time for the rustic labourer between London and the former town*; and on the Great Western Road, Hounslow diminished by many hundreds her coach, mail, and posting horses. Highgate Archway spanned the same artificial ravine, but its construction no longer afforded diminished ill to horse-flesh, for High-flyers, Wonders, Telegraphs, Tallyhos, Comets, and Rockets, all ceased to whirl beneath it,

* On many roads the time kept was so exact, that the labourers in the fields knew the hour by the colour of the coach that passed.

though still at times throughout the year one of England's peers from the Dukeries might be seen in solitary grandeur, as he swept past with the orthodox postilions, whose services he retained to the last. Yet even in 1848, when their fate was read, there were many fast day-coaches giving grace and life to remote districts. The Southampton and Weymouth "Magnet" was still going, noteworthy for its three leaders, over the heavy road through the New Forest, the second stage from Southampton. Fast mails were still running out of Shrewsbury towards Aberystwith and Wolverhampton, and twenty coaches were working in and out of Gloucester. Lincoln had its gay conveyances rattling up High Street from the Saracen's Head, and Plymouth still heard the Falmouth mail-guard's horn, and, for the short route that remained to her, the "Quicksilver" teams trotted up Haldon heights, and galloped past Ivy Bridge. Away in the north, Perth still kept up the tradition of the "Defiance" coach, or rather coaches, that up to '42 had been horsed for so many years by Ramsay of Barnton, and Barclay of Ury. In 1850 she still sent one direct to Inverness, with possibly others of which we have no note by us. From Inverness away to Golspie and the farthest north the iron way had not yet been seen, and fast coaches galloped over moor and through forest to the Pass of Glencoe. Yet the spirit of coach proprietors was nearly broken, for we see a complaint by a writer in 1849, that the roads

in districts where no railways had yet penetrated were not sufficiently provided with coaches for the wants of the inhabitants. Herefordshire must then have been almost the only county in England untouched by the iron way.

On the other hand, London had almost ceased to present in her streets any evidence of a system exceptionally English. Clarke still crept away to Brighton, three days a week, by way of Horsham, and Hayes rattled away with a pickaxe team in about the last coach that left the Golden Cross for Dorking. The Bedford "Times" had died in 1848, but possibly up to '54 there were coaches from the East of London that served Ongar and other towns in South Essex. As late as '53 we remember travelling on a very well-horsed coach from Dorchester to Exeter by way of Honiton. All these have been obliterated by the rail. Still in Devon and Cornwall linger some, chiefly for summer use, which aid the traveller to reach Atlantic rollers, and nearer home, in the Isle of Wight, the passenger on the old orthodox vehicle may have his cheek fanned by a breeze from France.

Before we leave this reminiscence of the olden time, let us gather from the notes of correspondents in the "Field" and "Land and Water," and from other sources, some details on the pace then attained. For, utilise science as we may, the performances on the road from the beginning of the century to '38 will ever stand out in the history of England as one of those peculiar

results obtained by great freedom for individual action, great energy on the part of the Post-office authorities, and the good effect brought about by the interest which the landed gentry and the cadets of good houses took in the system.

Of the fast mails and coaches of olden times, three would appear to stand out in particular relief, according to a writer in "Land and Water," 9th and 16th January, and 10th and 24th April 1875. These were the London and Bristol and the Devonport "Quicksilver" mails, whose average actual rates of locomotion were 10 miles $6\frac{1}{4}$ furlongs, and 10 miles $5\frac{1}{2}$ furlongs per hour; but the Shrewsbury "Wonder" would seem to have surpassed these rates, for it did the distance, 158 miles, in 15 hours 45 minutes, which, with the deduction of 75 minutes for stoppages, gives as nearly as possible 11 miles an hour as the average actual rate of locomotion.

Equal to these in rate of speed came the Manchester "Telegraph" coach; but there would appear some difference of opinion among writers on this subject, whether she took 17 hours or 18 hours 15 minutes in this journey. In the former case, putting the time for breakfast, dinner, and change at 80 minutes (5 minutes more than the Shrewsbury), we should have an actual rate of locomotion of $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles per hour, rather better, as the Lancashire folks affirmed, than the doings of the Shropshire "Wonder." In the latter case (18 hours 15 minutes) we should

have, with the like deduction, just 11 miles per hour, to which the weight of evidence inclines.

The following is a table of rates of actual locomotion of different mails, taking the stoppages for changing horses at two minutes each, stated to have been extracted from the Post-office books :—

—	Miles.	Time.	Changes.	Rate.
Bristol .	122	11·45	13	10·61 $\frac{1}{2}$
Devonport .	216	21·14	23, and breakfast 20 m.	10·5 $\frac{5}{8}$
Holyhead .	261	26·55	27—Breakfast and dinner 40 m.	10·2 $\frac{1}{8}$
Manchester .	187	19·0	20, and breakfast 20 m.	10·3 $\frac{1}{4}$
Birmingham .	119	Not given	13	10·2 $\frac{5}{8}$
Halifax .	196	20·5	21, and breakfast.	10·2 $\frac{3}{8}$
Bath .	109	10·32	12	10·2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Liverpool .	203	20·50	21, and breakfast.	10·2

The comparison between mails and coaches is scarcely fair, because the nature of the roads they travelled respectively must be taken into account. The fast day coaches had the advantage of a man to each horse in changing, necessarily expediting this recurring cause of delay, whilst the mail, except in out-of-the-way places, where the guard had no bags to attend to, had, at most, the horsekeeper and coachman to assist in putting-to the fresh team;—and again, as against the mail with its bags and eight passengers, the coach carried sixteen of these and an infinity of luggage.

A note about what was not luggage, but parcels, will not be out of place in a Review

which once sinned unwittingly against horse-flesh. When the Quarterlies and Magazines came out fresh from the printing-press, damp, weighty, and occupying little bulk, they were stowed away in the fore and hind boots of the night mails or coaches, and more than one driver anathematised them when, with a weak team and a jibber, he had to get over a heavy stage. Silk, too, from Macclesfield, was not much beloved by the coaching fraternity, for the same reason.

We have said nothing of exceptional speeds, such as that once attained by the "Swan Tallyho," from London to Birmingham (May 1, 1830), running against the "Patent Tallyho," and the "Independent Tallyho," when she completed the distance, 109 miles, in 7 hours 15 minutes, whilst the "Independent" came in 24 minutes later. The Shrewsbury "Wonder" is also said to have run up to London, 158 miles, in $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours on one occasion. These rates give the extraordinary speed of 15 miles an hour for the Birmingham and $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour for the Shrewsbury coach (half as far again), *including stoppages!*

Amongst great performances in driving a long distance at a stretch, Captain Barclay's tooling for a bet the Aberdeen mail right through from London, without resting, may be noted; and according to "Nimrod" he offered to drive the London mail back, but Lord Kennedy, who had made the bet with him, did not care to renew it.

✓ The long distances driven by coachmen have been the subject of some discussion in "Land and Water," a journal which has devoted itself a great deal to this subject. From the correspondence that took place in its columns in 1875, it would appear generally agreed, that the performance of Thorowgood on the Norwich "Times," was quite unique, for he did 112 miles a day, for two years, without missing a single day. Some of the Birmingham men ostensibly did 120 miles a day, but in practice they were relieved by supernumeraries, who did the two middle stages, the regular men only applying for fees, or "kicking," as it was termed. One Morrison, on the Glasgow and Perth branch of the "Defiance" coach, seems to have done his 120 miles a day for a long time, but he probably had his Sabbath rest in that country.

We have said that the landed gentry took an interest in coaches. The fact is, that the moment the pace improved a different order of men were attracted to the life of the road. Fast drags, with coachmen neat, natty, and civil, replaced the old slow coaches with their gin-drinking drivers. Even the new order was divided into two classes; "there were many admirable 'drivers,' and many excellent 'coachmen.' How different the two! The former, always well to his time, his horses always looking well, and he ready in every emergency, from a broken trace to a wheeler with a hind leg over the splinter-bar; the other, all this with 'style in addition,'"

says a writer in "Land and Water," under the *nom de plume* of Roger Doubleshong. Kenyon, Cotton, Foljambe, Fox, Finch, Reynardson, Stracey, Warde, Beaufort, Peyton, as amateurs equal to professionals, and Peers, Moon, Thorowgood, Cracknell, Wilcox, Madeley, Shaw, and Hayward, as professionals—such are the names particularly identified with the best days of the road. A man of Denmark, with a satirical turn of thought, said once to us, "You are gentlemen able to extract from those below you certain ideas, and to improve upon them; you make of yourselves artistical coachmen, but you seem not to be able to learn in studios how to labour for civilisation." We did not attempt to answer him. No doubt it would be better to work in Mr. Boehm's studio than to acquire dexterity in hitting a leader under instead of over the bar, but better far to do the last thoroughly than botch much clay for the modelling of which he has not the vocation. We advance in civilization by planting our feet firmly on the steps which our nature gives us the power to tread, and from Greece there is something to be learnt not altogether in the interest of any modern Thersites who should sneer at the art of the charioteer. There are some opinions on mundane matters that are like religions, you cannot reconcile them. We heard a foreign nobleman once sneer at an Englishman who said he should like to establish a coach to run through that beautiful country that is to be found in the heart of the Alpes

Maritimes. The foreigner could not reconcile his views of the "convenances" with this, as he thought, misplaced energy; but if any justification were wanting for the Englishman's proposal, it would be found in the lively gossip in "Down the Road; the Reminiscences of a Gentleman Coachman."

Of the literary merits of Mr. Reynardson's work we shall say nothing; for his appeal on that score disarms criticism. Any writer might fairly feel that he must halt somewhat after Nimrod's springy canter over this field of literature; but there is as genuine a ring in the reminiscences of our author as in the more perfect literary sentences constructed by Mr. Apperley,* and his plates from pictures by Alken,

* Inimitable in his descriptions, Dickens, too, has given us in "Martin Chuzzlewit" a reminiscence of the fast night coach:—

"The four greys skimmed along, as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the greys; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brass work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot was one great instrument of music. Yoho! past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho! past donkey-chaises drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little watercourse, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho! by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-

admirably reproduced in chromo-lithography, are instinct with the old coaching life. Like many

grounds about them, where the graves are green and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead.

* * * * *

“Yoho! among the gathering shades, making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness all the same, as if the light of London fifty miles away were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare.

* * * * *

“Away with four fresh horses from the ‘Baldfaced Stag,’ where toppers congregate about the door admiring; and the last team, with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now, with a clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate and far away into the wold. Yoho!

“See the bright moon! High up before we know it!

* * * * *

“Yoho! why, now we travel like the moon herself! Hiding this minute in a grove of trees, next minute in a patch of vapour; emerging now upon our broad clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! a match against the moon! The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Yoho! two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho! past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces and squares: past waggons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve. Yoho! down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London. ‘Five minutes before the time, too,’ said the driver, as he received his fee of Tom.”

other gentlemen, Mr. Birch-Reynardson helped, in his day, to give a tone to the road. Past travellers had much for which to thank him and others of the same mettle, and if men love horse-flesh, their money is at least as well expended in giving pleasure to travellers as in providing the betting-ring with weedy brutes for T.Y.C scurries.

Barclay of Ury, says Nimrod in his "Northern Tour," had some doubts, as he had a claim to a Scotch earldom, whether, if he went in for this last, he could be "on the bench," as driving was termed. But the Duke of Gordon replied to his inquiry, "The Marquis of W—— drives the Brighton 'Defiance,' and I don't see why an earl should not the Aberdeen 'Defiance.'" Lord Panmure was even more favourable, for he said, "Dear Barclay, I see no objection to your driving the 'Defiance' when you are Earl of Monteith and Ayr, and I will be your guard." Nimrod, whilst staying at Ury, did a good deal of driving with the renowned athlete, and he observes, that the teams in the "Defiance" had no single case of the leaders' reins passing through the throat-latch (*sic*). They all passed through the head-terrets. *Pace* Nimrod, our own experience is in favour of the fashion of the newer school, the outside ring on the head-piece, though undoubtedly, the use of the head-terrets looks better. Whilst on the subject of harnessing, let us give a favourable notice of Mr. Flower's work on bearing-reins, the disuse of which on

the road is good, though Mr. Reynardson, Colonel Dickson, and others still favour them for town or park work. Of course these men mean "when the horses are going"; they would not for one moment support the ignorant and brutal drivers who keep the bearing-reins tight on a sultry summer's night, such as that referred to by His Grace the Duke of Westminster, in his letter to the "Times" on the subject, two or three years ago.

If we now consider what has been termed the coaching renaissance, as distinguished from the past which was based on commercial principles, we find that after Clarke and his Brighton coach, by way of Mickleham and Horsham, had ceased to run in 1862, there was a lull, until in 1866 a sporting joint-stock company instituted one *via* Croydon for the summer season. This was renewed from the 14th April to the 14th October 1867, by Messrs. Chandos-Pole, Angell and Bear, and then Mr. Chandos-Pole worked one at much loss (if we recollect right it was an old-fashioned mail) through the winter of 1867-68, and went on with a double coach to the 22nd of October. In the spring of '69, Lord Londesborough, Messrs. Clitheroe, and Angell joined, and in 1870, Messrs. Pole, Meek, and Clitheroe worked it, but the winter experiment was not renewed. It was mentioned by a writer in "Land and Water" that the way bill during the summer of those years sometimes reached £11, which, we take it, Mr.

Freeman, the spirited proprietor of late years, would have been glad to see noted at the booking office for any day his coach ran ; but, as a matter of fact, since '69 the Brighton coach has had its competitors for the favour of the public, and as there are only a certain number of pleasure seekers, each fresh route opened up carries off its proportion of them. Since 1869, to the present time, we have seen established the Tunbridge Wells, the High Wycombe, by the late Mr. Eden, who was a model of civility, the St. Albans, running during two winters, the Guildford, the Oxford, the Dorking, the Watford, the Windsor, and this year the Portsmouth, not to mention the Rochester, Sunbury, Aldershot, and Virginia Water coaches, which have not been permanently maintained.

The financial results of the last two seasons have probably been less beneficial to the proprietors than some previous, due probably to the lack of money amongst the middle classes, but this is so mitigated in its effects, by the plentiful exchequers of the proprietors, that, so long as the taste exists among amateurs, so long will the modern road exist for the benefit of those who love to ride past English country fields. Nevertheless, the passenger will be more secure of finding each summer a choice of coaches, if the proprietors' pockets have not had too severe a strain on them, and it will be pleasanter news for the true road lover to learn that the Portsmouth and Tunbridge Wells

had paid their way, than that the spirited proprietors who horsed them had suffered severe losses. The feature that came out most surprisingly in 1876 was, that the long distance coaches load best. Putting aside that wretched month of May and its east winds, the Oxford, the Tunbridge Wells,* and the Brighton, appeared to the observer at Hatchett's to load better than the short distance coaches, such as the Dorking or the Watford. The St. Albans, leaving town in the afternoon and passing through Watford with Mr. Parsons, the proprietor, driving and young Cracknell as guard†, seemed to load well, but its time-bill has been well adapted to the wants of the locality. This year we have had the Portsmouth passing through a wonderfully beautiful country by way of Liphook, Petersfield, and Cosham, and we trust Mr. Hargreaves will renew the venture

* This road had two coaches working alternately, and we do not think that the lines of one of them could be improved on so long as the old form of road coach is maintained, but certainly the seats, including the box-seat *laissent à désirer*. We question also whether the pole to all coaches should not be of composite pattern, a band of iron of the best quality running down beneath the wood from the pole-hook to the futchells. With such an arrangement the accident some years ago to the Dorking coach would scarcely have occurred, a flaw rarely appearing in the two materials at the same time.

† Cracknell executes every day the feat of unskidding the St. Albans' coach without stopping. To a protest against the undoubted risk he ran, he replied: "Think what it saves the horses, sir!" Good English unselfish quality this!

next year. For beauty of scenery of every kind, no road is to be compared with this, which passes over Hind Hill and winds by heathy commons to the Portsdown fortifications. It may be a question, whether from Portsmouth to Guildford, and thence by rail to and from London, would not secure more passenger traffic, inasmuch as the coach could be worked both ways instead of, as at present, only three days a week.

In 1882 Messrs. Best & Dickson established the "Rover," running from the Horse Shoe, as an evening coach, *via* Finchley, through the huge parish of Hendon, where the prettiest of green lanes are to be found, to the Welsh Harp. and back after dinner at host Warner's. On alternate days they took the Crystal Palace route. It was well-horsed and carefully driven, and provided the public with a pleasant and convenient coaching trip after business hours.

We are glad to observe that our cousins across the Atlantic are not less enthusiastic than ourselves in chariotteering. In 1860 there was but one four-in-hand coach in the United States, which had been imported by Mr. T. Bigelow Lawrence. On the 26th of May last, eleven coaches belonging to the New York Coaching Club paraded in Fifth Avenue. This Club numbers now twenty-one members, with seventeen drags, and Colonel Kane, of Virginia Waterfame, is prominent among them.

Looking at the taste for chariotteering on the

part of gentlemen and of travelling on the part of a limited public, it is singular that a vehicle better adapted to the conditions presented has not been suggested to the firms supplying the road-coaches. We say suggested to them, because, to repeat what we have already quoted from Mr. Adams, "all improvements may—we might say must—be traced to the carriage users." So long as we have to provide for the possible advent of sixteen passengers, so long must the vehicle have the dead weight necessary to secure solidity and safety for that number; but if, five days in the week a coach has not more than seven passengers on it, why in the name of common sense does the proprietor pull along from 5 to 10 cwt. dead weight more than is necessary, because on the sixth day he may chance to get sixteen travellers? If the people who patronise coaches for the sake of fresh air, scenery, and the tramp of the team do not find a place one day they will another; and the average number per day through the season gives, in our opinion, within a couple of seats the number to be provided for. We should much doubt that this should exceed ten. All dead weight drawn to provide for places beyond this number is a waste of good horse-flesh, and diminishes the pace, which we are inclined to say has been, these late years, nothing remarkable. We are bound to except the Tunbridge Wells, which under the skilful guidance of Selby, has had an actual rate of locomotion of something over 10

miles an hour, a rate, that, looking at the first dire stage of tramways and the subsequent hills, we take to be nearly comparable to that of the old "Quicksilver." But amongst the rest, we cannot say that we have noted great pace on the part of the teams, nor liveliness in changing on the part of the horse-keepers, and we think there is room for great improvement here. A vehicle for summer road wants does not need to have four inside places where no one rides, nor space on the roof which luggage rarely fills. The chief object to passengers is to ride with their faces to the horses and to see as much of their performance as possible. All these requirements could be attained and ample space given in a long hind boot for luggage, if coach proprietors would be satisfied in providing seats for ten passengers exclusive of guard and coachman.*

* *Vide* the design for a dragette in the August number of the "Hub." In a comparison which a writer on this subject makes between omnibuses and coaches, he says,—“If tried with four horses on a country road, they (the omnibuses) easily beat the old fashioned stage-coach, either in weight, capacity for carrying, durability, or safety.” We do not altogether assent to the view of the same writer, that a stage-coach could be made as safe and light-running as an omnibus by making it with much higher front-wheels, and carrying them more forward. It is not in that direction that our reform would point. We should, as we have said, simply cut away the whole of the body, give passengers outside seats only, place the main body of them (the passengers) over and between the hind-wheels, and bring the fore and hind-wheels within a foot of each other. Box-seat, front-seat, and hind (guard) seats should remain as they always have been, placed over a body which should be a prolonged hind-boot.

As to the driving presented to the observation of those who have some right to criticise, Mr. Birch-Reynardson, erring on the side of good nature, has rather unfairly left it to others to do what he, of all men, was so competent to perform. "Among the very few men remaining that have ever *been* on a coach, surely there must be some one who can hit them (modern coachmen) all round if necessary," says our author. If the truth be told, a good many drive up to Hatchett's, who have not read either Reynardson or Nimrod, or learnt that there are certain laws to be followed with respect to seat, holding the whip, and handling the reins, quite as much within their grasp as that of the excellent professional Selby, or of the older hand Fownes, who has been assisting Mr. Hargreaves in his labours on the Portsmouth coach. The best amateur in the world may well follow Barclay of Ury, who, good as he was on the bench, nevertheless used to travel to Cambridge and back with that excellent but crusty whip, Joe Walton, for the sake of observing how he handled his horses; and the more any of us know of driving, the more shall we appreciate the workman-like way in which Selby pulls up to the minute at Hatchett's. Where amateurs do seem to address themselves to their work they import a stiffness into their performance which proves that they have not studied that model of ease and grace, Lord Macclesfield, whose handling of a team is a treat to see.

But if we do not flatter the amateurs on the road who attempt to drive H. M's subjects, and who, at any rate, if not professionally good, have proved their capabilities by not coming to grief, what are we to say of some of the members of the Coaching Club who have exhibited the past seasons? That a man should put a scratch team together and drive them decently, all honour to him! but that men who have a couple of hacks that they ride and drive, should add a couple of the same colour and a groom to their usual domestic, in order to join the noble fraternity of coachmen, and then without a trace of the true workman about them come in at the tail of a lot of men, of whom some, at any rate, have won their spurs—this is not coaching nor a Coaching Club. It is simply giving permission to men to don the livery of the Club, and show a lot of silly people that they are in the fashion. On the 16th of May (1877), twenty-eight drags belonging to this club started in parade from the Magazine in Hyde Park. Of the whips four were thorough coachmen, about as many tolerable drivers with no great faults, and the rest presented a crowd varying in imperfect knowledge of what a seat should be, the position of the left arm, the exact angle at which a whip should be held, or how a double thong should be made. The Four-in-hand Club is not open to the same degree of criticism.

Then, again, a word or two about the form of these modern drags. Lord Londesborough will

always rank next to Mr. G. L. Fox as one of the first amateur whips of the day, for he has nerve and hands, but why perch himself so high? No perfection in springs, nor lightness in wood and iron-work will ever get over this fatal error in modern road coaches and private drags. The Tunbridge Wells coach was better in this respect, and looking to the character of the road, it was certainly necessary to provide one that "followed" well, and had its centre of gravity low. Still we do not go so far as a writer who, at some length, has lately discoursed on coach-building, "Another fashion prevalent in this country may prove, in the opinion of the drivers of the future, to be a fallacy; I mean the supposed necessity for the driver to sit nearly upright, which necessitates a deep boot and a clumsy thick coachman's cushion." Now the "clumsy cushion" is due to the clumsiness of the English coach-builder. His foreign competitor will show him that a coachman's seat should be based on a properly constructed frame, the front of which should be at an angle of 40° , if not 45° . As we have already said, several Victorias are running about London, with these very seats for the driver copied from the French: but the builders of drags do not seem to be able to get it into their heads that what is comfortable for the servant is fitting for the master, and that to recline at an angle very different from that of a person in a chair is a necessity for the driver of four horses. Hence we have this "cushion" that is "clumsy" indeed, secured by cross-straps,

an ugly antiquated contrivance, because an English carriage-builder will not accept an idea unless forced on him by the carriage-user. The objection to putting a coach-box too high is sound; the suggestion that men should lie at an angle of 20° with their feet against a bar in front of the foot-board, as this writer would seem to recommend, instead of, as we have said, at an angle of from 40° to 45° , is simply ridiculous.

"A coachman should have his legs well before him and his knees nearly straight," says Nimrod; and Mr. Birch-Reynardson, in his "Down the Road," has put into a more forcible form his objection to seeing a coachman sit as if he were in a chair. For practical purposes the height of the box-seat from the ground should be *no more* than is sufficient to secure such an angle for the reins between the terrets and the driver's hand as will free them from the possibility of being caught by the whisking of a wheeler's tail, involving certain delay and a possible accident; but the seat *should be quite this height*, and anything less is unworkman-like. From the middle of the inclined box-seat to the foot-board, the legs should form a nearly straight line.

One word, without offence, to the proprietors of summer coaches in the interest of the fair-sex and of those who dislike superfluous noise. A constant to-tooing on the horn without reference to a change of horses, a sharp corner, or a cart, is out of place. Still worse is it when

amateurs are allowed to experiment. Neither do travellers seek fresh air or the pleasure of admiring the skilled driving of proprietors for the sake of learning the experiences of young guards, who have been "liquored up," and otherwise spoilt by youngsters of the day. Their conversation may be interesting in the form of respectful replies to pertinent questions; but to have a young fellow for two hours give the back-seat passengers the results of his experience on men and things is—not only not edifying—but an intense bore. Neither young Cracknell, nor the capital guards on the Tunbridge Wells and Wycombe coaches have sinned in this respect, and we are quite sure that when the attention of other coach-proprietors has been drawn to the subject, their passengers will not have to complain again.

Since the above was written in 1877 coaching has fairly maintained its ground as the pleasantest of pleasant ways of spending a day in sight of trees and fields, with the fresh air of the country to kindle an appetite. Unfortunately the two best roads, the Portsmouth and the Tunbridge Wells, have not been kept going, Captain Hargreaves having tried the first once more last year for a few weeks only. Captain Blyth opened up two new routes when, in 1878, he ran the "Defiance" from Oxford to Cambridge through London, and again, in 1879, when he had a London and Brighton coach through Tunbridge Wells and Lewes over Crowborough Hill. His

secession from the road has been a subject of great regret, because he was one of the few to maintain, *à la* Ramsay of Barnton, that pace as well as punctuality is an essential element in any well-conducted coaching business. In this respect the West Wickham "Rapid," horsed and driven by Mr. C. Hoare and Lord Arthur Somerset in 1877 and 1878, was a model fast coach of the olden time, and their night work during the short days of November, with five lamps to light them over Sydenham Hill, brought back to many the memory of happy nights on the box of one of Her Majesty's Mails. Mr. Seager Hunt too early ceased running the Box Hill, but the Dorking "Perseverance" has loaded well through the same district.

In 1881 Messrs. Hudson, of Liverpool, put on a Liverpool and York coach for advertising purposes. Some journalists have been good enough to sneer at this as if it was less a contribution to the road. As a matter of fact they renewed the glories of many a fast coach from Liverpool to Manchester and from Manchester to Leeds. Unfortunately the road between the first two towns is very flat and uninteresting, and the tramways to Oldham spoilt ten miles of that route; but from the latter borough to Huddersfield over Saddlethorpe, and the wild Yorkshire Moors, the route was fresh and beautiful. The true line for a coach, however, would be from Huddersfield or Halifax to Scarborough, and whether Messrs. Hudson or any other manufac-

turers like to exploit it for their own purposes, all I can say is "welcome."

What we really want is a race of young men who, having thoroughly mastered the technical details of driving, shall recognise that familiarity with professional guards and coachmen need not form a part of the curriculum. It is quite possible to arrive at the dignity of being a perfect whip without losing that of the gentleman. The *doctrinaires* who believe in nothing but steam and tramways should have no cause for a sneer at those who, with money and disposition, like to keep up a sport of the people, for that is what coaching is; that it is a sport of the people is its *raison d'être*.

We cannot do better than conclude this Article with the following valuable precepts by Mr. Birch-Reynardson :—

Always have an apron on your box; it hides a bad seat and a pair of bent knees. Sit straight on your box, with your elbows close to your side, your hands well down, your shoulders well back, your head erect, and your eyes well in front of you. Do not set your back up like a "pig in a rage," and do not bend over your foot-board as if you were looking after the stump of the cigar you have just dropped. Above all, do not sit with your knees bent. Start quietly off the crown of a hill. If your pole-chain breaks, look out for loose gravel or fresh broken stones; they are a wonderful help in times of need. Never omit to have a pair of worsted gloves about the coach to put on in case of rain. They are the only things through which the reins do not slip. Always have a chain-trace in your boot.

And we will add to these a precept taught us by a very old hand. "Never crack your whip—

punish a lazy one—don't disturb those that are doing their work well."

The objects discussed in this paper are, in a measure, small compared with matters affecting nations, or those scientific results which, as in the case of Bessemer steel, may influence the whole world, but they are not the less of interest to those engaged in a commerce (carriage-building) which ought, with intelligence directing it, to export the best of its kind to every part of the world. The pavements for cities affect the inhabitants of every large town; and if we have allowed some extra space to what some may deem the play-thing of the hour, it is because we decline to see, in a pastime that may give healthy pleasure to numbers, a subject less worthy of discussion, criticism, and advice to those who have a liking for the art of the charioteer. Nimrod has already reminded us that Nestor gave instruction in it to his son, and some ancient author has it that Amphitryon, the putative father, trusted no one but himself to instruct Hercules in the art of coachmanship.

APPENDIX.

CARRIAGES, ROADS, AND COACHES.

From an old Almanac of which I have unfortunately lost the title-page, I extract the following:—

MAIL COACHES,

AS THEY STAND IN THE OFFICE ROTATION.

BATH, EXETER, and PLYMOUTH, through Hounslow, Maidenhead, Reading, Newbury, Hungerford, Marlborough, Devizes, Bath, Wells, Glastonbury, Bridgewater, Taunton, Wellington, Collumpton, Exeter, from thence to Plymouth, and through Liskeard, St. Austle, and Truro to Falmouth and Penzance, from the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street, and Swan with two necks, Lad-lane, at half-past seven o'clock.

BIRMINGHAM, through Aylesbury, Bicester, Banbury, Southam, Warwick, Leamington, and Birmingham, and from thence to Dudley, Stourbridge, Kidderminster, Bewdley, and Stourport, from the King's Arms Inn, Snow-hill, at half-past seven o'clock.

BRIGHTON, through Croydon, Ryegate, Crawley, and Cuckfield, from the Blossoms Inn, Lawrence-lane, at half-past seven o'clock.

BRISTOL, through, Reading, Newbury, Marlborough, Calne, Chippenham, Bath, Bristol, from thence to Newport,

Cardiff, Cowbridge, Swansea, Carmarthen, and Haverford-west, from the Swan with two Necks, Lad-lane, at a quarter past seven o'clock.

CAMBRIDGE, see Lynn.

CHESTER, through Northampton, Hinckley, Atherstone, Lichfield, Stafford, Woore, Namptwich, and Tarporley, from the Cross Keys, Wood-street, and Golden Cross, Charing-cross, at seven o'clock.

DEVONPORT, see FALMOUTH direct.

DOVER, through Dartford, Rochester, Sittingbourne, Ospringe, Canterbury, to Dover, from the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street, Cross Keys, Wood-street, and White Horse, Fetter-lane, at half-past seven o'clock.

DOVER, Foreign Mail Coach, every Tuesday and Friday night, at twelve o'clock, from the Golden Cross, Charing-cross, and Cross Keys, Wood-street.

EDINBURGH, ABERDEEN, INVERNESS, and THURSO, through Ware, Buntingford, Royston, Caxton, Huntingdon, Stilton, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Bawtry, Doncaster, Ferrybridge, York, Northallerton, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Dunbar, Haddington, Edinburgh; also to Aberdeen, Inverness, and Huntley, and from thence to Thurso, by Dingwall, Tain, Golspie, and Wick, from the Bull and Mouth, St. Martin's-le-Grand, at half-past seven o'clock.

EXETER, through Basingstoke, Andover, Salisbury, Shaftesbury, Sherborne, Chard, Honiton, (Branch to) Chudleigh, and Ashburton, from the Swan with two Necks, Lad-lane, at half-past seven o'clock.

FALMOUTH direct, through Basingstoke, Andover, Ilminster, and Devonport, from the Swan with two Necks, Lad-lane, at half-past seven o'clock.

FALMOUTH by EXETER, through Basingstoke, Andover, Salisbury, Blandford, Dorchester, Bridport, Axminster, Honiton, Exeter, from thence through Launceston to Falmouth and Penzance, from the Bull and Mouth, St. Martin's-le-Grand, at a quarter past seven o'clock.

GLASGOW by **CARLISLE**, through Barnet, Hatfield, Baldock, Biggleswade, Stilton, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Doncaster, Pontefract, Leeds, Harrowgate, Greta-bridge, and Appleby to Carlisle, and from thence to Glasgow, from the Bull and Mouth, St. Martin's-le-Grand, at half-past seven o'clock.

GLOUCESTER, ABERYSTWITH, and CARMARTHEN, through Hounslow, Henley, Nettlebed, Oxford, Witney, Burford, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Ross, Monmouth, Abergavenny, Brecknock, Llandovery, Carmarthen, from thence to Haverfordwest and Milford, from the Golden Cross, Charing-cross, and Cross Keys, Wood-street, at half-past seven o'clock.

HALIFAX, through St. Albans, Newport-Pagnel, Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham, Chesterfield, Sheffield, New Mill, and Huddersfield, from the Bull and Mouth, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and Swan with two Necks, Lad-lane, at half-past seven o'clock.

HASTINGS, through Farnborough, Tunbridge, Tunbridge Wells, Battle, and Lamberhurst, from the Golden Cross, Charing-cross, and the Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet-street, at half-past seven o'clock.

HOLYHEAD, through Dunstable, Coventry, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Oswestry, and Bangor, from the Swan with two Necks, Lad-lane, at half-past seven o'clock.

LEEDS, through Barnet, Bedford, Higham Ferrers, Kettering, Nottingham, Sheffield, and Wakefield, from the Bull and Mouth, St. Martin's-le-Grand, at half-past seven o'clock.

LINCOLN and HULL, through Stilton, Peterborough, Market Deeping, Bourne, Folkingham, Sleaford, Lincoln, Redbourne, Brigg, New Holland, crosses the Humber by steam-boat, and arrives at Hull at three o'clock the following afternoon, from the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street, and Swan with two Necks at half-past seven o'clock.

LIVERPOOL, through Barnet, St. Albans, Dunstable, Fenny-Stratford, Stony-Stratford, Towcester, Daventry, Coventry, Lichfield, Newcastle-under-line, Congleton, Knuts-

ford, Warrington, and Liverpool, and from thence to Lancaster and Carlisle, from the Swan with two Necks, Lad-lane, at half-past seven o'clock.

LOUTH and BOSTON, through Stilton, Peterborough, Deeping, Spalding, and Spilsby, from the Bell and Crown, Holborn, and Saracen's Head, Snow-hill, at half-past seven o'clock.

LYNN and WELLS, through Cambridge and Downham, from the Saracen's Head, Snow-hill, Bell and Crown, Holborn, and Swan with two Necks, Lad-lane, at half-past seven o'clock.

MANCHESTER and CARLISLE, through St. Alban's, Dunstable, Northampton, Harborough, Leicester, Loughborough, Derby, Manchester, Preston, Lancaster, Kendal, Penrith, and Carlisle, from the Swan with two Necks, Lad-lane, at half-past seven o'clock.

NORWICH by IPSWICH, through Ilford, Romford, Brentwood, Ingatestone, Chelmsford, Witham, Kelvedon, Colchester, Ipswich, and Norwich, from the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street, and the Swan with two Necks, Lad-lane, at a quarter past seven o'clock.

NORWICH (and from thence to Cromer) by NEW-MARKET, Bury, and Thetford, from the Belle Sauvage, Ludgate-hill, at a quarter before eight.

PORSTMOUTH, through Kingston, Esher, Cobham, Ripley, Guildford, Godalming, Liphook, Petersfield, Portsmouth, and from thence to Chichester, from the White Horse, Fetter-lane, at half-past seven o'clock.

SOUTHAMPTON and POOLE, through Staines, Bagshot, Alton, Alresford, Winchester, Ringwood, and Wimbourn, from the Bell and Crown, Holborn, and Swan with two Necks, Lad-lane, at half-past seven o'clock.

STROUD, through Henley, Abingdon, Farringdon, Cirencester; also from Chalford to Wotton-under-Edge, from the Swan with two Necks, Lad-lane, and Cross Keys, Woodstreet, at half-past seven o'clock.

WORCESTER and LUDLOW, through Uxbridge, Bea-

consfield, High Wycombe, Oxford, Woodstock, Enstone, Chipping Norton, Morton in the Marsh, Broadway, Evesham, Pershore, Worcester, and from thence to Leominster by Bromyard, and Ludlow by Tenbury, &c. from the Bull and Mouth, St. Martin's-le-Grand, at a quarter past seven o'clock.

YARMOUTH by IPSWICH, through Romford, Chelmsford, Witham, Colchester, Ipswich, Woodbridge, Saxmundham, Yoxford, and Lowestoff, from the White Horse, Fetterlane, at six o'clock.

YORK, see EDINBURGH.

* * *The Mail Coaches set out one hour earlier on Sundays than Week Days.*

POSTSCRIPT.—In reference to vehicles generally, I have omitted to mention the subject of brakes, of which that by Mr. Mortimer seems most worth attention; acted on by the foot with a ratchet, it gives a driver the greatest power over his vehicle without calling into use his whip arm.

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Corton	48	48	50/	74/
Vosnes	—	46	—	—
Nuits	—	41	—	—
Clos-du-Roi	39	39	42/	64/
Santenot-Volnay	39	39	42/	64/
Volnay	37	37	40/	56/
Pommard	37	37	40/	56/
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Fleury	24	24	32/	—
Mâcon	16	16	—	—
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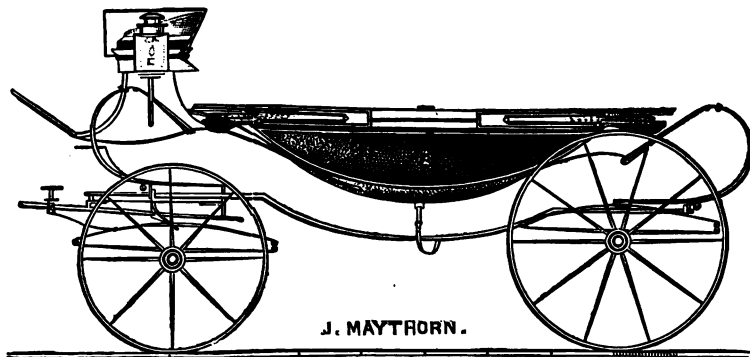
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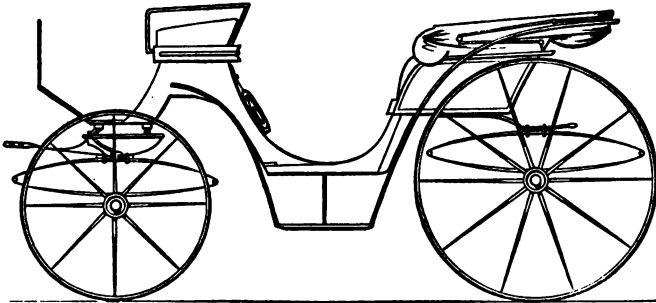
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